AUGUST 25c

the American MAGAZINE

J. EDGAR HOOVER ON SABOTAGE

•

653 AMERICAN YOUTH FORUM AWARDS

EARL DEHNHOFF
R 1
VANBUREN
OHIO
JAN 1
FE
11764
A
2V

©THE CROWELL-COLLIER PUBLISHING COMPANY • PUBLISHERS OF THE AMERICAN MA... COLLIER'S

"You Can't Beat That Red Horse!"

Mobilgas

SOCONY-VACUUM

The Sign of Friendly Service

You can't beat the *Red* Horse for quick getaway—long runs. He stands for *all* good gasoline qualities—full "Balanced Performance." Stop for Mobilgas—and its teammate Mobiloil—today!

IF YOU ENJOY zooming away first at the traffic light—soaring up hills in high—put your money on that Mobilgas *Flying Red Horse!*

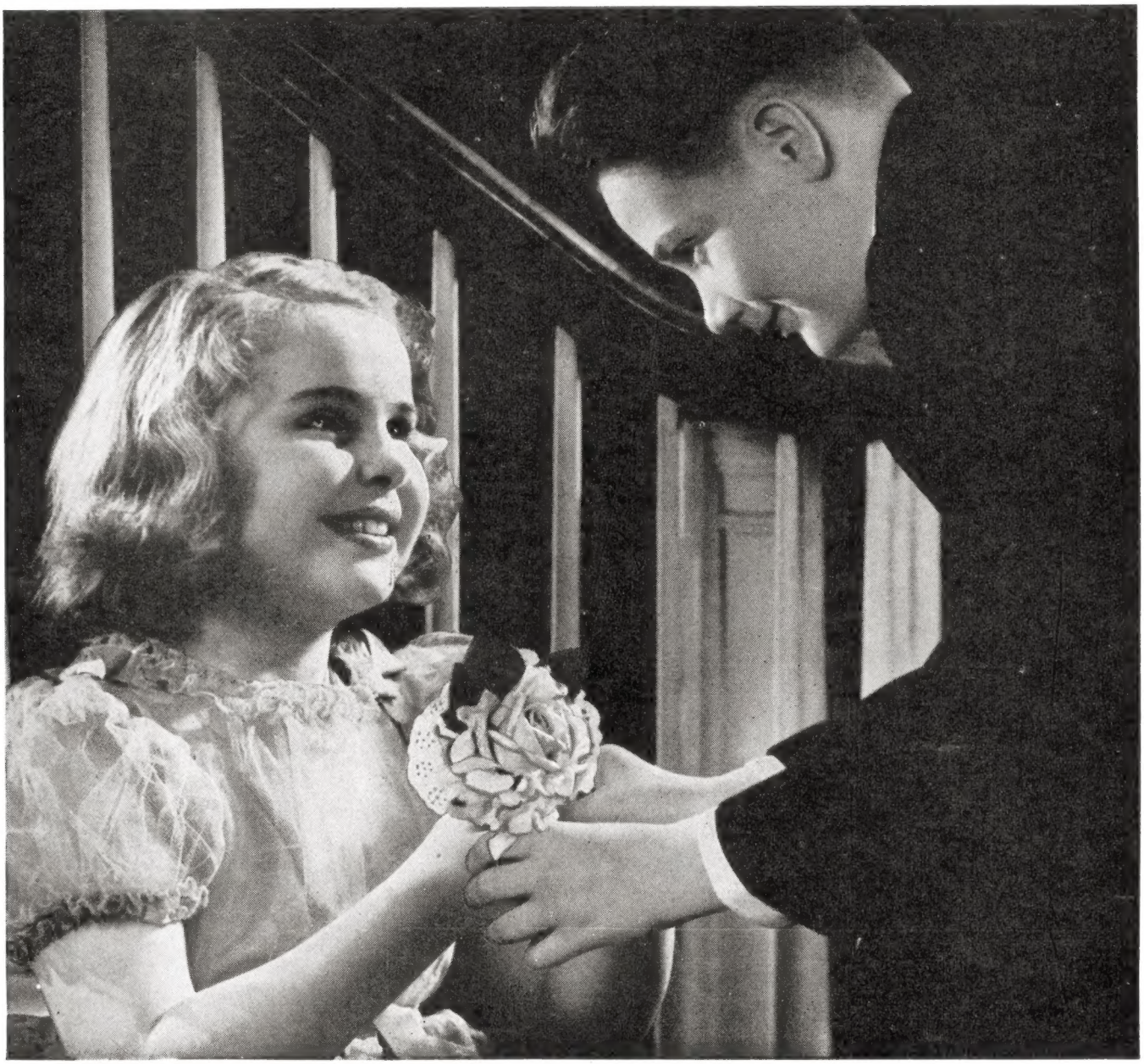
For here's *one* favorite that *delivers*—rain or shine!

Mobilgas starts you *fast*—because it atomizes instantly. It keeps you going *smoothly*—because it fires uniformly, burns completely, puts even power in every cylinder—no stall, no sputter, no ping. Long mileage with every tankful.

We call this *Mobilgas Balanced Performance*. Try it today at the Red Horse Sign.

1. Quick starts despite cool engine.
2. Fast warm-up—rapid acceleration.
3. Freedom from vapor-lock—no stalls.
4. Minimum crankcase oil dilution.
5. High anti-knock value.
6. Cleanliness—freedom from gum.
7. Full, smooth power under all conditions.
8. Long mileage—economical operation.

SOCONY-VACUUM OIL CO., INC.
AND AFFILIATES: Magnolia Petroleum Co.—General Petroleum Corporation of California.



The making of a Gentleman begins early

WHEN he is about three, Mother gently points out that it isn't good form to knock down a lady or to hit her over the head with her own teddy bear. Nor is it courtly, as Father suggests a year or so later, to run her down with his velocipede.

Now, as the boy grows older, comes dancing school (oh hated thought!) where, between emotional awakening and patient teaching, the rough social edges begin to wear off.

The little girls he used to belabor are now strangely changed . . . mysterious, delicate, and beautiful things, to be attended, cared for, and protected. For the small reward of their smile, his tie must be straight, his shoes aglow, his trousers pressed. For them he must rise, he must bow and perform a hundred other little gallantries which once he scorned. And while he learns that these gestures are the keys which unlock a woman's heart, he learns also one of the most important truths of all:

That good looks, agreeable manners and charm count for little when the breath is "off color," and that the nicest precaution against this offensive condition* is Listerine Antiseptic.

Start Him Early, Mother

If his mother is smart, she will start him on this delightful daily routine as early as she can.

It's a breath freshening habit that may pay him rich dividends in health and popularity his whole life through . . . the standby of countless attractive men and women in the business and social world. A pretty sensible precaution for anyone to take, don't you think?

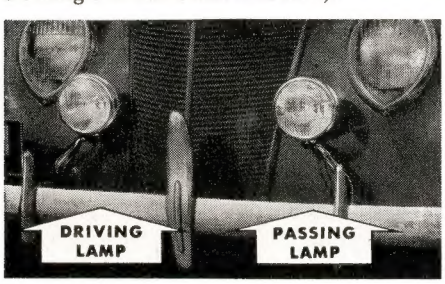
*Although systemic conditions sometimes cause halitosis (bad breath), fortunately, the most common cause, say some authorities, is fermentation of tiny food particles on the surfaces of the teeth, gums, and mouth. Listerine Antiseptic, used as a mouth rinse, quickly halts such fermentation and overcomes its odors. The breath quickly becomes sweeter, fresher, purer . . . less likely to offend. Use Listerine Antiseptic always before business and social engagements at which you want to appear at your best. Lambert Pharmacal Co., *St. Louis, Mo.*

LISTERINE for Halitosis (BAD BREATH)

NIGHT DRIVING WAS DRIVING ME CRAZY!

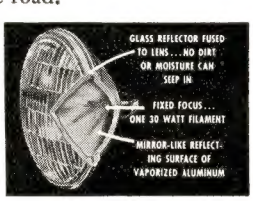
...till I tripled the light on my old car this easy way!

THE strain of night driving was wearing me to a frazzle. Then I heard about the new auxiliary road lights—with two new G-E MAZDA lamps that work automatically with present headlights to triple old lighting (after cleaning old lenses and reflectors).



Here's how they look. The G-E MAZDA "Driving Lamp" lights up the whole road. When meeting other cars I switch to the "Passing" beam which directs light far down the right side of the road.

THE EXPLANATION is the hermetically sealed G-E "All-Glass" construction. No inner bulb. No dirt or moisture can seep in to dim reflectors and cut down light.



FOR BEST RESULTS be sure to get a "Glaseal" System that includes: two "All-Glass" G-E MAZDA Lamps, proper wiring and dash switch and relays if necessary.

Approved for use in most states. Ask your dealer.

NEW G-E MAZDA
DRIVING AND PASSING LAMPS
GENERAL ELECTRIC

VOL. CXXX, NO. 2

THE American MAGAZINE · AUGUST · 1940

Sumner Blossom, Editor
Hubert Kelley, Managing Editor. **Albert Lefcourte,** Art Director
Associate Editors: **Edgar Wheeler, Mabel Harding, Albert Benjamin**

SHORT NOVEL

Dark Corridor—Complete in this issue — Constance and Gwenyth Little — 49

SERIALS

The Siren Smiled—Second of five parts — H. Vernor Dixon — 30
Fools Rush In—Last of four parts — Eustace L. Adams — 46
Quicksand—Fifth of six parts — Noel Pierce — 54

STORIES

Danger Zone — Blaine and Dupont Miller — 11
Something to Remember — Herbert Ravenel Sass — 14
Double Fault — Don Tracy — 20
Fly for Your Life—Storiette — Will F. and Betty Jenkins — 35
Inferno — Westmoreland Gray — 36
Brave Venture—Storiette — Anne Darkwood — 38
The Lady Forgot — Stewart Beach — 42
Dot on the Map—Vignette — Borden Chase — 56

ARTICLES

Enemies Within Our Gates — J. Edgar Hoover — 18
American Youth Forum Art Awards — 24
I Kept My Baby — 27
Herald Angel — Beverly Smith — 28
Is Our Neck Out? — Anthony J. Dimond — 34
Homes for a Song — John Janney — 39
Rehearsal for Death — Donald E. Keyhoe — 40
Giants in the Garden — Mona Gardner — 48
Confessions in Bed — Richard H. Hoffmann, M.D. — 57
Uncle Sam's Heaven — Gordon Gaskill — 58
Wealthy and Wise—Miniature — Earl Sparling — 60
Mystery—Editorial — Rex Stout — 164

FEATURES

America's Interesting People — 73
Along the Way — 4
Scattergood Says — 26
Around the House — 82
Cause for Divorce — 84
Why Don't They? — 90
Word Maze — 92
The American Scene — 117
Foto Funny — 98
The Animal Fair — 102
It's the Law! — 104
Life's Little Temptations — 106
The Count of Monte Cristo —Munro Leaf — 129
What Do You Know? — 130

Cover — Natural-color photograph by Selwyn, Ltd.
Model: Bettye Avery

The characters in all short stories, novelettes, and serials in this magazine are purely imaginary. No reference or allusion to any living person is intended.

Published monthly by The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio, U. S. A., Publishers of The American Magazine, Woman's Home Companion, Collier's. Executive and Editorial Offices, 250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y. Joseph P. Knapp, Chairman of the Board; Thomas H. Beck, President; Albert E. Winger, Executive Vice-President and Treasurer; Gertrude B. Lane, John S. Brehm, William P. Larkin, J. A. Welch, Vice-Presidents; Denis O'Sullivan, Secretary. Price, 25 cents a copy in United States and Canada; $2.50 a year, $4.00 for two years, in United States and Possessions; also to Argentina, Balearic Islands, Bolivia, Brazil, Canada, Canary Islands, Chile, Colombia, Costa Rica, Cuba, Dominican Republic, Ecuador, El Salvador, Guatemala, Haiti, Honduras, Labrador, Mexico, Newfoundland, Nicaragua, Panama, Paraguay, Peru, Spain and Colonies, Uruguay, and Venezuela. Foreign subscriptions, including postage, $3.50 a year to all other countries. Remit by postal or express money order or check in United States funds to Springfield, Ohio. Changes of address must reach us five weeks in advance of the next issue date. Be sure to give both the old and the new addresses. Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office, Springfield, Ohio, under Act of March 3, 1879. Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office Department, Toronto, Canada.

Copyright, 1940, by The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company in the United States and Great Britain. All rights reserved.

HE WAS ABOUT TO WHISPER:

"Lovely Lady...Don't ever leave me!"

UNTIL, ALAS, SHE SMILED!

Don't risk the charm of your smile! Let Ipana and Massage help guard you from "Pink Tooth Brush"!

THE WORDS WERE on his lips—words to confirm what his eyes had confessed, "You're lovely—lovely! All my dreams rolled into one!"

And then—and then, poor girl, she smiled! How tragic—and how foolish to let loveliness be ruined by a dull and lifeless smile! Don't ever run this risk. Let yours be a smile of beauty... a bright and radiant smile of sparkling teeth and healthy gums.

NEVER NEGLECT YOUR GUMS! Your gums as well as your teeth need constant care. Never ignore the warning of "pink tooth brush"! The minute you see that tinge of "pink" on your tooth brush...*see your dentist right away.* And follow the advice he gives you.

"PINK TOOTH BRUSH" A WARNING! It may not mean serious trouble, but get your dentist's advice. It may merely mean that your gums, denied hard chewing by today's soft foods, have grown weak and tender. And your dentist, like so many dentists, may suggest that you give your gums the exercise they need by "the healthful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

FOR IPANA TOOTH PASTE is especially designed not only to clean teeth thoroughly but, with massage, to stimulate and help invigorate the gums. So when you brush your teeth, massage a little extra Ipana onto your gums. That pleasant "tang" you notice (exclusive with Ipana and massage) is evidence that circulation in the gums is being increased... that gums are being aided to better health.

GET A TUBE OF IPANA at your druggist's today and start the sensible practice of Ipana and massage! See how it helps your gums to become firmer, your teeth brighter, your smile more radiant and sparkling.

Get the new D.D. Tooth Brush, too! It is specially designed with a twisted handle for more thorough cleaning, more effective gum massage.

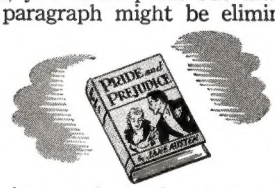
IPANA TOOTH PASTE

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S
LION'S ROAR

Published in this space every month

The greatest star of the screen!

Among the sixty thousand communications that we receive monthly, there was one which said we ought to tell more about the films we mention. True and just comment, in our opinion, but our alibi is the limitation of space. Of course, you could point out that this very paragraph might be eliminated.



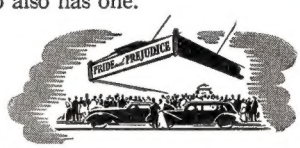
And since we're going to speak of "Pride and Prejudice", we think maybe the correspondent was right. After all there is much that can be said about this newest production from the world's No. 1 cinema workshop.

★ ★ ★ ★

The Jane Austen novel has been adapted to the screen by that brilliant contemporary author, Aldous Huxley, working in collaboration with the experienced screen writer, Jane Murfin.

★ ★ ★ ★

It was produced by Hunt Stromberg, who has a long record of achievement, and directed by Robert Z. Leonard—who also has one.



M-G-M not only utilized the intrinsic quality of an outstanding work known to all who care about reading, but also bought the screen rights to the play by Helen Jerome, which ran on Broadway from November, 1935, to May, 1936.

★ ★ ★ ★

The casting was most fortunate. GREER GARSON *adds to her stature of "Goodbye Mr. Chips",*

and LAURENCE OLIVIER *actually is better than he was in "Rebecca".*

★ ★ ★ ★

But there are others that should be mentioned Mary Boland for one, Edna May Oliver for two, Maureen O'Sullivan for three, Ann Rutherford for four, and Frieda Inescort for five.

★ ★ ★ ★

The social-climbing Mrs Bennet and her five "little women' will bustle into your shadow world bringing with them rippling laughter and wistful romance.

★ ★ ★ ★

M-G-M presents "Pride and Prejudice" with pride. Those who have seen it have a prejudice in its favor.

★ ★

Until next month in the same place.

—*Leo*

Advertisement for *Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Pictures*

➔ DEAR "Along the Way": Right now I'm probably just another amateur poet, and my poems are merely frequent headaches to magazine editors. However, in 17 years more, I hope to be *the* poet of America, or at least of Texas.

Rowena Autry, Cuthbert, Texas.

Enclosed with the above letter was the following poem:

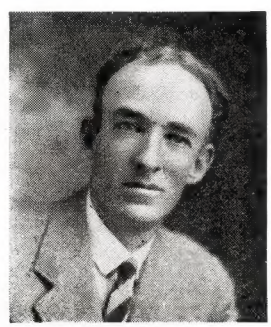
MY POISE

When I am introduced, I . . .
I stammer.
My accent's very wrong; so is
My grammar.
My conversation's dreadful, for
I mumble,
Teacups always elude me, for
I fumble,
And when I walk across a room
I stumble.

Oh, would that Fate would give to me
The casual grace, the dignity,
The silent pride, the majesty
Of my white Persian cat!

We know just how Rowena feels. We've always envied our own cat's queenly hauteur, her superior self-sufficiency, and her aloof disregard of the fact that her ancestry is definitely and unmistakably alley.

➔ FOR Bettye Avery, our cover girl this month, modeling is a pleasant and profitable side line, definitely secondary to her real ambition, which is to write musical comedies and possibly sing and dance in them. She has already written a number of songs, including *I Don't Exist for You* and *The Strange Malady*, the latter referring, as you may have guessed, to love. A native of Tulsa, Oklahoma, she went East last year dressed, figuratively speaking, in a bathing suit. She bore the proud title of Miss Oklahoma in the 1939 Atlantic City beauty contest, just missed out for Miss America. She's a brunette, 18 years old, stands 5' 7½" (in heels, of course), and weighs 110 pounds. She isn't married, and this is her first magazine cover. She just can't wait until the folks back in Tulsa spot it.



Naturalist

➔ "HOBO" is the nickname all his friends apply to Herbert Ravenel Sass, lean, redheaded, six-foot-three author of *Something to Remember*, on page 14. That's because he likes to dress up in old clothes and tramp around the woods and fields in the Carolina Low Country, which he regards as a paradise for bird and animal life. After leaving college he worked for a year in a museum, then for 15 years in a newspaper office. Since 1924 he has concentrated on writing stories, articles, and books, mostly about animals and birds and our conservation problems.

➔ ALL friends of Scattergood Baines will be glad to learn that he is making his bow as a columnist in this issue. In our new feature, *Scattergood Says*—, the Sage of Coldriver will have plenty of room to wiggle his toes and to speak what's on his mind. If more of us adopted the kindly, tolerant philosophy of Scattergood, we wonder if there wouldn't be a lot less misery in the world and a lot more happiness. You'll find his opening observations on page 26.

➔ LIFE was full of excitement for William Saroyan, the self-confident playwright, when William A. H. Birnie's article about him was published in our June issue. The night before the article appeared on the newsstands Saroyan's new play, *Love's Old Sweet Song*, opened on Broadway. Next day the New York drama critics awarded nim their annual citation for the best play of the year for his earlier comedy, *The Time of Your Life*. Three days later Saroyan (*Continued on page 8*)

"WE WERE GOING TO TRADE IT IN... UNTIL WE TRIED *Sky Chief!*"

Sky Chief gasoline will give you luxury performance in your car

THERE is no question about it, cars feel livelier, run smoother and fuss less with this luxury gasoline.

Starting, for instance, is immediate. The surge of power you get on the straightaway is a new experience. Hill climbing difficulties vanish. And there's an economy side, too, when you check your mileage.

No single quality produces a gasoline like this. Careful research...plus the newest in refining equipment...make possible *Sky Chief* gasoline's all around excellence. The result . . . a true luxury gasoline *for those who want the best.* The cost...no greater than other premium gasolines. Get *Sky Chief* at Texaco Dealers.

Treat yourself to the luxury of Sky Chief—it's cheap now

It's a startling fact that you can enjoy *Sky Chief's* amazingly fine performance for *less* than you paid for regular gasolines a generation ago. *Sky Chief*, surprisingly economical, gives you true luxury driving at a price every motorist can afford!

TEXACO DEALERS

This message is published in behalf of more than 45,000 independent Texaco Dealers by The Texas Company

Texaco Dealers invite you to tune in The Texaco Star Theatre—starring Kenny Baker and Frances Langford—Every Wed. Night—Columbia Network—9:00 E D T., 8:00 E.S T., 8:00 C.D T, 7:00 C.S. T., 6:00 M.S.T., 5:00 P.S.T.

Copyright 1940, by The Texas Company

Every Car Needs It!

Simoniz Saves Beauty and the Finish

Cars soon lose their lustre! Why? Because weather, dirt, and the sun's rays break down lacquer or enamel. But Simoniz protects and preserves these finishes, saving their beauty. One application lasts for months. Dirt wipes off with a dry cloth, and your car is always bright and clean (washing seldom necessary). TO RESTORE LUSTRE use Simoniz Kleener first. It cleans all finishes safely, thoroughly, scientifically—bringing back their natural beauty. INSIST on these famous products for your car. Nothing like 'em!

THE SIMONIZ CO., CHICAGO, U. S. A.

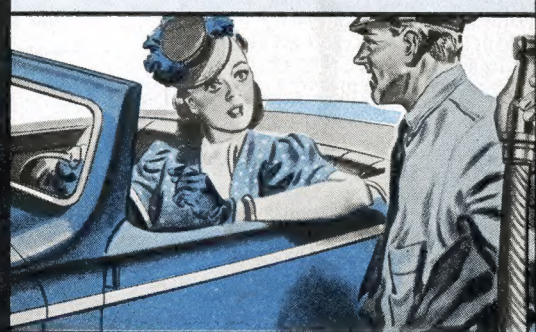
MOTORISTS WISE
SIMONIZ
MAKES CARS STAY BEAUTIFUL

ADVERTISED PRODUCTS

Absorbine Jr.	107
Agfa Film	9
American School	96
American Telephone & Telegraph Co.	3d Cover
Arden, Elizabeth, Blue Grass Flower Mist	136
Arkansas Publicity Advisory Commission	137
Arrid	149
Autofoto	144
Auto-Lite Spark Plugs	7
Beech-Nut Gum	4th Cover
Beeman's Pepsin Gum	94
Bluebird Studios	159
Bristol-Myers Company	3
Bromo-Seltzer	93
Brown, Inc., Wallace	151
Camel Cigarettes	62
Carter's Little Liver Pills	159
Cash's Woven Name Tapes	96
Champion Spark Plugs	89
Cheerful Card Co.	96
Chicago School of Nursing	141
Chilton Greetings	143
Chrysler Automobiles	103
Coleman Oil Heaters	147
Colgate Ribbon Dental Cream	99
Colonial Studios, Inc.	151
Cuticura Talcum Powder	145
D.D.D. Prescription	147
Doan's Pills	141
Doehla Co., Harry	147
Doran Co., Thomas	144
Drāno	96
Eastman Kodak Company, Ciné-Kodak Eight	69
Eliot's Five-Foot Shelf of Books, Dr.	96
Ethyl Gasoline	111
Fairbanks-Morse Automatic Coal Burners	139
Four Roses Whiskey	61
Friendship Studios	141
General Card Co.	141, 153
General Electric Company	116
General Electric Mazda Driving and Passing Lamps	2
General Foods Corporation	85
General Motors Sales Corp.	83
General Tires	10
Glover's Animal Medicines	144
Greyhound Lines, The	127
Heinz Oven-Baked Beans	105
Hoosier Institute	161
Hygienic Products Co.	159
International Correspondence Schools	163
Investors Syndicate	125
Ipana Tooth Paste	3
Janes Art Studios, Inc.	147
Kellogg's All Bran	71
Kellogg's Pep	95
LaSalle Extension University	145, 153
Lewis Hotel Training School	157
Lifebuoy Health Soap	113
Listerine	1
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Pictures	4
Metropolitan Life Insurance Company	65
Mobilgas	2d Cover
National Biscuit Bran	115
National Carbon Company, Inc.	133
New England Art Publishers	144
Newspaper Institute of America	8
Noel Art Studios	96
Nurito	153
Pabst Beer	67
Paul Jones Whiskey	72
Pazo	135
Pennzoil Motor Oil	97
Pepsodent Dentifrices	81
Pepto-Bismol	131
Phillips Card Co.	143
Polident	141
Reynolds Tobacco Company, R. J.	62
Sani-Flush	159
Sanka Coffee	85
Schlitz Beer	109
Scholl's Foot Balm, Dr.	151
Scholl's Zino-pads, Dr.	149
School of Applied Art	141
Schools and Camps	154, 155, 156, 157
Schwer Co., Chas. C.	143
Sergeant's Dog Medicines	161
Shepard Home Lift	143
Shepherd's Town Card Co.	141
Simoniz Company, The	6
Siroil	143
Southern Greeting Card Co.	149
Squibb Tooth Powder	87
Stephenson Laboratory	143
Terry Studios, Thomas	145
Texaco Sky Chief Gasoline	5
Velvet Tobacco	91
Virginia Rounds Cigarettes	114
Waltham Art Publishers	144
Western Electric Audiphone	151
Wetmore & Sugden, Inc.	153, 161

"HEY, TONY, THE CAR RUNS LIKE A DREAM!"

A SERVICE MAN REVEALS WHY MANY CARS LACK PEP . . .



"SHE POKES ALONG LIKE AN OLD COW," I told Tony, the service man. "No pep, always the last car to get away at every traffic light! See what you can do to give it some life. It's certainly not any fun driving a car in *that* condition."

"THERE'S THE TROUBLE, LADY," he said, holding up a spark plug. "See? Electrode's gone. That's why the engine misses and has no power. I recommend a set of new Auto-Lite Spark Plugs. They'll save you plenty on gas, too!"

PLENTY OF PICKUP AND POWER NOW! What a difference those Auto-Lite Spark Plugs made in the way my car runs! That service man did me a real favor when he recommended Auto-Lites. From now on, I'm one of his steady customers.

Secret of surging power for spark-weary motors found in mystery spark

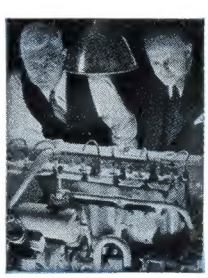
MOTORISTS everywhere are amazed when they replace old, power-wasting spark plugs with sensational new Auto-Lites. Sluggish, pepless cars suddenly gain flashing pickup and power, and deliver more miles per gallon.

The reason? This new kind of spark plug fires with less electrical effort—produces an amazing Mystery Spark that transforms gasoline into smooth, lively POWER.

To harness this strange Mystery Spark, Auto-Lite engineers produced a new Konium electrode, designed on a new principle of gap geometry — they developed a new and exclusive "Ziramic" insulator.

No other new spark plug ever attracted so many users in so short a time. See the difference a set of new Auto-Lite Spark Plugs may make in your car's performance. Why not have a set installed today? Look for the Auto-Lite sign. There is an Auto-Lite dealer near you.

THE ELECTRIC AUTO-LITE COMPANY
Merchandising Division
TOLEDO, OHIO SARNIA, ONTARIO



NEWEST ACHIEVEMENT OF AUTO-LITE ENGINEERS
Out of 28 years' experience in automotive electrical engineering comes this new spark plug, as the final link in the ignition system.

Ignition Engineered by Ignition Engineers

Change to AUTO-LITE SPARK PLUGS

Sells Column to Newspaper

"The success which has so recently . . . and surprisingly come to me is due to your training. I tendered to a newspaper editor, a column, 'HOW TO DEVELOP YOUR PERSONALITY.' Imagine my surprise and delight when he bought the column, with enthusiasm. He wants to get syndication the first week of July. (The column runs daily except Sunday.) I cannot express my gratitude for your help."—Delia L. R. Root, 491 South Transit St., Lockport, N. Y.

Why Can't You Write?

It's much simpler than you think!

SO many people with the "germ" of writing in them simply can't get started. They suffer from inertia. Or they set up imaginary barriers to taking the first step.

Many are convinced the field is confined to persons gifted with a genius for writing.

Few realize that the great bulk of commercial writing is done by so-called "unknowns." Not only do these thousands of men and women produce most of the fiction published, but countless articles on business affairs, social matters, domestic science, etc., as well.

Such material is in constant demand. Every week thousands of checks for $25, $50 and $100 go out to writers whose latent ability was perhaps no greater than yours.

The Practical Method

Newspaper work demonstrates that the way to learn to write is by writing! Newspaper copy desk editors waste no time on theories or ancient classics. The *story* is the thing. Every copy "cub" goes through the course of practical criticism—a training that turns out more successful authors than any other experience.

That is why Newspaper Institute of America bases its writing instruction on the Copy Desk Method. It starts and keeps you writing in your own home, on your own time. And upon the very same kind of *actual assignments* given daily to metropolitan reporters. Thus you learn by *doing*, not by studying the individual styles of model authors.

Each week your work is analyzed constructively by practical newspaper men. Gradually they help to clarify your own *distinctive* style. Writing soon becomes easy, absorbing. Profitable, too, as you gain the "professional" touch that gets your material accepted by editors. Above all, you can see constant progress week by week as your faults are corrected and your writing ability grows.

Have You Natural Ability?

Our Writing Aptitude Test will reveal whether or not you have natural talent for writing. It will analyze your powers of observation, your imagination and dramatic instinct. You'll enjoy taking this test. There is no cost or obligation. Simply mail the coupon below, today. Newspaper Institute of America, One Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Free

Newspaper Institute of America
One Park Avenue, New York

Send me, without cost or obligation, your *Writing Aptitude Test* and further information about writing for profit as promised in The American Magazine, August.

Mr. }
Mrs. } .....
Miss }

Address.....

(All correspondence confidential. No salesmen will call on you.) 9M590

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4

received the Pulitzer award for the outstanding play of the season, and the day after that he made page one across the country by turning it down. Incidentally, Saroyan is now back at his home in San Francisco, polishing up a new play with the extraordinary title of *Sweeney in the Trees.*

➔ FROM Beryl Henry, of Washington, D. C., comes this:

GO SLOW

Jack was careless,
Jack drove fast;
Jack's no future—
Just a past.

Now turn to page 40 and read Donald Keyhoe's article, *Rehearsal for Death.*

➔ George Hatfield, of Creston, Ohio, was astonished to read one of Dick Hyman's *It's the Law* items a while back, in which it was stated that "Ice cream may not be eaten at the counter on Sundays in Winona Lake, Indiana." Mr. Hatfield, who is a concessionaire at Winona Lake, had never heard of such a law, and he promptly challenged Mr. Hyman's accuracy. The latter replied as follows: "*I use extreme care to guard against any errors. The material was based on what appeared to be reliable information. My thanks to Mr. Hatfield for setting me right.*"

Versatile

➔ INTRODUCING Don Tracy, author of *Double Fault,* on page 20: When Don left school in New Britain, Conn., he immediately demonstrated astonishing versatility. In rapid succession, he became a mattress salesman, real estate salesman, newspaper reporter, armored-car guard, night-club manager, a reporter again, editor of a short-lived tabloid, publicity director for NRA parades, radio-news editor, public-relations counselor, and finally a fiction writer.

Somewhere along the line he picked up a wife, an Irish setter, a tangle of fishing tackle, and an Austrian shotgun. Of the wife, dog, tackle, and gun, he is extremely proud. Of the four books and sundry short stories he has written, he is reticent to the point of scattering them around his Florida cottage—getting huffy if nobody comments on them.

➔ Constance and Gwenyth Little, the sister team which produced *Dark Corridor,* on page 49, were born in Sydney, Australia, but they have lived in places as widely separated as London and Mexico City. Although they now live in the New York area, they have never lost their taste for travel. So they have turned up in numerous odd corners of the world, surviving revolutions, earthquakes, and foreign disapproval of the American habit of going bare-legged in hot weather.

Constance likes to play tennis and golf and collect bridge trophies, while Gwenyth—Mrs. Bernard Hemming Jones—likes cocker spaniels and good books. The net result of the sister act seems to be a capacity for turning out mystery stories that have just enough humor and chills.

➔ SINCE the story of John Hay Whitney appeared in a recent issue, "America's No. 1 Angel" has been swamped with more than 1,000 letters offering suggestions about how he might further invest his fortune. He received 32 play scripts, a dozen unpublished songs, several novels as long as *Gone With the Wind,* a box of mint-flavored tea, and a set of bathroom furnishings tufted in pink and orchid. No doubt most of the letters were legitimate appeals for loans from reputable businessmen offering sound financial references, but some of the appeals were rather odd.

A college girl wrote as follows:

"Nearly all the girls here have phonographs with which they can spend lonesome hours cheering themselves up and making home seem nearer. Well, Mr. Whitney, I am hundreds of miles from home. I get lonesome, and I want a phonograph, too. P. S. Please answer even if you do not send the machine."

While all the letters sent him are receiving careful attention and replies, his office points out that Mr. Whitney is more interested in investing his money than in spending it—and, of course, the bulk of his money is already invested.

W. A. H. B.

Even the best of us need help!

NO MATTER HOW GOOD a photographer you may be, you will appreciate the help which Agfa Film brings you.

For into every roll of Agfa Film is built that famous "extra margin of quality" which helps you get best results under ordinary conditions, and *surprisingly good* results even when conditions are far from favorable.

Agfa's complete line of films includes all types of film for all kinds of photography . . . from Agfa Plenachrome for general, outdoor use, to special films for portraiture, interiors, night pictures, and other purposes.

Start using Agfa Film today . . . and get better pictures! Every roll of Agfa Film is guaranteed: "Pictures that satisfy or a new roll free!" ***Agfa Ansco, Binghamton, New York. Made in U. S. A.***

Agfa Film

The only film that guarantees "Pictures that satisfy or a new roll free!"

Agfa

IF TIRES COULD BLUSH

The praise that users voice for General Tires would be quite enough to turn the head of any tire of lesser breeding. Frank praise it is—the kind that comes from complete satisfaction with the many positive advantages of General's Top-Quality.

Safety that excludes the hazards of blowouts and assures quick, straight stops in any weather. Comfort that only General's exclusive low pressure makes possible. Quiet running. Easy steering. Mileage that in kind and amount emphasizes a real economy for every budget.

Let your General Tire dealer show you how easy it is to change-over your new car or to equip your present car with Squeegee-Generals.

The General Tire & Rubber Co., Akron, Ohio

In Canada—The General Tire & Rubber Co., Ltd., Toronto

THE ONE AND ONLY

SQUEEGEE

TIRE

STOPS *like this*

Flexible ribs *wrinkle* into squeegee-action... hold with super-soft grip... stop you quick and straight, every time.

RUNS *like this*

No wrinkle when running: Silent riding. Easy steering. No sway on sharp turns. Non-cupping. Slow, even wear.

The GENERAL TIRE

—goes a long way to make friends

COPYRIGHT 1940, THE GENERAL TIRE & RUBBER CO., AKRON, O.

FULL-COLOR ILLUSTRATION IN WATER COLOR BY JOHN GANNAM

Danger Zone

by Blaine and Dupont Miller

Tom warned Sabina that glamour fliers were out of date ...but she didn't listen. A story of the U. S. Neutrality Patrol

LOOKING at Tom Holladay, with his hands easy on the wheel of the big Navy Patrol plane, not even his co-pilot would have guessed the turmoil that went on inside of him. Part of it was savage anger that after all the years, and the bitterness, the thought of seeing Sabina Pharr again could affect him. The rest was fear. Sabina was flying up from Barranquilla after a tour of South America. She was going to break some sort of record on her way to the air races at Miami. Alighting briefly at the Canal Zone, what was she going to do to his life this time? "Nothing, sap," Tom told himself, "remember. This is your chance. See her again, and get her out of your system."

Holladay wore the oak leaves of a lieutenant commander. He had cool blue eyes, the eyes of a scientist who has business with the sun, the stars, and bubble octants. He had curly dark brown hair and a face that was interesting but homely. In moments of unhappy brooding he used to wonder whether that was why Sabina had had their marriage an-

nulled after two weeks. But, if so, she hadn't rushed out to marry a handsomer lad. "Annul" says the dictionary is "to cancel." Perhaps Sabina couldn't cancel out the wildly sweet joy, the haunting happiness they'd had together.

He hadn't wanted to come out on this flight. He had protested to his senior, the Wing Commander, "We're under upkeep and maintenance status, sir. We're supposed to be getting a little rest from flying."

"I know, Tom, but there's nobody else. Ames will be full-loaded for a trip out to our Advance Base and Kleiber is out on patrol."

Holladay could have sent a junior officer, but then the idea had come to him: "See her. See a lot of her, and remember nothing you had together meant as much to her as coming around a pylon first or making the headlines again."

SHE had been making headlines when he met her. It was the year, the moment, ironically, that she won the Powder Puff Derby. Tom's fighting plane outfit had been sent to the air races at Cleveland. He had been going over his single-seater with his mechanic, when the little gray racer zoomed the field, then made a feather-light landing, to roll to a stop in front of him. She had jumped out of the plane calling, "Has anyone else got in yet?"

Sabina was five-feet-ten, with a boy's shoulders, corn-gold hair, and a face that was utterly lovely. She had on blue dungarees and a blue shirt open at the throat. When Tom

BLAINE MILLER, who collaborated with his wife in writing this story, is a Lieutenant Commander in the U. S. Navy. He has recently completed a tour of duty in command of a squadron of giant patrol planes that have been winging their way back and forth over the Caribbean keeping an eye on belligerent ships. It was monotonous, hard work, fraught with danger. And yet, amid his daily adventures, Lt. Comdr. Miller found time to conceive the idea for this absorbing yarn, which he and Mrs. Miller rushed into production on his return to his Panama base

shook his head, his mouth open, she cried, "I've done it, then. I've won the Derby! I've actually come in ahead!"

It would have sounded conceited had not her face been so happy, her gray eyes glowing with the excitement of a child looking on a lighted Christmas tree. Tom didn't know then, but he was to find out that all life was a Christmas tree for Sabina. But at that moment his heart caught as he looked at her face, and couldn't ever again be entirely free.

All that week they had been together whenever they were not flying. Now, five years later, the feeling and the flavor of those days came back to Tom. There had been danger and

death, victory and defeat, in the air. There had been tension by day and hilarity by night. They succumbed to it and to their delight in each other. At the end of the week they were married in a little suburb of Cleveland. It was Binny who had insisted on their keeping the wedding a secret. Being Mrs. Tom Holladay was not so glamorous, for publicity purposes, as being Sabina Pharr. . . .

Ahead now, he could see the red roof of the Intendencia's house at Porvenir, the gateway to the San Blas archipelago. The little islands, too enchanting to look real, stretched to the eastward. This was where he had been ordered to pick up Sabina's plane, the Seademon, but there was no sign of her. He turned to the young reserve ensign, Traynor, beside him: "See if you can raise Miss Pharr on the voice radio."

Binny wouldn't have a code set. A grand natural flier, she would have been equally good playing polo or on a circus trapeze. Her sense of timing was perfect. But she didn't like to study and had never done more than cram for her examinations, only to forget a week later. He had been blindly in love with her, except where aviation was concerned. There, a detached part of him that was Navy precision, and Pensacola training, took charge. He had told her, "If you are all your press stories claim, you ought to know a lot more about radio and engines and design."

She had been furious. "You're a cocky naval aviator who thinks nobody can fly unless they graduate from Pensacola."

They were deliriously happy together as long as they forgot aviation. But, since they were both fliers, this was impossible for very long at a time. It was the rock on which they finally split. When Binny received an offer from an aviation concern to fly on the East Coast, Tom told her she couldn't take it, because he was stationed at San Diego's North Island. She had promptly accepted. Why couldn't the Navy Department switch him to the East Coast as well as not? Then Tom had accused her of preferring cheap publicity to their love. Whereupon Binny had issued her ultimatum, "There are one too many aviators in this family!" and had walked out to a smart lawyer who could find the right technicality so that they weren't a family any more

Now, circling over Porvenir like a great frigate bird, Tom glanced aft. He had a good crew. They had just come off Neutrality Patrol the day before and should have been on liberty. Keeping an eye on the mad dogs of war was monotonous, hard work. They'd be back on patrol again tomorrow. Whatever Sabina was up to, he thought scathingly, it wasn't worth his lads having to miss half a day's relaxation.

"I've got her, sir!" cried Traynor, his eyes shining. Sabina Pharr was more exciting, even, than spotting a belligerent cruiser.

FAR to the east of Carti, Holladay caught the glint of a monoplane's wing. He nodded to Traynor and pulled his headphones over his ears. "Miss Pharr. Miss Pharr. This is your naval escort plane speaking. We're standing by to take you into the Canal Zone. Your course is dead ahead and to the left of Porvenir."

Her voice came to him distantly, like some long-remembered music, low and slow: "Thank you, Navy, but I don't need to be escorted in."

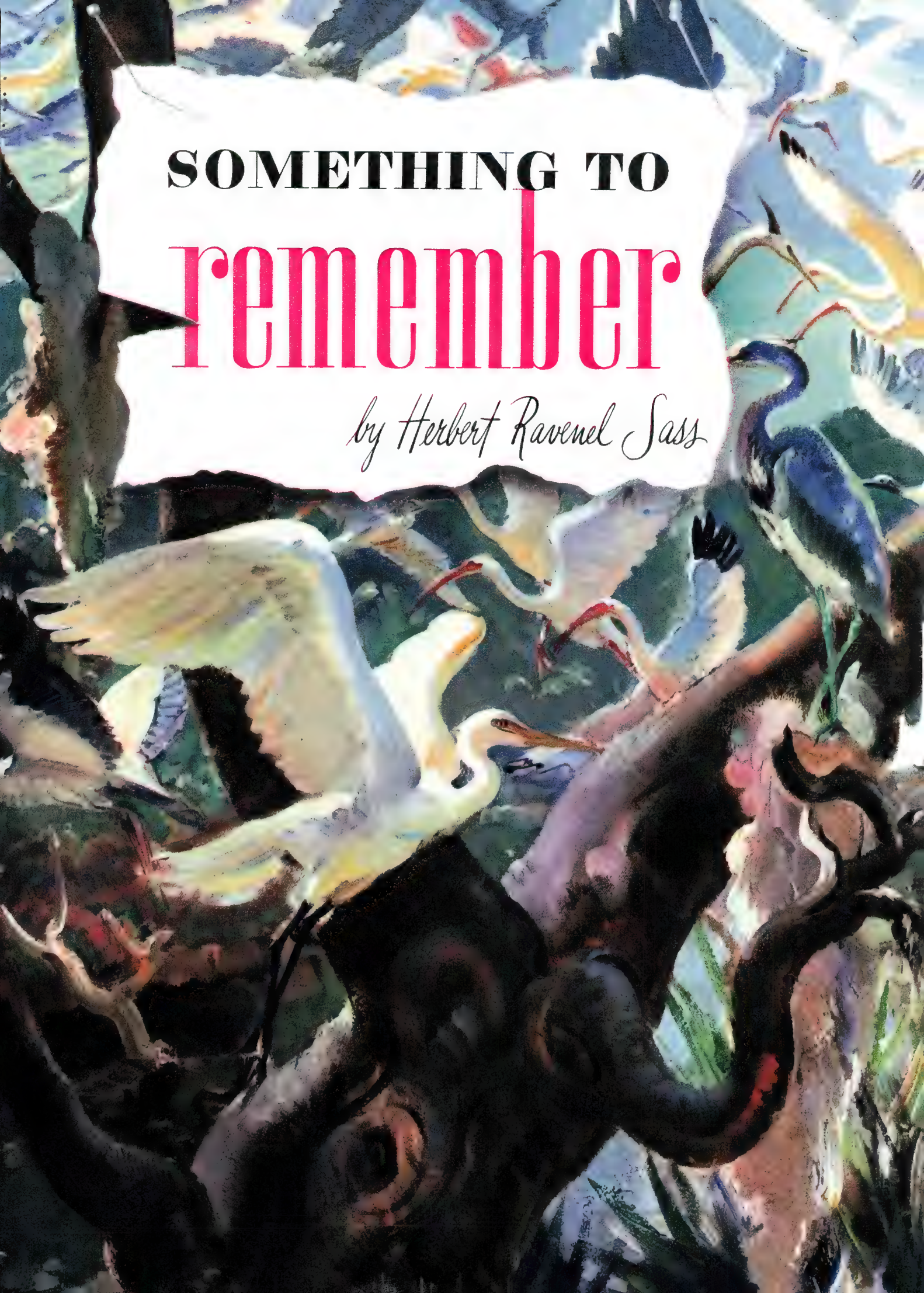
"Yes, you do." Suddenly Tom felt his knees tremble. Here they were again, just as though they had picked up their argument of years ago and thousands of miles away. He told her, "Binny, this is Tom Holladay."

"Oh-h-h-h, Tom! Hello, honey. How swell of you to bring me out the keys to the Canal Zone."

"There aren't any keys to the Canal. Not now, with a war on. Look, Binny; no private civilian plane can fly over the Zone without a military escort. I was ordered to fetch you into your anchorage. I'll tail you at two hundred yards."

Silence. Then she laughed. Somehow the laugh wasn't right. It wasn't Binny's rippling gaiety. There was an edge to it. She said, "Aye, aye, Admiral." She passed him, and he had a quick glimpse of her face, like (*Continued on page 112*)

Sitting in the clubhouse they recalled a time when they'd been happy together


SOMETHING TO
remember
by Herbert Ravenel Sass

A glorious white bird came dramatically into Jacqueline's life, and became for her a symbol of happiness

PETESONG WANDO, stripped to the waist, sat in the stern of the narrow cypress dugout. Boy-Mouse Simmins was in the bow, his lame leg doubled under the thwart, his crutch in the bottom of the boat. Petesong's young body, burned a beautiful bronze by the suns of Powderhorn Swamp, was slim as an otter's; his muscles were long and limber like a cat's; his bright blue eyes were snapping with excitement.

"Watch him, Mouse!" he whispered. "Watch him, nigger boy! Dang ef he ain't purty nigh the bigges' one I ever seen in Powderhorn. I don' aim to crowd him none. Not that old gram'pa!"

The small black boy in the dugout's bow, smaller than his white companion, though his wizened face looked years older, didn't answer. He was staring wide-eyed at a big alligator sixty feet ahead of the boat, a black, dragonlike creature gliding onward through the still, wine-colored water under the moss-draped cypresses. Petesong chuckled happily.

"By cornbread, Mouse," he said, "tole you I'd show you sump'n in old Powderhorn. That gram'pa could swaller you whole, an' some say gators like black meat. But that's a fancy lie, nigger boy, so you don' have to worry. I seen mebbe a couple o' million gators, an' I ain't never seen one ack ugly yet less'n you git betwix' him an' the water whilst he's a-sunnin' on the bank."

Boy-Mouse Simmins spoke in an exceedingly small voice: "July Campbell tole me gator like black meat, Petey. Hog an' dog an' little nigger; dat's whut dey crave for dinner."

Petesong grinned, tossing his head to fling back his straight, yellow hair. Six terrapins basking on a log slid into the water; a pair of wood ducks rose with shrill cries and whirred away; a giant, scarlet-crested logcock high on a cypress trunk broke into wild, derisive laughter which rang and echoed down the long water lanes of the swamp. Petesong, plying his paddle with slow, noiseless strokes, saw all these, though his eyes seemed never to leave the great gator forging onward ahead of the boat like a half-submerged submarine.

"Trouble with July Campbell," he said, "he's a salt-marsh man. Don' know nothin' 'bout the swamps. Now, me, I bawn an' raised on the edge o' Powderhorn till my pa went to work for Majo

The sight the boys saw defied all description

FULL-COLOR ILLUSTRATION IN OIL BY PRUETT CARTER, REPRODUCED IN COLOR GRAVURE

Boone at Seacloud. I seen mebbe a dozen hundred gators, countin' all the leetle ones. That gram'pa yonder could bite this-here boat in half, but he's plain skeered to try it. He's jis' a-swimmin' ahead of us hospitable-like an' showin' us the open water where they ain't much weed to slow us down. All we got to do is foller him, an' bime-by we'll be at Magic City."

Boy-Mouse uttered a groan. "For Jedus' sake, Petey," he quavered, "don' let's go no furder. I don' like dese-here woods where dey ain't no lan' but only water under de trees an' gram'pa gators foolin' roun' an' woodpeckers big as crows. I don' crave to see no Magic City. Let's we go back to Seacloud. I'm a-frettin' 'bout Buster, Petey; I'm 'fraid sump'n'll happen to him whilst I'm gone."

THE white boy in the stern laughed silently up at the mossy boughs overhanging the winding water path down which the boat was moving through the shadowy, flooded forest that was Powderhorn Swamp.

"You po' little crippled black jackass," he said, "why you reckon I brung you way out here to Powderhorn? Why you s'pose I hitched my tacky to Pa's buggy an' druv you way out here? I'll tell you why. I'm right sorry for you, nigger boy, a-settin' in yo yard all day or hippity-hoppin' 'roun' on yo' crutch. I aim to show you a sight today you won't never ferget. I aim to show you a sight that'll stay in yo' mind like a picture does, so you kin shet yo' eyes an' see it while you're settin' in yo' yard so sad an' lonesome-like, wid nobody to talk to but yo' pet white rooster. You jis' set steady, nigger boy, an' don' fret yo'self 'bout Buster. Bime-by you're goin' to see Magic City, an' Magic City's the wonderfulest sight you'll ever see."

The laughing blue eyes were suddenly thoughtful. "Ain't it a funny thing, Mouse?" Petesong went on. "Mr. Trevor tole me, when I brung him out here, they warn't nothin' in the whole o' New York more beautiful than Magic City. Ain't this a funny thing, now: Here's me an' you, a po'-white cracker boy an' a dam' little crippled ordinary black nigger widout a cent o' money in our two pants, an' we kin come out here an' see jis' as beautiful a sight as all them millionaires in New York?"

He stopped abruptly and shot to his feet. Far ahead down the long, colonnaded vista of the water lane his watchful eyes had caught a flash of white. A great, snowy bird took wing, and swept away with slow, stately beats between the cypress trunks. Petesong gave a low whistle.

"By jinks!" he whispered. "By jiminy jinks, that was a long-white! The fust long-white in Powderhorn since the feather hunters shot up Magic City. Maybe the long-whites are nestin' there again. Great cornbread, nigger boy, we got to git to Magic City now!" . . .

The place that Petesong Wando had named Magic City lay deep in the heart of Powderhorn, as wild and remote, it seemed, as the heart of uttermost Africa; and what Eliot Trevor, the artist-naturalist from the North, had said to Petesong was pretty close to the truth—among all the marvels of New York there was nothing more fantastically beautiful than this great city of birds, where thousands of herons, ibises, and water turkeys had their homes.

To Petesong it was a wonderland. It satisfied an inarticulate yearning in the boy deeper than his love of hunting. Even after the plumers had found it, it was still miraculous. They had slaughtered the most beautiful of its inhabitants, the long-whites, or great white egrets, whose delicate, trailing nuptial plumes made the aigrettes that fashionable women wore. After that bloody massacre, when the water under the trees was dotted with the bodies of slain egrets, and hundreds of helpless young starved slowly to death in the nests, there had been no more long-whites in Magic City. But its other inhabitants, whose plumes were of no commercial value, had returned to it the following spring and continued to dwell there; and for Petesong, though he missed the stately long-whites, the place still held an indescribable fascination.

Hence it was not only on Boy-Mouse's account that he had driven with the crippled black boy to the edge of Powderhorn, where he still kept his dugout hidden in the canes. Since his father had moved the family into the overseer's house at Seacloud on the coast, Petesong had visited Magic City only on the one occasion when he had taken Eliot Trevor there; and all this spring the desire to see the place again had been growing in him.

TREVOR was in the North being married. Next to Trevor, Petesong's closest friend on the plantation was Boy-Mouse, Plenty Simmins's crippled son. Boy-Mouse had no mother and no brothers or sisters; he spent most of his days sitting in the yard of Plenty's cabin, alone save for Bustamente—Buster, for short—a white game rooster which was the pride and joy of his heart.

He was jis' a little nigger, Petesong said to himself as he planned his expedition, but he was purty good comp'ny, and Petesong was sorry for him because of what July Campbell, the marshman, had divulged in a moment of confidence —that Boy-Mouse probably had only a few more weeks to live. So it had happened that Boy-Mouse was with him when he had his glimpse of the long-white, the first long-white in Powderhorn since the plume hunters had raided Magic City.

That glimpse galvanized him into action. The big gator was still swimming ahead of the boat in leisurely fashion, but Petesong bent to his paddle and drove the dugout forward. "Git out o' my way, gram'pa," he muttered fiercely, "or I'll run over you as sure as Stonewall Jackson."

Boy-Mouse, in the bow, hid his face in trembling black hands. "Do, Jedus!" he prayed. "Do, my Jedus!" But the disaster which he expected didn't occur. The gram'pa, finding that he was being overtaken, quietly submerged, and half an hour later Petesong brought the dugout to a stop in a clump of low willow bushes in the heart of the great bird-city.

He laid down his paddle softly in the bottom of the boat and sat back on the thwart. "Well, nigger boy," he said in a hushed voice, "tole you I'd show you sump'n, didn' I? You ain't never seen sich a sight as this since the day you was weaned."

THE sight they saw defied description. The willow clump in which the boat was hidden stood in the shallow water at the edge of an opening in the flooded cypress forest. This opening, perhaps forty yards in diameter, was the town square or plaza of Magic City, the focus of its teeming, clamorous life.

Above it the air swirled and seethed with birds—a bewildering, ever-changing cyclorama of color and movement in an incredible turmoil of sound. Herons of various sizes and kinds were there, white, crimson-billed ibises, long-necked, fantastic water turkeys sailing round and round in interweaving circles or spiraling downward in endless procession as they brought food for their young. All around the opening the green, moss-bannered cypresses were crowded with nests, some of them bulky castles of sticks, others mere flimsy platforms; and on the nests and in the trees thousands of birds in every stage of growth, from grotesque, half-naked babies to magnificent adults in full nuptial plumage, stood at rest or moved from branch to branch.

Petesong was quivering with excitement. Boy-Mouse sat wide-eyed and open-mouthed, trying to see a thousand things at once. The white boy pointed with a trembling hand.

"The great, big blue ones is Ward's herons," he said. "When I brung Mr. Trevor here he tole me the right names of all the different kinds. The big white an' black ones with long, curved bills, they're wood ibises. They don' nest here, but they come, all the same. The smaller white ones with red faces an' bills—they're white ibises. . . . Ain't they beautiful, Mouse? Don' you wish you could paint pictures of 'em like Mr. Trevor does?"

"Petey," Boy-Mouse whispered, "dey ain't no sich place as dis een the worl'. Can't be. You an' me, we's jis asleep an' dreamin'."

Petesong's bronze face was lifted to the crowded sky, his blue eyes were twin sapphires. Something deeper than the amazement which filled Boy-Mouse pos-

sessed the white boy; an ecstatic joy in the wild beauty, the fantastic splendor of the spectacle. Yet there was a note of disappointment in his voice:

"Don' see no long-whites, Mouse. Reckon that one we jumped back yonder's the only one left alive. But they's plenty o' the other kinds. The dark ones is blue herons an' the heavy-set black an' gray ones is night herons. The slim blue-gray ones with white underneath is Louisiana herons. Some call 'em ladies-o'-the-waters, Mr. Trevor says, 'cause they's so slim an' graceful-like. An' the water turkeys, Mouse! Ain't it grand to see 'em sailin' roun' an' roun' up yonder."

He broke off suddenly and pointed. "Look, nigger boy!" he whispered.

A GREAT, milk-white bird with wide, immaculate wings whose undersurfaces glowed golden in the bright sun was spiraling down from the high air. It was larger than the crimson-billed white ibises, almost as large as the big white-and-black wood ibises. As it swung lower in wide, graceful sweeps through the mob of herons and water turkeys milling above the bright-green cypress tops, it was like some beautiful frigate of the sky gliding slowly downward to its anchorage. Petesong's tongue struggled to express the image glowing in his mind.

He had the egret's neck clamped under his arm so that Boy-Mouse couldn't see its head

"Like a ship," he whispered. "Jis' like a full-rigged ship a-sailin' down from heaven with the glory still a-shinin' on its sails."

For a moment the beauty of the sight held him speechless. Then the naturalist in him overcame the artist. "That's a long-white, Mouse," he said excitedly, "a great egret. The kind the plumers killed out so they could git the aigrette feathers to sell. It's the same one we saw back yonder in the swamp. Watch it, Mouse. We got to find out if it's got a nest in Magic City."

The egret, circling lower and lower, was now below the level of the cypress-tops. It swept with dangling legs directly over the willow clump where the dugout was hidden. The trees opposite were dotted with ibises sitting or standing on their nests. Beside one nest among these hundreds the egret came to rest with a slow waving of its wide wings, and as it alighted there Petesong saw at the nest's edge a flicker of something white.

"That's it, Mouse," he exclaimed. "That's the nest; right in with the ibises. An' they's young uns in it; I kin see their heads a-shakin'. Nigger boy, we got some news for Mr. Trevor when he comes back (*Continued on page 140*)

ENEMIES WITHIN

Factories sabotaged . . . ships burned . . . machines smashed . . . trains wrecked . . . In a war of utter ruthlessness the Fifth Column is on the march . . . And because we are turning out supplies desperately needed by fighting nations the saboteurs are striking at America. This article by the Chief of the G-men is of vital importance in the defense of our industries. It was written especially for The American Magazine, in co-operation with the Army and Navy Intelligence Services. For obvious reasons it is couched in cautious language. But if you read between the lines you will get its tremendous import

by J. Edgar Hoover

WITH COURTNEY RYLEY COOPER

OUR GATES

PHOTOGRAPHS BY WIDE WORLD, PICTURES, INC., KEYSTONE VIEW

IT WAS brother against brother, a melodrama in real life. One was honest. The other, Karl Allen Drummond, was a traitor. While working as an inspector in a California airplane plant, he had stolen the highly confidential plans of a new dive bomber, being manufactured for the United States Navy. Then he literally had gone from door to door in his efforts to sell these secret blueprints and photographs to the agents of a foreign power.

Drummond's very eagerness to betray America was the country's best protection. Foreign agents, afraid it was a trap to catch them in espionage activities, would have nothing to do with him. Thus, the plans which Drummond had believed would bring him a fortune were worse than worthless to him. In desperation, he appealed to his brother to help him sell them. But the brother, instead, turned the plans over to officers of the United States Navy Intelligence Service. Drummond was arrested, convicted, and sentenced to two years' imprisonment in a federal penitentiary.

Viewed superficially, Drummond's action reveals the ease with which espionage may operate in America. But, more than that, it shows how foreign agents may get secret plans which will help them destroy our best efforts at protection. If a foreign agent can carefully study the designs of a new bomber in process of manufacture, he can tell his saboteurs exactly how to wreck or injure that ship on or before its trial flights and thus delay progress in armament for many months.

Make no mistake about it, the saboteur, or "sab cat," as he was known in World War days, has come back in force. Many of our vital factories are vulnerable to the menace of professional destroyers. We are now in almost exactly the same position as we were shortly before our entrance into the World War. If we are to be spared the repetition of such disasters as the Black Tom munitions explosion and other catastrophes which punctuated the activities of saboteurs twenty-odd years ago, we should build our fences now, while undercover enemies can still be kept out.

At this point, to keep the record straight, the time has arrived when there must be unity of thought and unity in action in order that America's industries may be spared to carry on their objective by furnishing the materials for national defense. As a nation, we are lovers of liberty and freedom. It is only natural that in years gone by we have given little thought and attention to the perfecting of our internal defense. This has resulted in making sabotage easy to accomplish. That we have developed high vulnerability in the past is not a criticism. The important consideration is a tightening up all along the line for the sole purpose of preventing sabotage.

The reader should bear this in mind in considering the contents of this article. It should be remembered that, even though laxity has prevailed in the past, that does not mean that it has not been corrected today in many places. It should be definitely understood that prosecutions for sabotage are not nearly so important as prevention of sabotage. When prosecutions are undertaken, it means that secret data often must be presented in open court and widespread contacts of saboteurs exposed. Thus, it is better to prevent than to prosecute. It cannot be emphasized too strongly, however, that now is the time to act to prevent the destruction or the impediment of vital industries. After a while the job might be too big.

We are (*Continued on page 143*)

Double fault

He was a perfect tennis player—machinelike, flawless. But the crowds hated him for his ruthlessness

by Don Tracy

I WAS sitting out on the clubhouse porch, wondering about things, when Pat Smalley came up and dropped into the chair next to mine. He answered my hello, but he didn't say much for the next two or three minutes. I sort of knew what was coming before he turned to me with a wrinkle between that thatch of sun-bleached hair and those blue eyes of his.

"Pop," he said—because everybody at the Ridgebrook Club calls me "Pop"—"I had it out with Dad last night."

"Had what out?" I asked. But I knew.

He waved one of his big, sunburned hands. "Oh, everything," he said.

Peggy flung herself upon Pat. "You've got to come home," she cried

"Tennis, and what I was going to do when I left school. The works."

I looked down at the pipe I was packing. "How'd you make out?" I asked him.

He shifted in his chair, and the wicker creaked. "I don't know," he admitted. "Dad was pretty sore. He blew up. We didn't really get anywhere."

I reached for a match and lit my pipe. I knew from what Pat hadn't said that he had told his father that he was giving up tournament tennis. And I knew how Oliver G. Smalley—yes, *the* Oliver G. Smalley—had felt when his only son had told him that. Smalley wasn't used to having his orders questioned. He was used to being obeyed. He wasn't objectionable about it, though, when he was dealing with me. He about owned the Ridgebrook Club, and I was steward there and I took my orders from Pat's father. So I should know, if anyone, that the old man could give orders.

And now his son had balked him in what Oliver G. Smalley had made the biggest thing in his life.

"Pop," said Pat. "I guess you know how Peggy and I feel about each other."

I thought of my youngest daughter and the way her eyes shone when Pat walked into a room. Her eyes had been lighting up like that for more than four years, since they first met at a Christmas dance at the club.

"I guess I do, son," I said. "But you're both pretty young."

He passed a hand over his hair. "Maybe we are," he said slowly, "but we know what we know. And I can't have Peggy marrying a rich man's son, a tennis bum, Pop, even if it means breaking up the old man. I'm going to get out of tennis."

I burned my finger when I tamped down the ash of my pipe. "You'd better think it over, Pat," I told him. "You're good. You probably could get to the top. It would make your father happy. And Big Bill Agnew. Bill's spent a lot of time on your game. He says you're ready to go to the top now. It would take only a couple of years and you could make your father happy by taking that Forest Hills title, and then you could do what you want."

You see, that was what Pat's father had been aiming at and dreaming of ever since Pat was a kid in short breeches. That was what Big Bill Agnew had worked for, ever since he saw the natural tennis form that Pat had been born with. Big Bill had asked to take him over while Pat was still in prep school. And ever since then Agnew had worked on the kid, day after day, while Oliver G. Smalley sat by and beamed and Pat scowled and sweated.

Old Man Smalley had played a good game of tennis when he was younger. That was before he took over *his* father's desk and accumulated a dozen more millions and a bum heart. Now the old man had only one ambition. He wanted to see his son, Pat, in the center court at Forest Hills. He wanted to see Pat come off the court with the National Singles title. I guess only a few of us realized how much Oliver G. Smalley lived for that moment.

It should have been an ideal setup. Here was Old Man Smalley with his millions and an only son with a born gift for tennis. Smalley could give Pat everything he needed to develop that inborn game to championship caliber. Big Bill Agnew was eager to show the lad the stuff that had carried Big Bill's lanky, bald-headed frame to the top at Wimbledon and Forest Hills and had kept him at the top for so long.

It would have been an ideal setup except for two things: Pat Smalley loved my daughter, Peggy. And he hated tennis.

"Only a couple of years," I said again. I dragged at my pipe. "You can afford a couple of years, Pat."

He shook his head. "A long time ago," he reminded

me, "I told you I thought tennis was a lousy game. That still goes."

I thought back again to a day when Pat was fifteen, with a face more taut and strained than any fifteen-year-old's ever had a right to be. It was a hot day and Pat had been out on the court with Big Bill Agnew. The lesson hadn't gone well and I heard Big Bill screaming at the kid. After a while Pat had walked into the locker-room with deep lines running from his nostrils to the corners of his mouth.

"Kind of tough today, Pat?" I asked.

He wiped the wet yellow hair back from his forehead. "Look, Pop," he said. "Do you think I'll ever make a tennis champion?"

He didn't mean to put me in the middle with that question. He just didn't stop to think that I was steward of the club his father practically owned, the club that had Big Bill Agnew for its pro.

"That's hard to say," I hedged. "Big Bill says you can make it, if you work hard. And he ought to know."

Just then a couple of kids finished a game outside and rocketed through the door into the locker-room, laughing. They scuffled around the soda cooler, the kid who had lost paying and the other youngster ribbing him. They darted back out onto the courts, passing Pat on the way. One said "Hi" carelessly, but the other boy was busy drinking his soda and didn't speak.

THERE were a couple of minutes while Pat looked after the two kids before he spoke. "Those kids look like they're getting a kick out of their game," he said. He sounded bitter. "Maybe there is fun in tennis."

"Sure, there is," I told him. "Greatest game in the world."

He said, "Huh!" and left it there.

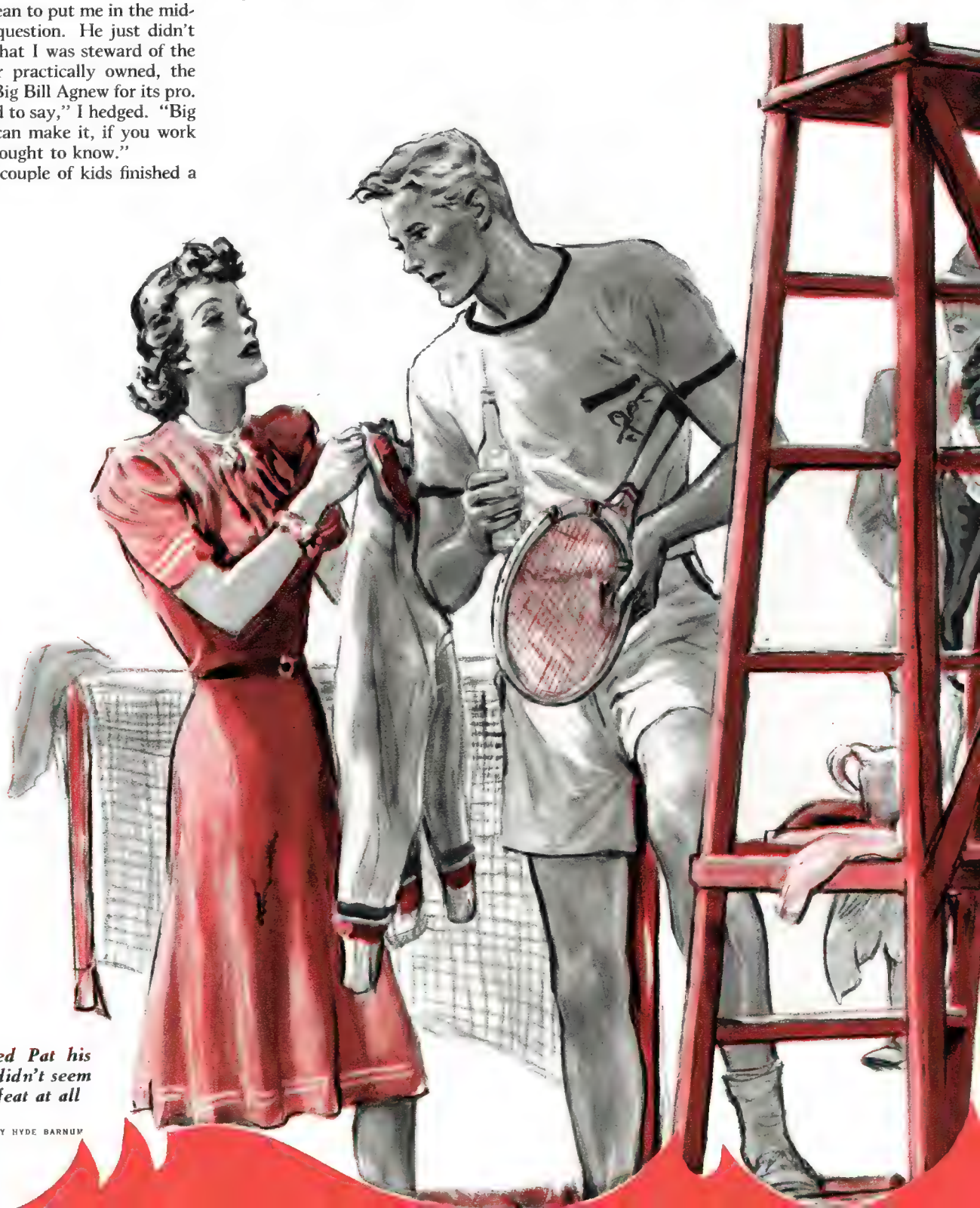
"What's the matter, Pat?" I asked. "Don't you like tennis?"

"I think tennis stinks," he said.

It was a calm, dispassionate statement, as though he was talking about the weather or the movie at the Playhouse.

"Maybe," I said, "you ought to play more. I mean games with kids your own age. Like the two who were just in here. Maybe you'd get some fun out of that."

He looked like an old man when he answered. "Mr. Agnew," he said, "won't let me play with kids my own age. Says it'd ruin my game. The older men won't play with me because I always beat them and they don't like it. So all I do is



Peggy handed Pat his sweater. He didn't seem to mind defeat at all

ILLUSTRATED BY JAY HYDE BARNUM

practice. Which isn't any fun at all."

At that time, I remembered, I had wanted to put my arm around the kid's shoulder and tell him to make a break. To go to his father and tell him he hated tennis. To tell Big Bill Agnew that he was through practicing. To throw away his rackets and walk off the courts for good. I'd wanted to, but I didn't. After all, fifteen-year-olds don't know their own minds. If I told him that, and he followed my advice, he'd probably hate me for it some day. He'd grow to love tennis. Sure, he would.

But he hadn't. Look at him now, years later.

"I told you tennis was a lousy game," Pat repeated as I sat in the deck chair, pulling at my pipe. "And that still goes. I've practiced and I've played tournament tennis since I told you that—all these years—just to please Dad and Big Bill. Between them, they've practically run my life. Anything I wanted to do, I couldn't, because of tennis. I never had any fun when I was a kid because of tennis. Even at school, now, I haven't got any real friends."

THE boy seemed to be getting rid of something that had been with him a long time.

"I wanted to play hockey," he said, "and Dad and Big Bill clamped down on that. Might break an arm or an ankle or something. I wanted to play baseball, but it would take too much time off from tennis. Hell—they wouldn't even let me go out for interfraternity basketball for fear I'd get a bad knee or a sprained wrist." He paused a second, and then he said, "You know what they call me at school, Pop? They call me 'Cotton-Batting.'"

The pipe in my mouth made a sucking sound. "Look," I said. "College nicknames don't mean anything. You know Peggy will wait for you those couple of years you give your father."

Somehow, I thought of the first time Pat met Peggy. It was at a Christmas dance at the club. He'd been away to school, and when I saw him he was taller, stringier, and handsomer than he had been. Peggy was only fourteen that Christmas, but she was beginning to show how beautiful she was going to be. That sounds like bragging, does it? Okay; it stands.

That night of the Christmas dance I was standing with Peggy, near the door, just after we'd come in and before the stag line had spotted her. She looked across the floor, and saw Pat's blond head sticking out above the rest.

"Who's that, Pop?" Peggy asked.

"That's the coming national tennis champion, if you ask Big Bill Agnew," I answered. "Pat Smalley."

"Could you—?" she began, but Pat had already seen me and was coming over, his big hand stuck out.

"My daughter," I told him. "Peggy, this is Pat Smalley."

They shook hands that night, under the evergreen boughs and red paper bells. Tall blond boy and little dark girl, and strike me dead if I didn't know it then. I mean there was something in the way those two kids looked at each other that told me.

So it went on after that, first with letters and then with dates together when Pat came home from school for his vacation. There'd been a boy, Lester Gardiner, who'd taken Peggy out dancing before she met Pat. Lester was everything Pat wasn't. He was short and stocky, and he carried a big grin where Pat carried a tight, strained smile. Lester used a tennis racket like a club and danced like a man waiting to punch a time clock and go home. He worked in a department store and was studying aeronautical engineering. He had no more complexes than a billy goat and more friends than a politician handing out jobs.

Ma favored Lester as a "steady, worthwhile boy who's going somewhere." Pat, to Ma, was a "rich man's son who's turning into a fine example of a tennis bum." I kept quiet, but I saw something in Peggy's eyes each time she looked at Pat. Ma didn't see it. I guess Lester didn't see it. But there it was, with a label on it.

"Look," I told Pat, pulling at the dead pipe in my mouth as I sat there on the clubhouse porch; "two years isn't a lifetime."

"Pop," he told me, "suppose I let Dad and Big Bill run my life for the next two years the way they've run it since I was a kid. I give them two years—thrown away. Suppose I hit the top. Then it's another year, at least, that I've got to defend the title. Then they'll holler that the Davis Cup team needs me for the glory of American tennis. It goes on and on, Pop."

"Well—" I started.

"So what do I do when I quit tennis at, maybe, thirty?" he continued. "Do I try to start in business, five or six years late? Do I try to get in the race with younger fellows who didn't waste all that time playing tennis? Or do I sit back and live off my father's dough?"

My pipe was cold and bitter. I reached for another match. I heard the creak of the wicker chair as Pat got up. "You see how it is, Pop," he said. "I've got to get out of tennis now."

I sat there a long time after Pat left me, wondering about things. . . .

OLIVER G. SMALLEY came to see me later that same day. He grunted when he lowered himself into a chair in my office. "Hanway," he said, "my son says he's in love with your daughter, Peggy."

"They've been in love for years," I told him. I watched him, daring him to say anything about my daughter.

"She's a fine girl," he said. He rolled his cigar around in his mouth. "And my boy's a fine boy."

"He is," I said.

I took the cigar he offered and lit it, looking at the rich, blue smoke as it traveled upward.

"Pat," Old Man Smalley said, "wants to quit tennis."

"He told me."

The millionaire leaned toward me. "I don't know whether you know what that means to me, Hanway," he said. "I've worked for years to make Pat a tennis champion. Big Bill Agnew has worked. We all have worked hard, getting Pat ready for the big time." He hesitated. "Pat tells me that my idea of having him win the National Singles title has become an obsession with me. Maybe it has. But it's (*Continued on page 68*)

653 AMERICAN YOUTH FORUM ART AWARDS

By Ben Quintana, age 17, Santa Fe, New Mexico

A FLAMING passion for democracy. A determination to mend its weaknesses and protect it from all comers.

These two qualities of young America shine out from the 494,456 articles, paintings, and drawings submitted by the nation's high-school and preparatory-school students in the third annual American Youth Forum competition, sponsored by THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE.

For weeks the judges have been studying these thoughtful, spontaneous expressions of tomorrow's citizens. And in announcing the winners of 653 awards in the Art Division, they are unanimous in saying that, in the flood of ideas and hopes expressed by our young men and women, they find an invigorating antidote for dire forebodings and an inspiring new faith in the nation's future.

From the 52,587 paintings and drawings submitted on the subjects, *My Community: Its Place in the Nation* and *Today's Challenge to America's Youth*, the judges have chosen the winners of the three top awards as follows:

FIRST AWARD—$1,000: Ben Quintana—age 17, junior, Santa Fe Indian School, Santa Fe, New Mexico;

By Elliott Twery, age 16, Washington, D. C.

Indian youth, descendant of Cliff Dwellers, gets first place in nation-wide competition . . . From more than 50,000 entries, judges select work of Washington, D. C., and Colorado students as deserving second and third honors

By Robert Bursiel, age 16, Greeley, Colo.

sponsored by Mrs. Juan Montoya.

SECOND AWARD—$500: Elliott Twery—16, senior, Theodore Roosevelt High School, Washington, D. C.; sponsored by Miss Norma Bose.

THIRD AWARD—$100: Robert Bursiel—16, senior, Greeley High School, Greeley, Colorado; sponsored by Mr. J. Richard Sorby.

The names of additional winners appear elsewhere in this issue. These include 50 winners of $10 awards; 100 winners of $5 awards; and 500 winners of certificates of honorable mention.

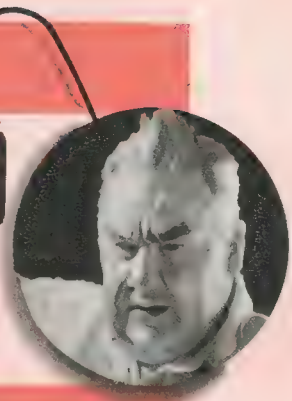
The first award this year goes to a Pueblo Indian youth whose ancestors were Cliff Dwellers making their living by hunting and farming before the white man thought of coming to America. The canyon in which his ancestors lived for centuries is only twenty-five miles away from his present home in the Cochiti Pueblo, New Mexico.

Young Ben Quintana began to paint animal life and designs while he was still in the third grade in his Indian village. He soon took up the painting of the home life of his people. A junior in high school, he has already painted murals for the Cochiti Day School, the Santa Fe Indian School in Santa Fe, and an Indian trading post in Albuquerque, New Mexico.

In his award-winning tempera painting, Ben Quintana pictures *My Community: Its Place in the Nation.* He shows a man and a woman—stalwart descendants of a proud and powerful people—linking the past with the present. The man's right hand is outstretched, palm upward, in token of peaceful intention. Beneath runs a river—giver of life to the Pueblos, to whom irrigation means so much. On the far bank of the river, in lush abundance, are corn, wheat, melons, and squash.

In the left center of the picture is a mission from which are emerging two Indians in native dress, symbolizing the acceptance of Christianity. In the center is a tribal community house, on top of which a warrior is about to begin a ceremonial dance. Beneath him on the ground are two drummers working up a savage rhythm. At the right center is a

SCATTERGOOD SAYS -



I DRUTHER hire a feller who started forty things and done twenty of 'em wrong, than a man who never started but one and done it right. The trouble with this world is that there's too many chairs in it. Comfortable chairs has ruined more promisin' careers than wimmin 'n' strong drink.

Some folks claim they can't start nothin' without plannin' it out before they begin. Nine times out of ten, they're jest concealin' that they're too all-fired lazy or timid to git to movin'.

Speculatin' on events 'n' plannin' fur the future is pleasant ways of spendin' the evenin'—but the only way to drive a nail is to hit it a wallop with a hammer. The heaviest intellect in the world can't sink a spike an inch into a plank till it calls on its hands.

I've heard it claimed that some men's success was all due to luck or one of them things that's called fortuitous circumstances. If ye look close't you'll find that the feller that's bein' argued about was stirrin' around brisk in a section where the luck or the circumstances kind of abounded. Them things don't come 'n' light on your lap when you're settin' on the bosom of your britches in a hammock.

Even them old Bible folks that got fed on manna had to scamper out 'n' stand in the shower, and not depend on its seepin' through leaks in the roof.

Nobody never accomplishes suthin' by doin' nothin'. If your cow gits lost, you're nearer to findin' him if you look north of taown, when the cow's wandered south, than you be if you jest set and repine.

Brains was put inside the skull so as the feet could carry 'em around handy. The skull hain't nothin' but a satchel you can use to carry your intellect to places where you kin put it to use. The' never was a day when I wouldn't swap twenty theories fur one set of calluses.

school surrounded by Indian children at play. Above the school proudly floats the American Flag. Above all, peaceful blue hills meet the horizon.

ELLIOTT TWERY, of Washington, D.C., winner of second honors, chose for his theme, *Today's Challenge to America's Youth*. His symbolic oil painting depicts Youth with plans for the future in hand, breaking the bonds of red tape, and rolling up his sleeves for a stiff battle. The greatest challenges facing Youth, he finds, are in the field of economics, calling for scientific planning, reclamation, and reforestation, to restore the Dust Bowl to prosperity. In the midst of desolation, the church symbolizes the need for widespread application of the Golden Rule. The capitol building represents the challenge for more efficient government. Industry, unemployment, insecurity, and slum conditions call for better housing, employment, and security for all.

Twery represents Isms by a vulture thriving on waste and decay, and endeavors to show that, with economic security for all, the Isms would be kept from gaining a foothold in the nation.

The Constitution symbolizes the idea that Youth must meet all the challenges in the American way. Education and Science must necessarily be his background and equipment in all his ventures.

Robert Bursiel, of Greeley, Colorado, the third-award winner, treated the subject, *My Community: Its Place in the Nation*, in water colors. His painting represents Youth at work tapping vital natural resources in order to increase the power of a nation already strong. Everyone has his shoulder to the wheel, building cities and running industry. The underlying thought is that America achieves its greatness by taming nature and by complete co-operation among its people.

Teachers and art supervisors throughout the United States have written us to say that the competition has caused their students to find beauty and value in their communities and to appreciate them as never before. Teachers have also written that the Forum this year has awakened in their students an unselfish patriotism and a sincere eagerness to find some field of service to the nation.

THE significant thing in this year's competition, according to the Director of the Forum, is the fact that most of the students wasted little time on noble but impracticable ideas. Their work, on the whole, showed striking evidence of painstaking study and a surprising amount of mature thinking. With clear-eyed vision they got to the heart of each problem, offering specific solutions.

The judges for the Art Division are: James C. Boudreau, director, The Pratt Institute of Fine and Applied Arts, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Dean Cornwell, widely known illustrator; and Albert Lefcourte, art director, THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE.

The judges are now completing the selection of the winners in the article competition. These will be announced in the September issue of THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE.

A total of 6,506 schools registered in this year's competition, and approximately 1,400,000 students participated through classroom discussions.

When the article winners are announced in the September issue, the third annual American Youth Forum comes to a close. Details of the fourth annual competition will be made public soon.

For the names of 650 additional American Youth Forum winners, see page 63

H. ARMSTRONG ROBERTS

I KEPT MY baby

An unmarried mother who dared to face the world with her child tells how she atoned for her mistake. For obvious reasons her name must be withheld

WAS I drifted reluctantly out of the ether, a smiling nurse tried to put the baby in the hollow of my arm. I pushed her away. "No, no," I sobbed. "I don't ever want to see her."

I still couldn't believe it had happened to me. I had heard whispered stories about girls "getting into trouble." But it was something that just didn't happen among the nice people I knew.

But here I was, a respectable, twenty-one-year-old schoolteacher, in just that kind of trouble. Furtively, hundreds of miles from my home in the Midwest, I had given birth to Ann, and she had no legal father. I dug my finger nails into the sheets.

The kindly, white-haired doctor motioned the nurse away and bent over me. "Don't you worry about the child," he said. "We can arrange everything. Good home, security, education—all the things an unmarried mother couldn't give her. She'll get fat on formula. And we'll give her what T. L. C. we can."

"T. L. C.?" I asked. "Some expensive new vitamin, Doctor?"

He looked quizzically at me. "Next to milk, the most precious vitamin in the world for a baby," he said. "It means tender and loving care."

Instantly, magically, my despair lifted. For the first time in months I felt that someone wanted me and needed me. I could bring this baby a gift of love, and atone for the mistake that shamed me. I reached out for her.

Since then I've learned that many social agencies today are urging unwed mothers to keep their babies. Psychologists are convinced that illegitimate children have a much better chance to grow up into resourceful and respected citizens if they receive the warm, personal care of their own mothers rather than the distant, impersonal care of an institution or even foster parents. Of course, an unmarried woman needs plenty of courage and determination to keep her head high with a baby in her arms—but, as I discovered for myself, the final reward is worth every sacrifice. . . .

When I got off the train in New York, six years ago, I didn't know a soul. I had about $8 in my pocketbook, and I had stripped all the identifying labels from my clothing. But I found friends among strangers—friends who had warm hearts and didn't ask questions.

Obviously, I can't give my own name. My family is strait-laced old American stock. Father, who has a wheat and general crop farm, doesn't know to this day that Ann exists. Mother died when I was twelve, and Father, in his well-meaning, ineffectual way, brought his family up by the advice of the minister's wife.

I was the "little mother." My responsibilities seemed endless. I still dream occasionally that the school bus is going by our door, and that I can't possibly catch it because I haven't finished feeding the baby and washing dishes.

Father tried to shield us from life, and there was never a woman I could talk to. During one Halloween party, I remember, a boy kissed me. I sighed to myself, "Oh, dear, I hadn't meant to marry *him*." When the proposal didn't come I felt I could never outlive the shame. (Ann, you may be sure, (*Continued on page 139*)

by Beverly Smith

Running a newspaper is a 24-hour job that Cissy can handle as well sitting on the floor as behind a mahogany desk

They call her "Cissy" Patterson, but she's an old-fashioned, two-fisted publisher who can stand up to any man in the rough-tough business of newspapering. She has set the nation's capital on its ear

NEWSPAPER reporters are always moaning about the decline of personality among publishers. In the old days the owner-editor was a swashbuckler, equally handy with a vitriolic pen and a dueling pistol. But the modern publisher (so runs the dirge) has become a money-grubbing businessman, with no professional glamour.

If these Jeremiahs will stop crying into their whiskies and look at Washington, D. C., they will see a town set on its ear by a newspaper publisher as picturesque and sulphuric as any old-timer. To add variety, this publisher is a woman, Mrs. Eleanor "Cissy" Patterson, a multimillionairess, ex-countess, ex-big-game hunter. She has never been challenged to a duel, but that isn't her fault.

She is a born scrapper, loving a fight as dearly as most women love a new evening dress. Whether she is pumping for slum clearance or lambasting the President of the United States, she pulls no punches. Once she became embroiled in a tug-of-war with Eugene Meyer, dig-

Herald Angel

nified former governor of the Federal Reserve Board and publisher of the *Washington Post*, over which of them should publish a comic strip, "The Gumps." The fight eventually reached the courts, and Meyer won it by getting an injunction.

Mrs. Patterson retorted by sending Mr. Meyer a pound of raw meat. Implication was clear and acid: He had exacted his pound of flesh.

Between fights, and partly because of them, she has managed to become the leading woman newspaper publisher of America.

Ten years ago Mrs. Patterson was a bored society woman with too much money and no occupation. She was forty-five, an age when many wealthy women sigh, surrender to tedium, and prepare to join the drowsing dowagers. Instead, Cissy made her life over. She entered a strenuous new profession, and worked at newspapering: from stunt reporting and civic crusading to social gossip and cajoling advertisers. Eighteen months ago she bought two dying newspapers, and combined them into the *Washington Times Herald*, which now boasts the largest circulation in the national capital, where newspapers, because they are the daily reading of legislators and government leaders, have an influence far out of proportion to their size.

If she were just a moneybag in the editor's chair, the "leading-woman-publisher" tag wouldn't mean much. But Cissy is a vivid personality in her own right. She puts her feminine impulsiveness and caprice, her generosity and malice, her wit and crusading instinct, right onto page one. And she is having, so far as I can judge, the time of her life.

At first, I thought she was a shade mannered, languid, and imperious. But when she sat in her office just off the chattering city room, lit a cigarette, and began to talk about the newspaper business, she was wholly absorbed and natural. When she recalled some of the stories she has worked on, or laughed over some of the mistakes she has made, she was entirely amiable, charming, and diverting.

Where was this temper I had heard about? I found out when the talk drifted to the rumor of a libel suit that might be brought against her. "If they sue me," she said, "I shall bring countersuits—instantly!" Her dark eyes flashed, and I caught the tone: pistols for two, coffee for one—at dawn.

About her own writing she seems sincerely diffident. Actually, she can write with vigor, and make a sentence snap like a whip. She writes best when her emotions are stirred. I remember a series she wrote about the share-croppers. Riding through the South on a train, she saw some scenes of wretchedness which upset her. She got off at the next station, went back, and spent some days among the poverty-broken 'croppers.

"I couldn't stand it," she told me. "It was too much. It made me sick."

But she wrote about it with shrewd and tender observation, and an eye for certain details that only women spot.

One of her early exploits was an interview with Al Capone. Just stopped in front of his Miami house one day, walked in, and had a (*Continued on page 110*)

Cissy master-minds war bulletins with members of her editorial staff

"Send for that reporter!"—Cissy and Day Managing Editor Michael W. Flynn take the warpath. Below—Cissy watches a typographer set rush copy

KNOPF PIX

THE SIREN SMILED

by H. Vernor Dixon

What has happened so far:

JOAN KELSA, attractive redhead, and Michael Ryan, famous author, were co-owners of the Ryan & Kelsa Salvage Co., Inc., inherited by them after the recent deaths of their fathers. Michael, newly returned from Europe and unfamiliar with the salvage business, received an offer from Pat Carmichael, owner of the Carmichael Salvage Co., a rival concern, for his share of the Ryan & Kelsa stock. Michael was mystified by Pat's unconcern over Joan's share, which he knew to be as good as his own.

Hobe Sutliff, manager of the Ryan & Kelsa Co., and Joan took Michael, after his arrival, to the office, where he showed great interest in learning the business. Joan flew him out to one of the barges that were working on a salvage job and introduced him to Whitey and Bloom, two of the company divers. While Michael was being shown the diving apparatus, the divers took Hobe aside and asked him if Michael intended to sell his share to Carmichael. Hobe told them he didn't know, but when he returned with Michael and Joan in the plane, Pat Carmichael was in their office and set the following night as the dead line for a reply to his offer. It was apparent by this time that there was something between Joan and Pat. She seemed to hate him, although he had beaued her around a great deal in the past. It was after they had stopped seeing each other that Joan had become businesslike and had adopted a rather mannish style of dress.

The night of the dead line Michael took Joan and Hobe to a party given by Myra Chase, San Francisco's favorite debutante, whom Michael had met on the train coming west. Myra was much impressed by the famous Michael Ryan, and had apparently set her cap for him. At the party Michael met all of San Francisco society.

As they were leaving they met Pat Carmichael, who wanted to know Michael's decision. Michael refused the offer, and Pat got nasty and threatened to put their company in bankruptcy. Michael made a bet he couldn't do it. Joan seemed pleased with Michael, and when they got in her car she asked him to drive. It was the first time she had allowed anyone but herself to drive that car. . . .

The story continues:

THE next day Michael and Quincy Harper started an inventory of the equipment. They remained closeted in Michael's office until late in the afternoon, and I went into the radio room and called our trawler, the Antares. She had picked up a disabled lumber schooner off the Farallones two weeks before and had towed it down to San Diego. Captain Chalmers was in command and I wanted him back in harbor. It was some time before I could get them on the air, and when I did Slim, the radio operator, informed me that they were already at sea.

Captain Chalmers got on the air and said, "Hobe? . . . We're on our way back, 'bout opposite Pedro. Put in a requisition for me for another towing bitt. Yanked the damn-blasted thing clean out making the haul into the harbor."

"We have two of them here in the shed."

"Ain't no good. You get me one with some guts in it."

"Okay. How's that new winch?"

"She's a honey. Say, Hobe, I heard young Ryan was back. That right?"

They were engrossed in the terrible news of the Rosslyn's disappearance

FULL-COLOR ILLUSTRATION . IN OIL BY MATT CLARK, REPRODUCED IN COLOR GRAVURE

"He's here in the office now. By the way, he's not going to sell."

"Yeah? Don't mean nothin' to me. What's the young pup know 'bout salvage? He'll gum up ever'thin'."

I chuckled to myself and said, "You pour on a little coal and get back here. That's what I was calling you for. Give Les Porter my best."

"That lazy bum—"

I cut him off, put on my hat, and got Michael away from Quincy. We stopped at a flower stand while he bought a carnation for his buttonhole, then called first on Scott & Wallace, marine underwriters. Bob Scott was in, another young man who had inherited his father's business, and seemed to be impressed with Michael. He opened his private stock of Scotch, and passed around highballs. Michael took his without ice, and Bob commented on that being an English habit. Michael nodded, and sipped at his drink.

Bob wanted to know if there was a war on between the Carmichaels and our company. It was a moment or so before I could grasp what he was saying, and I asked, "Whatever gave you that idea?"

"Well," he said, "I just opened the bids for the raising of those underwater caissons at the lower end of the bay. Now, I know you cut your figures pretty close, but the Carmichaels' bid was almost less than half of yours."

"No! Say, I was practically taking it at cost just to keep the crew of the Antares busy. It can't be done for less money."

"I know that too. That's why I'm asking you if there's a war on. The Carmichaels will lose money on it."

"I see. Yes, I guess there is a war. This starts it."

Michael and I talked it over later and he said, "They can't cut prices too often. If, as you say, they lose ten thousand or so on this job they'll have to recoup elsewhere. The thing for us to do is scale down our bids to absolute cost, keep the Carmichaels down, and so prevent them from making up their losses."

"But they can take all the small

jobs, such as we ordinarily don't handle."

"Then start handling them. We can't stop them from bidding low, but we can stop them from getting a job with a dollar of profit in it. Use those tactics and they'll gradually bankrupt themselves."

It made sense, and I had Quincy dig out all the bids then under consideration and scale them all down to cost. I showed Michael how it was done, and then put them in the mail. He seemed pleased with the turn of events and I was surprised. I hadn't thought he would enjoy a fight of that sort.

MYRA CHASE and her stepmother arrived early in the afternoon for Michael's promised tour of the company wharf, and every man in the office stopped work. Myra was wearing slacks that seemed rather perishable to me, but cute, with a white blouse, bright sweater, and thick-soled sandals striped something like a beach chair.

Mrs. Chase had on a white slack-suit with a double-breasted coat that must have been tailored by a man. She was as slim as a young boy and did not suffer greatly alongside Myra's unusual beauty. The two of them together made the office look dingier than ever.

Michael wanted me to help him out, so I led the way into the wharf shed and showed them about the equipment. Myra was especially interested in the diving suits, as most people are, and I explained how they were used, while Michael took Mrs. Chase down to the end of the wharf to show her Jo's plane.

As soon as they were gone Myra said, "Very interesting." Then she looked straight into my eyes—she had an uneasy trick of standing close to you with her eyes candidly wide and unwaveringly fastened on yours—and asked, "Tell me, Mr. Sutliff; has Michael any serious attachments that you know of?"

"Well, I—"

"I mean, he's not engaged or anything like that, is he?"

"I haven't heard anything of that sort."

She gave me a warm smile and played with the lapels of my coat, and I felt my face getting slightly red. Myra's nearness was too disturbing. "I don't mean to be impertinent," she said, "but I would like to know something about him. All those four days on the train he hardly said two words about himself. Imagine me not knowing he was the author. He's so reticent."

I stifled a grin and said, "Nevertheless, I feel positive that there is no particular feminine figure hovering in the background."

She was obviously relieved—the field was clear—and said, "I know I've been terribly bold asking all these questions, but Michael has come to mean something to me and I—well—"

"I believe I understand."

"Yes," she said, a smile returning to her green eyes, "I guess you do."

She laughed and impulsively kissed my cheek and said, "You're a dear," and started toward Michael and Mrs. Chase.

WE WENT back to the offices and ran into Jo, who had just come in, still wearing her old jodhpurs and stained suède jacket. She made a decidedly bad showing in contrast to the other women and made it even worse by running her fingers through her hair and getting it into a jumbled mass of red-gold. One of her usual tricks.

Myra was pleased to see her, and cried, "But of course you own the company, too. I should have expected to see you here."

"Simply an accident. I don't usually come down."

"Then," she laughed, "Michael's the attraction. Naughty boy."

All of them smiled, Michael more broadly than the others, but Jo's expression remained sober and she steadily regarded Michael as if seeing him for the first time, then turned away and nervously lit a cigarette. She caught my eye, while the others were passing into Ryan's office, and I surprised a look of almost pure terror in their depths. It was so startling that I came to a standstill and stared at her. But the small gleam was gone and I doubted that I had witnessed it at all.

Mrs. Chase was closely examining a steel Tritonia diving suit hanging from the wall, and Jo said to her, "You should see the men that go into them."

Mrs. Chase gave her a sidelong glance and asked, "Large men, Miss Kelsa?"

"Very. Healthy young animals with tremendous physiques and the vitality of ten men. Young gods under the sea."

"They sound interesting."

"They are. Suppose we all fly to the barge. Your knowledge of this business would be sadly incomplete unless you actually saw the men diving."

Myra was none too enthused about a flight, but Mrs. Chase was, as Jo knew she would be. Michael and the three women went back into the shed, and a few minutes later I heard the monoplane roaring for a take-off. I took my hat and went across the street to a bar and had some beer. While there, I heard Jo's monoplane returning, and through the window of the saloon watched her and Mrs. Chase drive away in Jo's car and Michael and Myra follow after them in a taxi. The four were probably going out to dinner together.

I STAYED in the bar for some time, and graduated from beer to highballs and began to feel them. The drinks were warming me nicely, when the saloon doors burst open and Captain Chalmers and Les Porter, first mate of the Antares, stalked in. They were a welcome sight.

Chalmers was a burly little man with a weather-beaten face, drooping mustaches, fierce blue eyes, an unruly mass of iron-gray hair, and the cocky walk of a fighting bantam. When he spoke he roared, as if trying to be heard above a storm, and when he slapped you on the back you felt the weight of his hand for hours after. He feared nothing at all,

It was Michael's first big dive, and he knew the dangers he was up against

including the elements and women, although he did admit that the latter made him uncomfortable, and he would rather be in a fight with a man twice his size than in an even match. He could always roar, "What the hell, the guy was a giant!"

Les Porter was his exact opposite. The mate towered six feet four in his socks, had shoulders on him like an ox yoke, a barrel chest, enormous hands, brown hair clipped close to his head, high cheekbones, and little bullet eyes. He was soft-spoken, mild-mannered, shy, and unobtrusive, for all his bulk. He rarely became angry, but when he did he tried to get away without resorting to violence. He had once killed a man with two hammerlike blows of his iron fists and had spent three years in jail. It was the jail he regretted.

He and Chalmers were as inseparable as day and night, one always following the other about. And the captain berated him unmercifully. But let anyone else say anything against his pet and it was a different story. In his heart, I believe, the old war horse looked upon Porter as an adopted son, tacitly so but real nevertheless

I CALLED to them from the bar, and they joined me with a great amount of backslapping and loud laughter.

When it had quieted down the captain shouted, "Just got in a few minutes ago Cripes, ya'd think the place was deserted! Whole damn' wharf was empty."

"It's after hours."

"Ain't no excuse. You knowed we was comin'." He downed a double brandy and sputtered, "Well, where's the new boss? I'm kinda anxious to meet up with him."

"He's out somewhere. Suppose the three of us run over to my apartment. He'll come in later"

"Yeah But me and Porter got a lotta drinkin' to catch up on."

We had another round of drinks, and called a taxi and went out on the sidewalk to wait for it. A sedan going by swung around in the middle of the street, crossed the freight tracks, and came to a stop at the curb. Pat Carmichael was behind the wheel and leaned out the window.

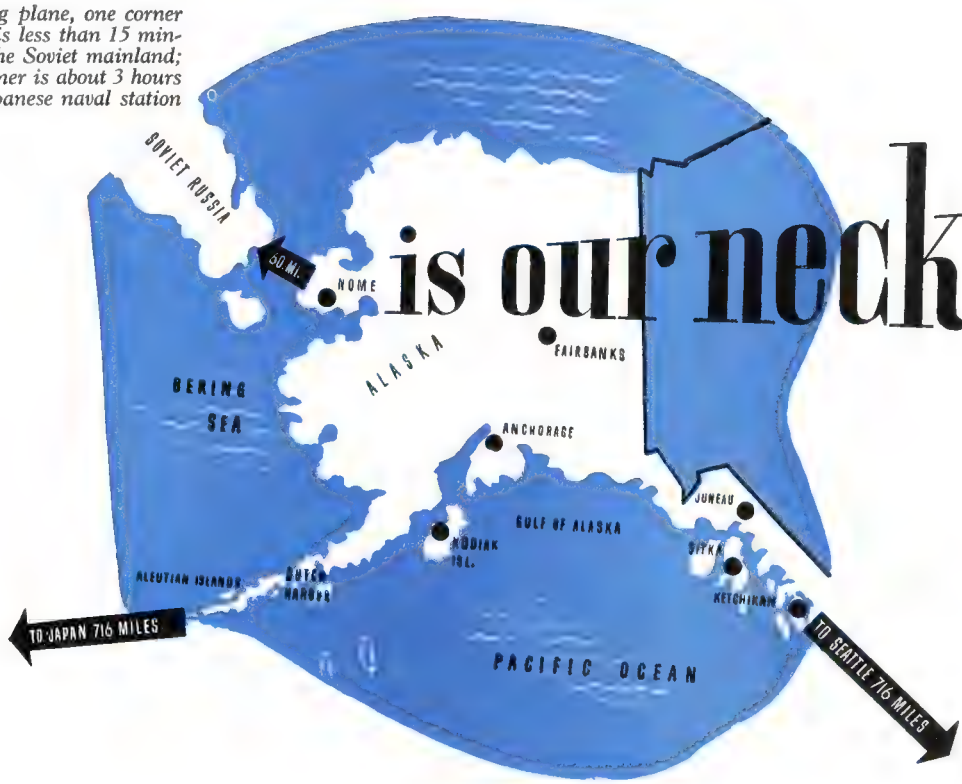
"Hello, Sutliff." He recognized the other two and laughed. "Old Man Moe and Samson. Just get back, boys?"

Chalmers said, "Yeah. Don't sit there grinnin' like an ape, ya big stiff. Whatcha want?"

Actually the captain had a tender feeling in his heart toward Pat, and Carmichael knew it. The two understood each other. He winked at me and said, "You're an obnoxious little runt. Some day I'll turn you over my knee and spank you."

Chalmers almost turned purple. Porter glanced at him and back at Pat, and his eyes narrowed and his hands began to twitch. But (*Continued on page 156*)

By bombing plane, one corner of Alaska is less than 15 minutes from the Soviet mainland; another corner is about 3 hours from a Japanese naval station



is our neck out?

WE AMERICANS like to reflect that we are insulated from militarism by the Atlantic and Pacific oceans on the east and west, by friendly Canada to the north, and our Monroe Doctrine neighbors to the south.

But there is one vulnerable spot in our security—Alaska, our northwest treasure box of platinum, gold, copper, fish, timber, and farm lands, is practically unfortified. Yet it is the logical jumping-off point for an attack on the United States. It is on the short line between Asia, including Japan and Russia, and the United States. For 2,500 miles it fronts on the north Pacific. Its innumerable harbors and bays are ice-free both winter and summer.

By bombing plane, one corner of this great territory is less than 15 minutes from the Soviet mainland, another corner is about 3 hours from a Japanese naval station, and a third corner is about 3 hours from Seattle.

Military authorities agree that any power attacking the United States would require bases within air-bombing range of important American cities. That would be Alaska, they say, because there isn't another possible foothold in North America that could be taken without a terrific struggle.

And how do we protect it? Some 300 infantrymen are quartered in the southeastern region near the Canadian Yukon, and the Navy keeps a dozen planes at a small base near Sitka in the same region. And that's all. There isn't a single cannon in the Aleutian Islands chain, which extends to within 716 miles of Japan.

But we have made a beginning in building up the defense of Alaska. At the strong recommendation of the Army and the Navy, Congress last year appropriated $15,650,000 for Alaskan fortifications. Construction of these will be started shortly. Included are $8,750,000 for a naval air base on or near Kodiak Island, which lies just east of the Alaska peninsula on the western side of the Alaskan Gulf; $2,900,000 for improvement of the small naval air base at Sitka; and $4,000,000 for an experimental army air station at Fairbanks.

As this is written, Congress has been asked to authorize the expenditure of $100,000,000 for building a great naval station and air base at Dutch Harbor, which commands Unimak Pass between the Aleutian Islands, the gateway from the Pacific to the Bering Sea. Congress also has been asked to provide more than $12,000,000 for construction of an Army air base at Anchorage, as urged by the General Staff of the Army. With these new defense works we would control the north Pacific and the Bering, and we would be measurably safer than we are now.

If an enemy struck at Alaska today in its present defenseless condition, military experts are convinced that we would lose the first battle of the war, regardless of what might happen later. Some day, perhaps soon, the fleet may be needed in the Atlantic and may be held there.

But our flying fortress bombers are conceded to be the world's most effective warplanes. Couldn't they easily wipe out any possible enemy before he could secure a foothold on Alaskan soil?

The answer is *No*. There are now no suitable landing fields or other facilities in Alaska to accommodate flying fortresses. If we sent the big ships up there, and they dropped all the bombs in their racks, they'd have to fly all the way back to Seattle to reload, because no bombs are stored in Alaska for such an emergency. Furthermore, pilots of the United States Army have had no training in arctic or subarctic flying.

Some years ago Colonel Carl Ben Eielson was forced down on the coast of Siberia and lost. The people of Alaska appealed to the government to send up some Army planes to make a search. The Army replied that it didn't have any equipment fit for flying in arctic conditions. But the Soviet Russian government did have military planes fit for arctic flying, and used them in an extensive search for Eielson, who was finally found dead.

It is no part of America's plan ever to fight the Russians, or any other Asiatic neighbor. But it doesn't take two to make a war these days, when nations attack their peaceful neighbors on the pretext of expanding their living space, or for "protection" against possible enemies.

All in all, a lot of people are going to sleep more securely when Uncle Sam builds those bases, teaches a few thousand pilots how to fly out of them in all kinds of weather, and thereby removes the "Welcome" sign for aggressors which now lies on the Alaskan doorstep.

by Anthony J. Dimond

DELEGATE TO CONGRESS FROM ALASKA

by Will F. AND Betty Jenkins

AN AMERICAN STORIETTE
Complete
ON THIS PAGE

FLY FOR YOUR LIFE

STEVE looked fixedly at the thin cirrus clouds that hung straight before the plane's stubby nose. Still climbing fast. The motor's roar was a vast, numbing noise. He found that he could think lucidly enough about the tests outlined for this ship; of the details of the new test suit he was wearing for its first service tryout; of everything connected with his profession. But he thought of those things abstractedly. What he really knew—the overwhelming thing—was that Jen was dead. For three, nearly four, hours now, she'd lain quite quiet and still.

It made for ironic humor that, aloft to test this new combat plane to just as many G's as the human frame in the new test suit could stand, he was safer than Jen had been. And he was a test pilot, which is supposed to be a risky job, while Jen had done nothing that thousands of other women don't do every day. But Jen was dead now, leaving him with a numb aching.

The altimeter said enough. Plenty of altitude. Plenty! He was so high, now, that even the roar of the motor was diminished to a rasping, ill-tempered noise.

A sort of hungry peace filled Steve. He pointed the small ship's nose downward, with the feeling that a weary child might have as covers were tucked about it for infinitely secure rest.

THE sound of the engine rose in pitch. It became a bellow. A thunder. A part of Steve's mind noted instrument readings. A man shouldn't be able to pull out of a dive of this speed. Not in any other ship, or with merely the ordinary test-pilot bandaging of legs and body. This ship should stand it. This test suit should enable a man to live through it. Almost—almost!—Steve would have liked to try as a matter of professional interest alone.

But he merely waited hungrily. He was strangely, exaltedly at peace in a screaming small inferno of noise and power that frenziedly flung itself earthward. The instruments quivered over to quite impossible figures. No man before had ever moved so fast, even downward. Certainly no man had ever lived to report it. No man could. Steve felt peace descend upon him.

But then, very startlingly, a voice sounded in his brain. Not his ears. His brain. An illusion. It was not real. But he heard it. The voice said tenderly but reproachfully, "*Sissybritches!*"

Steve knew what it was. Unreal. Untrue. Imagination. But he said defensively, "I'm not! I'm testing this ship! I get a bonus for every extra half-G on the pull-out meter. Leave me alone!"

The voice—and he knew it was imagination—said reproachfully, "*You can't lie to me, Steve! Sissybritches!*"

Then Steve said fiercely, "All right! What of it? Nobody'll ever know."

"*I'll know,*" said the voice in his brain, calmly, "*and you won't like that, Steve. And there's somebody else to think of. He'll need you, and he'll know, too, when he grows up.*"

"He'll know I loved you," said Steve. "That's enough, isn't it?"

"*No,*" said the imaginary voice in his brain, severely. "*He'll know that his father was a sissybritches who needed a woman to give him backbone. A weak sister. I'll love you, regardless, but he'll know, Steve.*"

Steve wavered, while the instruments trembled over to readings that were more impossible and more impossible still.

THE voice said, wheedlingly, "*Make me proud for once, Steve. Just sit still, and it'll be simple. But pull out of this, and you won't be a sissybritches. It won't be easy! But,*" the voice added cunningly, "*there's not another pilot on earth could pull out of this dive but you. You're the only man in the world who could. Show 'em what you really can do, Steve!*"

Steve said desperately, "Maybe I could pull out. But, Jen—it's not only now. It's weeks and months and years ahead! My God, Jen! Years!"

"*I know,*" agreed the voice serenely. "*If you really were a sissybritches I wouldn't ask you. It won't be fun. But—please!*"

Steve felt the peace leave him. His lips twisted bitterly. He said more bitterly yet, "Damn you, Jen . . . why don't you leave me alone?"

But, wrenchingly, he began to fight. Savagely. Reluctantly. Resentfully. Then with an embittered fury.

Men on the flying field saw part of it—the latter and easier part. They saw him fighting his ship all over the sky, and their bones and muscles ached in sympathy. But their necks ached with better reason by the time they watched him come out of those last incredible evolutions, in which he put the ship through stunt after stunt especially designed to make for intolerable deceleration for periods of seconds only, so that he would never quite slump into unconsciousness before they ended. The men on the flying field saw him come to a complete stop in his descent a bare 500 feet from the ground. They saw him make a clean if groggy landing.

HE GOT out of the ship, staggering. His eyes were bloodshot. His hands were puffed and swollen. His heart throbbed so that he shook visibly. But he was alive, and he glowered at them when they would have supported him.

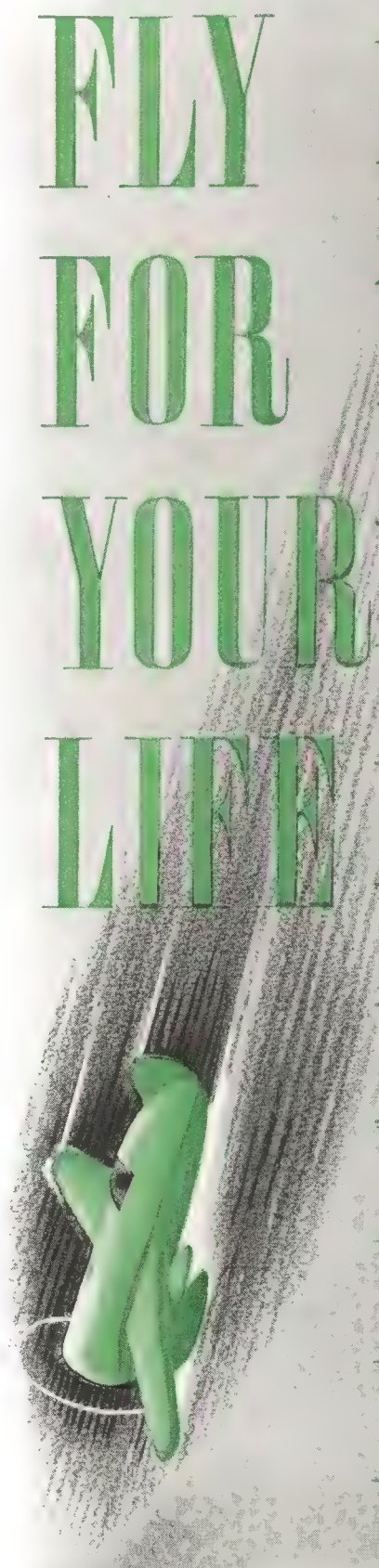
"What the hell were you trying to do?" demanded somebody wrathfully. "Trying to kill yourself?"

Then that man stopped short, because he remembered—and so did everybody else—that Jen had died only that morning. He looked apologetic.

But Steve said harshly, "I get a bonus for every extra half-G I put on that ship. I put plenty. I can use that money."

He walked unsteadily toward the locker-room. He looked so formidable that nobody quite dared to follow or offer further help. But the atmosphere had changed, anyhow.

Somebody else said slowly, "He gets a bonus! That's what he was thinking about! And his wife died this morning! Cold-blooded mug, ain't he?"



WHEN the long train ground and jolted to a stop, Joe Ranier drew a deep and quivering sigh of relief. For the hundred miles while he clung to the ladder of the swaying boxcar, with the empty oil tankers rattling and reeling ahead of him in the dark spring night, his mind had been filled with the horror of what those grinding wheels could do to him if he should slip. He had ridden many times like this in the last six years. But he was always afraid.

He peered furtively out. The swinging arc of a lantern marked a brakeman walking back along the line of cars from the engine. But, closer, the burly, hulking figure of a yard bull was a greater menace. Joe knew they wanted no more bums in Dunway, and he could see the bull's short, blunt billy. Those things crashing down on your head sent pains shooting through your whole body. He drew hastily back, crouching hidden on the apron of the tanker.

"Got any 'bos ridin' with you?" the bull shouted.

"Ain't sure," the brakeman answered "Seen one get on at Pettus. Maybe he sloped at one of the stops. Maybe not."

"I better not catch him tryin' to get off here," the bull growled. "This burg is overrun with panhandlers and hotshots. Too many for even a boom oil town."

Joe thought, shrinking against the steel belly of the tanker, "I shouldn't have come. I can't get off. I'll be caught and beaten and jugged."

But he'd had to come. He could no

ILLUSTRATED BY TOM LOVELL

Joe ran through the smoke and steam and grabbed his son harshly by the shoulder

They called Joe Ranier the ace fire-killer of the oil fields—until he made his ghastly mistake...

Inferno

by Westmoreland Gray

longer live at Pettus, working as a flunky in a beer joint. Men there had found out who he was. It had been like that before Pettus—at every oil town where he had tried to work in the last six years.

He didn't expect to stay here. The Kid would see him, and he wanted never to humiliate the Kid again. The Kid was on his own, doing okay in this field—derrick man on a crack drilling crew. Joe felt pride swelling within him. Perhaps by now the Kid was forgetting. Forgetting what his father was, but remembering a little, Joe hoped, of what he had been.

No, he would move on, and quickly. But he'd had to come by Dunway—to get a glimpse of the Kid. Just wanted to see him move and talk once more, and grin the way he used to with one corner of his mouth quirking up—and then Joe would go on. Why, the Kid was only sixteen and still in high school last time Joe had seen him; and now he was a man—twenty-one and a husky six-footer, Joe had heard. Five years. Joe winced, remembering the night the Kid had told him he couldn't stand things any longer.

Cautiously Joe looked out on the opposite side of the train. This was the busy half of the yards. Four spur tracks spanned between Joe and the lighted loading wharves fronting the row of sheet-iron warehouses. Even at this time of night big trucks were backed up, and men worked hard and swore lustily loading on heavy drilling machinery. One four-tonner rumbled off into the night with a pyramid of drill pipe. Dunway was on a boom, as much of a boom as an oil town could have in these days of proration and tight money.

Joe saw no yard bulls or trainmen to threaten him on this side; he climbed down and scuttled precipitately as a frightened rabbit along the shielding boxcars. Sharp rocks of the track ballast cut his feet through thin-worn soles. But no shout went up, and he sprinted across the spur tracks for the shadow of a ramshackle pine warehouse which showed no light or activity.

In the deep darkness Joe halted, gasping loudly for breath, his heart hammering against his ribs. He was like a man with a bum pump, he told himself, his heart ready to burst after a little exertion. But it wasn't his heart that ailed him. It was fear, jittery fear, and he hated himself for it. Always hiding. Running from little things in which other men saw no danger. Starting at the least sudden noise. Never daring to look into men's faces, thinking he saw contempt there.

Sometimes, when it did not hurt too

much, he would indulge in memories of the man he used to be. Why, he'd been hailed as the ace fire-killer in the Southwestern oil fields. Sometimes the old surging thrill came back to him, as he remembered those long-distance calls desperately imploring him to come hundreds of miles. The huge red roadster with the special gears that hurled him over those early oil-field roads at ninety miles an hour. Then later the chartered planes; the impromptu landing fields cleared off, with police cars waiting to rush him to the fires. The sirens. The shouts of relief, rising and swelling to a wild chorus of cheers. Sometimes it still rang in his ears, the old cry: "Here comes Joe Ranier!"

And he could see himself calmly checking over the arrangements and paraphernalia. Crawling into the heavy, blackened asbestos suit, drawing on the hood, with its window for his eyes, reaching for the cylinders of nitro, and then facing toward the colossal red inferno that roared up from a white-hot crater in the earth.

Joe Ranier covered his face with his arm. Once he had done those things, calmly lighting a cigarette when it was all over. Cast-iron nerves, they said he had.

Joe felt weak at the thought. Cast iron breaks and crumbles—it won't bend or give, and it won't spring back. Break cast-iron nerves and you have no nerves.

Retreating along the shadow, Joe looked out on the other side of the sagging old building. The mingled sights and sounds and smells of a hustling new oil field assailed him, for the very town itself was surrounded and hugged by the many familiar derricks and wells.

Before him, straight eastward, lighted by strings of sparse electric lights and runners of brighter ones that outlined the myriad steel derricks, was a tangle of pipe lines and water lines, of slush pits and boilers and stacks of drill stem. Trucks and cars crawled along obscure roads and lanes. The smell of fresh petroleum, of burning crude oil, the hiss of steam, the exhausts of Diesels, the rattle of swivels and hoisting blocks, the harsh clank of pipe tongs and wrench and hammer, the deep undertone of continual rumble, and the far-carrying voices of men in the night—all this dug deep into Joe's senses, and did things to him. For thirteen years he had been a part of oil-field life. Then for six years he hadn't been able to tear himself away from it, though (*Continued on page 136*)

★★★ AN AMERICAN STORIETTE

DRAWING BY BOBRI

BRAVE VENTURE

LISABETH CARROLL followed the Filipino servant through the hallway lined with pictures of Quantrell in all his great acting roles to the spacious living-room. She was terrified, but her head was high. Her eyes bravely sought those of the tall man who carelessly threw a script to the floor as he rose to greet her.

"I am Lisabeth Carroll," she said. "The daughter of you and Teva."

"Teva?" There was no recognition in Quantrell's voice as he studied her face, but evidently he liked what he saw. He motioned her to a chair. "Now," he said in the resonant voice that haunted the dreams of women, "tell me about us. I thought I knew all my wives, mistresses, and offsprings. Frankly, they never let me forget. But I don't recall a lady by the name of Teva Carroll. Did your mother marry again?"

"She never married and she wasn't your wife. She meant a pleasant week on the coast of Maine to you. That was all."

"The coast of Maine?—Oh, now I place her. Teva, my sea nymph." He smiled as he looked at her. "Yes, you are her daughter. You have her tawny skin, her gray-sea eyes—"

"I'm proud to resemble my mother," she interrupted brusquely, frightened by the glimmer of amusement in his eyes. "But I've hated you from the moment I learned you were my father."

"And when was that? Six months ago?"

She almost slipped into a yes, before she remembered that his autobiography had appeared at that time. His question might be a trap. "Mother told me about you before she died, two years ago."

"So Teva is dead," he sighed. "I had always hoped that some time we'd meet—"

"I doubt that," she said scornfully. "She was merely an anecdote to you—worth exactly three pages in your memoirs."

"But the very finest pages. With Teva there was no sordid aftermath, no divorce court, no scandal. But perhaps I am mistaken. You are here to point an accusing finger—"

"I did not come to slander or blackmail you. I am your daughter. The theater is in my blood." She waited breathlessly for him to answer. Suppose he had seen through her lie and knew her for an impostor.

Finally he said, "You are in the theater now?"

"On the fringe. I had a walk-on in *All for a Lady*."

"What do you want from me? My name?" He looked at her curiously.

"No. I want a chance to show what I can do. I know I have talent. There's a small part in your new show—Ariadne. I've read the play. Ariadne might have been written for me. If I could just read her once—"

"Nothing is simpler," he said, picking up the script on the floor and giving it to her. "Turn to page forty-two."

Her hand trembled and her voice was thin as she read the first few lines, but, as he promptly picked up his cue and gave his speech, her confidence returned.

"Splendid," he said when they finished the scene. "I'd gladly recommend you to Harrington at once, but there's one insuperable difficulty. We Quantrells have temperaments which ignite when we play together. Consequently my contract has an ironclad clause, 'Quantrell shall not play with Quantrell.'"

She stared at him speechlessly.

"What do you suggest we do now?"

The mockery in his voice was inescapable. Suddenly she was sure that he was playing cat and mouse with her. But she was not going to be ignominiously trapped. If defeated, it would be with her head still high. "I have nothing to suggest," she said, rising.

"One moment." He scribbled a few words on a card and held it out to her. "I like your spirit. Give this to Harrington. He will see you at once."

"But do you realize what this means? It's perjury."

"Nonsense." He folded her fingers over the card. "I'm living up to my contract and doing Harrington a great service. You're a natural for Ariadne. She, too, is a proud liar."

"But I am a poor one, evidently," she said humbly. "You knew all the time."

"Your improvisation was perfect," he said kindly, escorting her to the door, "but your selection of mothers, was, shall we say, fabulous? I, too, am a liar, my dear Lisabeth. All my life I've wished for a lovely creature like Teva who would ask for nothing when love was over. Since I've never had that good fortune, I did the next best thing. I created her when I wrote my autobiography."

by Anne Dickwood

by John Janney

FAIRCHILD

A few of the 465,000 new homes built in the last year

HOMES for a song

Now you can buy a house that won't break your back... Easy terms, low interest, higher standards, mark the rebirth of an industry

"WHAT this country needs is a big, new industry."

For ten years, now, everybody has been saying that. It was one thing old bankers and young New Dealers, economists and smoking-room soothsayers, could agree upon.

But the new champion industry did not materialize. Air conditioning made a valiant try, but it was not big enough. Television promises, but so far remains a retarded child.

Meanwhile, little noticed by the public, an industry, once scorned and discredited, has been quietly growing strong and great. It is not a "new" industry; it is that grand old American champion, the Home Building Industry, hitting the comeback trail, with new methods, new efficiencies; new prices and values. Now it's going places in a big way.

How big?

In 1939 we built more houses than in 1929. And, from what I have seen of the new houses in a survey from Texas to Pennsylvania, they are vastly superior to the 1929 model.

The 1939 figure of 465,000 new homes is more amazing when you consider that we built only about 70,000 in 1932, 55,000 in 1933, and 60,000 in 1934. In other words, we are now building about *seven times* the number of homes that we did in the low depression years, and the climb is continuing in 1940. An industry which was doing a business of a few hundred million dollars is now heading up toward the three-billion mark.

Because of the new home values and new financing methods, people are beginning to buy so fast that I have heard feverish whispers about "a big boom coming." Wiser heads in business and government know that a runaway boom, with overhasty building and jumping costs, would cancel out recent gains. But the new setup, they claim, has ample credit controls to hold home-building to a steady, healthy growth, geared to long-term investment instead of short-term speculation.

A pleasant thing about this housing revival is the way that public and private enterprise, so often at loggerheads elsewhere, have pulled together. Supervised credit from the government, and individual initiative in building, real estate, and finance, have both done their part.

To understand the exciting story it is well to recall the terrific housing slump of 1929–34 and its disastrous aftermath. Then speculative builders, instead of taking a lesson from the automobile business, which tackles a dull market with better values at the same or lower prices, tried to force the market with high-pressure salesmanship. They tried to maintain profits by hidden cuts in quality; and tried to finance the whole shebang with a crazy structure of pyramided short-term mortgages at ruinous interest rates.

Most of us know people who were burnt in that fire. I remember a friend, Bill, who wanted the security and comfort of a home of his own. In 1925 he had a wife and two children, and a steady salary of about $3,000 a year. He had savings of $2,500 in the bank.

He bought a (*Continued on page 152*)

Rehearsal for

"My wife's just had a baby, officer. I was hurrying to see it"

DRAWINGS BY WARREN BAUMGARTNER

DEATH was just rehearsing one rainy night in Washington, D. C., not long ago, when the lights of a speeding car suddenly flashed upon the shadowy figure of a pedestrian at Ninth and T Streets. The pedestrian leaped for the curb, and the car skidded past, missing him by inches. Overtaken by police a few moments later, the driver exclaimed, "He ran out in front of me. I was two miles under the limit."

At almost exactly the same hour, on another gloomy night less than a week later, Dorothea Butler was crossing the same intersection. There was a frantic screech of tires, a crash of glass, and a scream. A speeding car slid through the intersection, dragging her mangled body more than a hundred feet. Panic-stricken, the driver jumped from his car and ran. When police caught him, he cried, "She ran out in front of me. I was two miles under the limit!" Death, after rehearsal, had timed his act perfectly.

Maybe you think it was a coincidence that the death driver used the same alibi that another driver had used only a few days before at the same corner, under identical circumstances. Not at all. For more than a year now, a unique patrol, known as the Alibi Squad, organized by the Washington Police Department, has been collecting and filing the alibis of traffic violators—men and women like you and me, who have never injured or killed anybody.

Many of the alibis are the kind we all tell when ordered to the curb: "I'm late for work," or "I've got a date with my wife, and you know how women are." But almost all are prefaced by the little white lie: "*I didn't know I was speeding.*" Innocent-sounding stories, those denials of speed. But grimly identical, the squad has discovered, with the story that springs sooner or later from the guilty lips of a death driver to explain away a mangled corpse in the street. His traffic violation is no worse than ours; we both tell the same little story. But he may go to prison and we go free. Is it just? Washington had decided it isn't.

Today, as the result of alibi research, Major Ernest W. Brown, superintendent

WHAT DO YOU SAY TO THE TRAFFIC COPS?

Typical alibis from the records of the Washington, D. C., police department

"MEETING my wife—she raises a row if I'm late."

"My foot throttle got stuck."

"I've got a terrible toothache—I'm rushing to the dentist."

"Afraid I'd be late for church. I have a pew down front; the preacher glares at me if I'm late."

"I was hurrying to get my little girl at school. She might run out on the street and get hit by a car."

"My feet are just killing me. I was hurrying home to take my shoes off."

"Rushing home to take my mother-in-law to the train. I don't want her to miss it."

"I guess I was in a daze, thinking about all my debts."

"Officer, my wife here was polishing my white shoes—I'm rushing for a train. The throttle doesn't feel the same with only your socks on."

"I'm a stranger here—I didn't know the limit."

"I'm hurrying to get a wedding license before the bureau closes."

"My foot slipped off the brake onto the throttle."

"I'm a pallbearer at a funeral—I've just time to make it."

of police, is enforcing traffic laws so strictly that accidents have dropped one third and are still dropping. Last year they numbered only 9,547, as compared to 13,149 in 1938. In the first 60 days of strict enforcement of minor infractions, they fell from 970 a month to 600. Major Brown's alibi squad has definitely established not only that most motorists' alibis for speeding are downright lies, but that the petty traffic violations involved are deserving of quick arrest and punishment, even to suspension of the driver's permits or jail.

Alibis are white lies when there is no traffic accident. But most of the 5,000 pat alibis on file in Washington Police Headquarters prove to be black after death has rehearsed them frequently enough and at last timed them to a tee. Every city, I believe, would do well to examine the tragic script of white lies that death rehearses on its streets, and censor it before it is too late.

Death was awaiting his cue one bright day on Massachusetts Avenue, during the early stage of the research. It was almost three o'clock when a big sedan weaved swiftly through traffic. Another machine swerved unexpectedly. Fenders grated together, then the sedan veered sharply, almost striking a second car at the corner of Seventeenth Street.

"If that last car hadn't stopped, you'd have had a bad smashup," a motorcycle officer told the driver.

"I can get out of any jam," the other man boasted. "I've been driving fifteen years."

Out came the notebook, and the alibi was written down.

Newspapers carried the blunt sequel, a month later: "Mrs. Carrie Howard, 907 M Street, was killed this afternoon, in a collision at Massachusetts Avenue and Seventeenth Street. The accident occurred when the car in which she was a passenger sideswiped another, struck a second machine a block farther on, and overturned."

Held under the Negligent Homicide Act, the stunned driver told police, "Yes, I've had fifteen years' experience—but everything happened too fast."

Death had finally turned the trick.

Washington traffic charts show four to six in the morning as the safest hours. It was after four, one morning, when a speeder was stopped after a race up Pennsylvania Avenue at fifty miles an hour. "There's no danger," the aggrieved driver insisted. "Why, the street's deserted—I can see ahead for two blocks."

Ruth Storey, a charwoman, must have thought the same thing. The street was almost deserted at four-thirty when she stepped onto a streetcar loading platform. A minute (*Continued on page 109*)

death

Every white lie is a black one in the nation's capital when it is told by a speeder . . . How a unique police patrol is drastically reducing the toll of traffic accidents by cracking down on alibis

by Donald E. Keyhoe

"I was dashing home to get dinner. My husband makes an awful fuss if it's a minute late"

by Stewart Beach

Cicely was tops in a difficult profession. Beautiful, ambitious, and hard-working, she simply could not find time for love

THE LADY forgot

WALKING into the elevator from Cicely's elaborate tower offices, Laurie Wilson apologized, "I get a sort of sinky feeling going down in these high buildings." Cicely smiled up the latitude and longitude of his six feet four. Laurie had just been sent on from the West to head up his company's New York office. "Swallow and it won't bother you," she said briskly.

She appraised him curiously for a moment and tallied a pleasant, boyish face with plenty of confidence, a good chin, and nice eyes. During their hour's conference she'd been too absorbed to think of him as anything more than a client who had just given her an attractive contract for styling a new line of cosmetics. Wilson & Company was one of the leading drug firms, with plenty of business to give an industrial designer like Cicely Duncan. She'd get other nice contracts if they liked what she did with the cosmetics.

Laurie would be about twenty-eight, she decided, and that ended her personal survey. Working to the top of her profession, she hadn't had much time for men. Except Peter Kingston. *Including* Peter Kingston, she corrected herself.

Their descent was measured in lighted numbers flashing the floors. Remembering Peter, she felt herself stiffen when the car slowed at "44." In the two months since she and Peter had broken their engagement she had always dreaded that stop. By the law of averages, sooner or later he'd leave his office on that floor just in time for them to meet.

The doors slid open, and the averages clicked. There was Peter's close-cropped, wiry brown hair visible over the protective bulwark of the other passengers. Cicely held the breath high up in her chest when she saw that the amused attentiveness on his face was for miniature Blyth Shipley. So it was still going on, she thought.

Peter caught sight of her. "Hi," he greeted casually.

She let the breath go. "Hello, Peter," she nodded, and Blyth's black head turned. She purred, "Cicely darling," with a special enthusiasm because she'd caught sight of Laurie Wilson.

Cicely murmured something and whirled quickly to Laurie. The silence grew unbearable as the car fled down the express shaft. Why did people lose their voices in elevators? She looked up at Laurie brightly. "I know exactly where we'll go," she exploded with sudden animation, as though they'd been arguing about it. "There's the most superb restaurant where they do bouillabaisse wonderfully. Don't you get those urges? A positive compulsion for some odd bit of food? I remember when I was a child it was jelly beans. So gay!"

She didn't care what they thought, all these solemn passengers engrossed in their thoughts. She looked pleadingly at Laurie, but he was no help. His face was twisted because he was swallowing and trying to grin at the same time. Was it Peter's wondering glance she could feel as her words flooded on? At last the car began to empty. Peter stood aside for her to pass. "You could get indigestion that way," he muttered, just loud enough for her to hear.

"And *you* could get heartburn," she retorted sharply. . . .

Laurie ordered the bouillabaisse, too, though Cicely was compassionate and said he didn't need to. He must loathe the stuff, she thought, as she watched him being brave. His only comment was that it tasted "a little funny."

He looked around the room admiringly. "Isn't this one of the famous places?" he inquired.

Cicely nodded. One of the places to come with Peter when you really wanted bouillabaisse or *moules marinées* or any of a dozen other dishes that a man like Laurie would probably never understand. She thought of intimate luncheons with Peter, and, remembering Peter, she was trapped again in that hateful scene of two months before.

It had started with the paragraph in a morning paper coupling his name with Blyth's. Cicely read it sitting at her desk when she was harassed by the pressure of work and wanted only peace to think it through. Blyth was one of the clients for whom Peter did promotion. Just now she was finishing the redecoration of the Glastonbury Hotel, which meant legitimate conferences with Peter. But he had no right to go *this* far, she'd thought angrily. Then Peter came in.

His step was quick and nervous. He always looked as though life had given him too few minutes. "Only time to say

FULL-COLOR ILLUSTRATION IN WATER-COLOR BY FRED LUDEKENS, REPRODUCED IN COLOR GRAVURE

'Hiya' on the way to my office, darling," he announced. "Everything seems to be blowing up in my face this morning."

"I hope Blyth Shipley hasn't blown up in your face," she'd said evenly.

Peter ignored the implication. "No, that deal's all right. I've got a swell bunch of names for the Glastonbury preview."

"All I know about you any more is what I read in the columns," Cicely said bitterly, pointing to the paragraph. "How did you and Shipley like the opening last night?"

HE'D looked annoyed. "I asked you last week if you'd go with me," he defended. "You said you'd be too busy. Blyth represents a lot of money to me. I have to take her around to keep her account."

"You don't have to make front-page news of it."

"I get lonesome with you tied up all the time," he protested. "Blyth doesn't mean a thing to me. I'm just running in place till you'll chuck business long enough to marry me."

"Running in places that humiliate me," she insisted, but her anger had softened. She thought he might draw her up in his arms while she forgave him and the peace came back. Instead, the desk was between them, and his words shot unexpected bursts of fire into her jangled nerves.

Remember? Lots of it. You can take commissions or you can leave them. But you don't. You drive yourself like crazy. For three years we've been planning to get married, and you've never had time. All right, Cicely. You haven't got time."

"Don't be clever and try to blame me for this," she cried.

He shook his head. "I'm not blaming either of us," he said grimly. "The picture's finished. That's all. This is where we came in." . . .

Now, sitting in the restaurant with Laurie, she insisted to herself that it *had* been Peter's fault. But there was no comfort in the thought. Everything in this place reminded her of him.

Laurie's voice brought her back, past a mirror where she caught sight of the strain around her dark eyes. She'd been striving unconsciously to bury the memory of Peter, she decided. She'd had too little relaxation. Laurie was saying, "I don't suppose there's a chance you're free for dinner and a theater tonight."

She turned to him swiftly. "I'd love it," she said.

For two weeks she saw him nearly every night. She'd almost forgotten how much fun it could be to play. Leaving her office at five instead of at nine or ten or eleven, going home for a delicious hot tub and a relaxing two hours before he came. She accepted Laurie's frank admiration gratefully. It was a nice builder-

on my business and—and I do have other people to see."

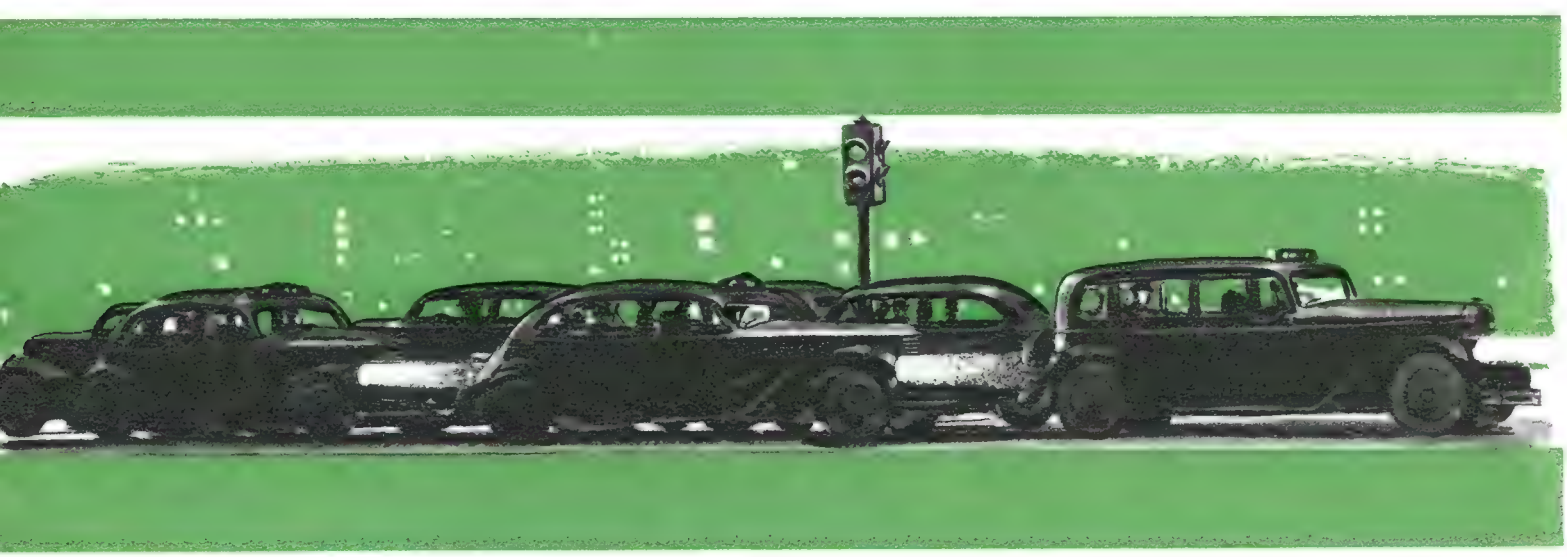
She smiled at him comfortingly, and he took his eyes from her. "Sure. I understand," he said huskily. Then he looked up eagerly. "There's an opening a week from tonight," he suggested.

"It would be lovely," she promised.

She worried about Laurie that night. Brushing her dark hair before the mirror of her dressing table, she reasoned, "I'm not in love with him—not now." She rubbed cream into her face and rubbed it off again. "I really *should* see some other men," she decided. "Just to find out what I want." It would be easy to arrange. Telephone calls in the morning: "I haven't seen you for ages, George." . . . "But I thought you were so busy, Cicely." . . . "I am usually, but . . ." "How about tonight?" . . .

THREE calls in the morning arranged for two evenings, and that would be enough for the experiment, Cicely decided firmly. She had promised to have her basic design for Laurie's cosmetics line in three weeks, and two had already slipped away. Her research staff was working, of course, and her artists were playing with visuals of some suggestions she'd made. But she was sinkingly aware that so far she had made no approach to a real solution.

She needed a creative idea, fresh and novel, which the containers of the prepa-



"All right, Cicely. I'm pretty tired of pretending we're engaged and never seeing you. You've put off marrying me so long that all the mystery and happiness have drained out of it."

His meaning frightened her. "You want to break it all off?" she asked faintly.

"You're too fascinated by being the country's top industrial designer to bother with a husband," he said bitterly.

"But you *know* how busy I am," she defended.

"You've arrived, lady," Peter insisted. "You've got money in the bank.

upper for the ego, and she needed that.

But one night she found there could be consequences. They were sitting in a night club, and he said, a little desperately, "Have you really liked going out with me, Cicely?"

"Of course," she replied contentedly, and then she saw his eyes. They frightened her a little. She hadn't meant him to fall in love with her. Not yet, anyway. "It's been so lucky for me that you caught me at a time when I'd been planning to work and hadn't made a single engagement," she said hurriedly. "I'm afraid I've got to spend more time

rations would stamp on a woman's mind. The idea must be broad enough to serve as the basis of a sales and advertising campaign, too. The line was to be inexpensive—something which would appeal to women without fortunes to spend on their complexions.

Laurie had been very insistent that she stress the economy angle. He'd told her what his father, who was head of Wilson & Company, and the other executives thought, too. But it boiled down to the fact that their chemists had developed a good line of inexpensive cosmetics, and they wanted a merchan-

Blyth turned her charm on Wilson. "I'm dying to rumba," she breathed

dising package which would sell them. Well, that was fair enough. That was an industrial designer's job. Only, she had to have an idea.

For a moment Cicely wished Peter were here. Some of her best inspirations had come from batting ideas back and forth with him across the desk. You both sat gnawing pencils, making suggestions and silly cracks, till one of you shouted, "Hold on to that! It's got something." Then you went on from there, pushing the thought this way and that, till suddenly there was your idea. It was fun working with Peter. She caught herself smiling, and her mouth set. It *was* fun working with Peter.

But Peter wouldn't stay in the past tense this morning. Going out with Laurie had made her see that for a year she'd thrust Peter into her life only for odd, hurried moments. Even when success came she'd put off marrying him. She'd been unable to relax. She wouldn't make *that* mistake with a man again. Peter had rebelled finally. But, no, it was *she* who rebelled, wasn't it? Because Peter had made himself conspicuous with Blyth Shipley?

SHE rose restlessly and walked to the window. It was May down in the streets, and there were tulips on the Plaza. May belonged to her and Peter.

She remembered the afternoon three years before at one of those brawling cocktail parties. She'd been trapped in a corner by a youthful drunk with amorous intent, and Peter had rescued her. He'd appeared from out of the haze and strode over to clap the drunk on the back. "Long distance after you, old man," he said believably. "Call Chicago operator 54."

Then he'd sat on the sofa. "When young Lochinvar comes out of the West he'll have forgotten all about you, I'm afraid," he said comfortably. "Mind?"

She'd smiled gratefully at him, and they'd talked. It was one of those moments when someone you've never seen before is someone you've wanted to know all your life.

They didn't stay long at the party. It was May, and a soft promise of summer was in the air. She remembered she'd taken her hat off and felt the new warmth on her hair, and dusk fled in from the east with a prickling of stars. They'd had dinner in a funny little Italian place which no one (*Continued on page 125*)

What has happened so far:

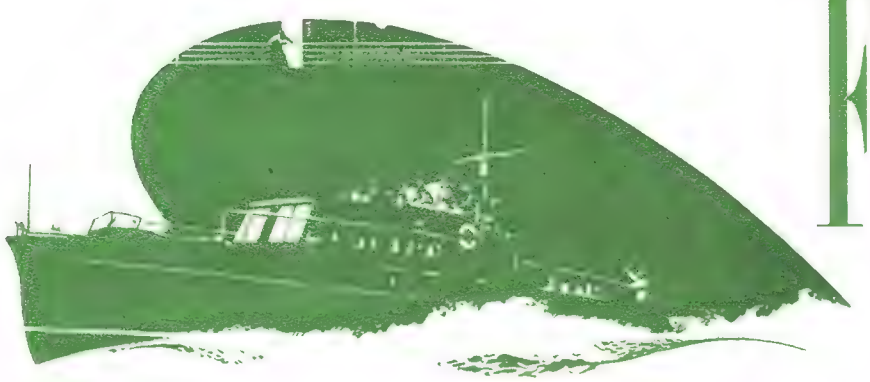
LUCKY STARR considered himself a fortunate young man when he was offered a job on the yacht of Thornton P. Fess, a multimillionaire whose ruthless business methods had made him so hated that he lived in terror of his life. Lucky was hired at a fabulous salary to be his bodyguard.

The yacht sailed with two guests, Joseph P. Halsey and his lovely daughter, Brenda. Fess had invited them on a cruise in order to keep Halsey out of the way while he made a daring raid on the stock of Halsey's paper concern.

Lucky did not approve of such methods, but he was shortly given more than that to worry about. Just before sailing he received a threatening note. A few nights later he answered a cry for help on the dark boat deck, and someone attempted to throw him overboard. The attacker escaped, unrecognized, but not without receiving a blow on the face.

Who could it have been? Lucky wondered. There were two other bodyguards on the boat—Sultzer and Buck Wilson. Sultzer was a disagreeable man whom Lucky disliked instinctively. But why should he wish to murder Lucky? The man appeared next morning with a large bruise on his face; but Buck Wilson said he had seen Sultzer acquire the bruise when he ran into a door. As for Buck, Lucky could not bear to think that he might be the assailant. Buck was an ex-football star and had been a boyhood hero of Lucky's. It was true, though, that he was moody and often mysterious. The ship's doctor, Lorey, seemed completely devoted to his scientific research and there was no reason to suspect him. The only other people Lucky had dealt with were Chavez, a room steward whom he distrusted, and Judy Lathrop, Mr. Fess's secretary, an attractive girl who surely had no room for murder in her capable mind.

Lucky was shortly to forget his personal danger, though, when he discovered that Fess was pretending the wireless was out of order so that Halsey could not get in touch with his office. Furious at such trickery, Lucky headed for Mr. Fess's cabin to resign, but was intercepted by Judy. Buck found the two of them talking, and announced grimly, "Chavez, the room steward, has been knifed." . . . The story continues.



FOOLS RUSH IN

CHAVEZ knifed, possibly dead! Lucky, who had thought that from now on nothing aboard this hushed yacht could surprise him, was set back on his heels.

"Come on!" Judy said, racing after Buck Wilson.

But Lucky had already started. "Who knifed him?" he called.

"That's what I intend to find out!" Buck, twenty steps ahead, retorted.

Going down the noiseless stairway, Judy asked, "Does Mr. Fess know?"

"Yes," Buck said grimly. "The doctor reported it over the loud-speaker system. The boss is lying on his bed with a pillow over his head. He has the screaming fantods."

The infirmary door was open. Wilson hurried through the anteroom, with Judy and Lucky close at his heels. The steward was lying on one of the cots, and Dr. Lorey, bending over him, was doing things to a blue-edged wound in his chest. Sultzer was standing by, smoking a cigarette as he watched. Already dark shadows were forming around the steward's eyes and mouth. Lucky put his bulk between Judy and the crimson-stained cot.

"You'd better not look at this, Judy," he said in a low tone. "Wait outside."

But Judy did not wait outside. She waited right where she was.

Buck Wilson bent over the cot. "Chavez," he said urgently. "Snap out of it, old man. Who knifed you?"

"Don't bother him," Dr. Lorey said, sharply. "Can't you see what shape he's in?"

"That's just it," said Wilson. "I can. . . . Chavez, this is important. Who stabbed you? Try to tell me."

The steward moved minutely. Dr. Lorey leaned forward and clapped his stethoscope to that faintly stirring chest. Wilson extended one huge arm and swept the doctor away as if he weighed nothing at all.

"I didn't get it, old-timer," Wilson said. "Tell me just once more."

But Chavez had made his last attempt. As if he were too tired to try again he turned his swarthy face to the wall. The breath ran out of him in one long sigh, and he died.

Wilson straightened up. "Lorey," he said in a savage voice, "you did that on purpose!"

"Did what on purpose?" Dr. Lorey asked, pulling the sheet over the face of the dead man.

"Got right between us when he was trying to tell me."

Dr. Lorey blinked in his nearsighted way. "If I thought you meant that, Buck," he said in mild reproof, "I'd ask you to leave my rooms."

Sultzer turned his greenish stare upon Wilson. "Why would he do it on purpose?" he asked.

by Eustace L. Adams

"You guess," Wilson retorted.

"You think he wanted to prevent you from hearing the name of the man who killed the steward?" Sultzer persisted.

"So it occurred to you, too, did it?" Wilson snapped.

Lucky, standing a little aside, watched these two big men whip up their emotions, watched Dr. Lorey, his scholarly face very intent, reach behind him and move a big microscope out of harm's way.

"Lucky!" Judy said in a breaking voice. "Do something!"

"It occurred to me," Sultzer told Buck in a low, dangerous voice, "that you might be dizzy enough to think of something like that."

Buck's fingers clamped themselves into immense fists. His face became the color of red flannel. "Listen, rat," he began; "I—"

"Wait a minute, both you punks," Lucky cracked. "Where are you trying to go from here? Do you expect to get there by bouncing each other around? Damned if I don't take a good backhand slap at the first one of you that starts anything!"

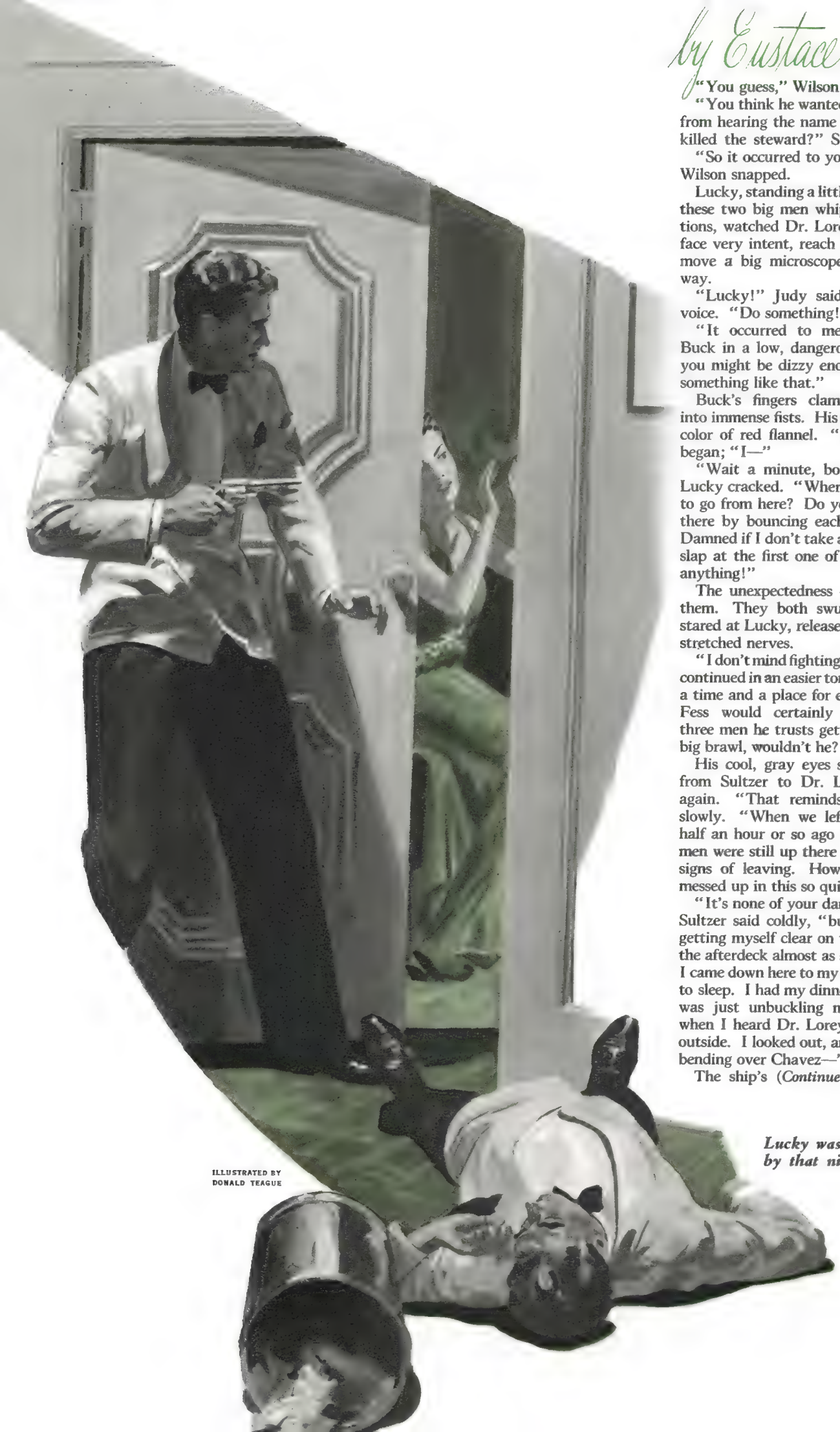
The unexpectedness of that stopped them. They both swung around and stared at Lucky, release coming to their stretched nerves.

"I don't mind fighting, myself," Lucky continued in an easier tone. "But there's a time and a place for everything. Mr. Fess would certainly appreciate the three men he trusts getting into a nice, big brawl, wouldn't he?"

His cool, gray eyes suddenly turned from Sultzer to Dr. Lorey and back again. "That reminds me," he said slowly. "When we left the afterdeck half an hour or so ago you two gentlemen were still up there and showing no signs of leaving. How come you got messed up in this so quickly?"

"It's none of your damned business," Sultzer said coldly, "but I don't mind getting myself clear on the book. I left the afterdeck almost as soon as you did. I came down here to my room, intending to sleep. I had my dinner jacket off and was just unbuckling my gun harness when I heard Dr. Lorey shout for help outside. I looked out, and there he was, bending over Chavez—"

The ship's (*Continued on page 146*)



ILLUSTRATED BY DONALD TEAGUE

Lucky was stopped dead by that nightmare scene

GIANTS in the garden

FULL-COLOR PHOTOGRAPH BY IFOR THOMAS

Dr. Albert F. Blakeslee gives a little plant some big ideas at the Carnegie Institution laboratories

With a magic drug, scientists are beating Nature at her own game and producing amazing new flowers, fruits, and vegetables for our use

THE long tables in the greenhouse were massed with giant strawberry plants, with leaves of startling brilliance, height, and thickness. Underneath were balls of vivid fruit, different from any I had ever seen before—bigger, rounder, and more intensely crimson. When I bit into one of the berries—there was ample for two bites—it was soft, piquant, melting in juice, with the haunting fragrance of woods and mountains.

Certainly I had never tasted such berries, nor has anyone else—except for a handful of geneticists who produced them in the Beltsville, Maryland, experimental greenhouses of the United States Department of Horticulture.

Now the strange plants are being "built to order." Alpine wood berries have been persuaded in the greenhouse to contribute their flavor and delicacy to our ordinary, but hardy, commercial variety. In two years, probably, you will be eating the giant new berries at your table.

But don't thank nature; thank colchicine, a magical white drug which, by speeding up nature's processes of heredity, is today giving man control over plant evolution.

Botanists say colchicine *may* revolutionize our whole plant world. Note the word *may*. This is because experiments with colchicine began only two years ago. Already the results are so amazing that no one can predict how tremendous the world-wide effects will be twenty years from now.

What we do know, for a certainty, is that with colchicine man can create plants in a year that it might take nature 10,000 years to evolve. Already colchicine has started giant raspberries and blueberries on their way to you. Pears, plums, and apricots are being treated, too. Tremendous changes are in prospect for apples. Experiments on the Northern Spy, the Delicious, and the Wealthy varieties indicate that the treated apples keep better, are higher in vitamin C content, grow more vigorously, and are more fertile than the untreated fruit.

Already the familiar giant Jersey muscat grapes have been transformed into super-giants, twice the size nature made them.

Next, you can get your salad forks ready for giant lettuces and for radishes, too (since the new ones are the size of turnips). Six varieties of lettuce have had colchicine treatment, with results indicating that in two or three more blossoming seasons the new giants will be ready for the market.

Other striking achievements include taller corn, with more bushels to the acre and with higher vitamin A activity; a new disease-resisting perennial wheat which will grow larger and much farther north than any does now; and colchicine-treated Hawaii sugar cane with giant stalks two to four times the size of ordinary cane, and with greater sugar content.

Flowers, however, have produced the most spectacular results so far. One of the sensations at the recent International Flower Show in New York was the colchicine-produced marigold. This came from commercial seed growers of Philadelphia, who have been using colchicine on every important species of garden annual, including marigolds, petunias, zinnias, nasturtiums, larkspur, and snapdragons.

The new marigolds measure 5 1/2 inches across, and are a deeper, more intense orange. The plants, themselves, are noticeably vigorous, and—this the housewives will cheer—the flowers last much longer in water.

All over the United States experimenters are beating nature with such other plants as pineapples, sugar beets, cotton, tobacco, cranberries, blackberries, onions, potatoes, lespedeza, sweet clover, maple trees, and even with such mammoths as California conifers.

Pretty staggering, isn't it? Think of the hope such an evolution-accelerating drug holds for everyday American living! Think of the incredible control it may give us over our grain crops and our vegetables. Yes, and over our timber, our cotton, and our tobacco as well. Eventually we may be able to fashion these to suit our (*Continued on page 85*)

by Mona Gardner

DARK
CORRIDOR
On the sixth floor of the
hospital a murderer lay hidden . . .
striking always at night out of the
blackness, and showing an
eerie preference for blondes
COMPLETE IN THIS ISSUE
BY CONSTANCE AND GWENYTH LITTLE

Michael and Trevis lifted the still, white-clad figure

CAST OF CHARACTERS

JESSIE WARREN
The impertinent, redheaded narrator

ISABELLE DANIEL
Her crotchety rich aunt

MICHAEL RAND
Aunt Isabelle's physician

EDITH QUINN
Her private nurse

AMES BAKER
Elderly hospital patient

TREVIS BAKER
His attractive nephew

GREGG BAKER
Also a nephew

SHEILA BAKER
Gregg's mysterious wife

FRANCES HOFFMAN
LOUISE HOFFMAN
OLIVE PARSONS
VERA HACKETT
MISS GOULD
Regular hospital nurses

WILLIAM FORREST
Plain-clothes man

A LONG, low, dark blue ambulance turned in at the gate and purred expensively up the graveled drive. I watched it slide to a stop in front of the veranda, before I left the window and advanced to the bed where my Aunt Isabelle lay.

"Ambulance is here," I said briefly.

"They can wait," Aunt Isabelle said comfortably. "Edith is still packing my things."

I glanced at Edith Quinn, who had been nursing my aunt for several years, and spared her a moment of pity. I knew she hated these periodic trips to the hospital. She was a woman of about forty-five, with masses of dark hair, and very expressive dark eyes. Her eyes, this afternoon, were silently cursing while her mouth calmly inquired of Aunt Isabelle whether she wanted the red flannel bed jacket.

Aunt Isabelle, in a holiday mood, doubted any need for a bed jacket, since she probably would not be well enough to sit up.

"Put it in," I said to Edith, and turned back to the window. I felt thoroughly out of sorts. Aunt Isabelle was wealthy and illness was her recreation, and every time she got worked up to the point of hospitalization she insisted that either my sister Lenore or I should accompany her, occupy a room in the guest suite, and be ready to hold her hand in case she died. Lenore and I always tossed up for it, and I had lost three times running.

I watched Edith Quinn, now, as she finished the packing, and knew we were twin souls in misery. Aunt Isabelle's house was the last word in comfort and luxury, and Edith's position there as trained nurse was not a bad life. She simply hated being dragged into hospital routine again.

She closed a couple of bags, and said mildly, "I think that's all, Miss Daniel."

Aunt Isabelle nodded. "Then you can let them come up with the stretcher. Patrick will drive you to the hospital in the limousine; I want Jessie with me in the ambulance."

I groaned inwardly, and Edith went off after flicking me a glance of sympathy from her dark eyes.

The orderlies presently appeared, and were very careful and very gentle about getting Aunt Isabelle out of bed, not knowing, of course, that she could walk as well as either of them.

At the hospital we ran into trouble. Aunt Isabelle's favorite room was occupied and they tried to put her somewhere else. The ensuing storm must have roused every patient on the floor, but Aunt Isabelle refused to heed either entreaties or commands. She boiled up

The pretty blond nurse was crying that night

and down the room in her nightgown and flatly refused to get into bed.

In the end they moved the old man who had her room. They were extremely careful with him, and, as far as I could see, he didn't even wake up. I wondered uneasily what he would think, when he came to, and found himself in unfamiliar surroundings.

Aunt Isabelle was installed, eventually, and given her supper. I saw her through it, and then went to get my own meal. I ate it in solitary gloom in the solarium at the end of the guest suite, and at an hour when I would ordinarily be finishing my afternoon tea.

I was spooning up the last of the chocolate ice cream, when the door opened, and Dr. Michael Rand came in. He was a tall man, with a superb physique, and very blue eyes in a tanned face. Aunt Isabelle always had young doctors working on her case, because she thought they had a broader outlook. Michael had been attending her for over a year—which was a record—and his outlook was as broad as the Atlantic. I gave him a black look, and returned my attention to the ice cream.

He said "Hello," sat down, and reached for one of the cookies on my tray.

"Leave it alone," I said coldly. "It's nearly inedible, but they get around that by giving you so little that you're glad to eat swill."

"For how long is Miss Daniel honoring us, this time?" he asked, ignoring my temper.

"You're the doctor," I said bitterly. "You ought to know. Why don't you discharge her?"

"I can't. She has every right to spend her vacations here, if she can afford it."

"Listen," I pleaded. "Can't you get her out of here before Saturday night? There's a dance on that night I simply *won't* miss."

"You want to go with some man, I suppose?"

"Did you think," I asked acidly, "that I wanted to go with Aunt Isabelle?"

"She's better company than most of the clothes racks that beau you around. Anyway, why should I give my rival a leg up? I'd vastly prefer that you stay quietly here, until I've made up my mind between you and a certain blonde."

"I'll take a nap," I said. "Wake me up when you're ready to leave, so that I can say good-by."

He rose. "I'm going now. Too bad about Saturday, but I think your aunt will be leaving at ten o'clock on Sunday morning."

"Why ten o'clock?"

"Just a hunch," he said, and took himself off.

I had just started on the cookies, when a maid appeared with a loaded tray, which she placed on a table at the other side of the room. She left, and presently returned with another maid and two more trays, and after a short interval three people came in. They were attractive—good-looking and well dressed. There were two men, one tall and dark and the other short, and a rather petite woman with fair hair and arresting gray eyes.

They appeared not to notice me, but sat down and dug into the three trays. They kept up a steady stream of talk, as they ate, but held their voices too low for my flapping ears. I gathered that the subject was serious, and that was all.

I presently forgot all about them. I leaned back in my chair, smoking a cigarette, and trying to figure out ways and means of getting Aunt Isabelle home before Saturday night. I was pulled out of my abstraction by the voice of one of the men at the other table asking me if I played bridge.

I said "Yes" in considerable surprise. My previous experience of the guest suite was that the other inmates were always too bothered about a sick relative to do more than wander around wringing their hands.

They introduced themselves in a businesslike fashion: Trevis Baker, his brother, Gregg Baker, and Mrs. Gregg Baker, whom they called Sheila. I identified myself as Jessie Warren, and, without any further waste of time, we disposed

Aunt Isabelle bellowed, "Give that wallet to me at once!"

ourselves around a table and were soon playing as though we were in a bridge club.

It was not long, however, before Edith Quinn came in and told me that I was wanted. I considered telling her I was ill, but I knew I might need that excuse for Saturday night, and decided that I'd better not overwork it. I went along to Aunt Isabelle's room, and listened to her symptoms until she fell asleep in the midst of it. I slipped out quietly, then, and Edith winked at me and got out her book.

As I passed the adjoining room—the one to which the old man had been transferred—I glanced in. He was not only awake now, but he was out of bed, and standing in front of the bureau in his little hospital nightshirt.

There was no nurse in the room, so I hurried along the corridor to where the nurse on floor duty sat at her white table, and told her what I had seen. She went off in a hurry,

with her skirts swishing importantly, and I wended my way back to the solarium.

The Bakers were still sitting at the bridge table, and had their heads together, but when I came in they stopped talking and began to shuffle the cards. I realized that the game was to be close to the chest and no idle chatter, so I slipped into my chair, pulled the blind down on my face, and concentrated deeply. We played until one-thirty, and while Trevis Baker totaled the score I relaxed sufficiently to ask them who the sick person in their family was.

Sheila said positively. "Uncle Ames is in the corner room."

I looked at them, and wondered why they should all crowd into the hospital just for an uncle. I decided that he must be very ill indeed, yet he was strong enough to get to his feet and walk to the bureau. "Is he bald," I asked, "and smallish?"

Gregg said, "Yes."

TREVIS dropped the pencil and, pushing the score pad away from him, muttered, "I wish we could get a drink up here."

something of a beauty, with natural blond hair, and eyes like blue pansies. "Why the stampede?" she asked.

"They heard that Uncle was out of bed, and it seemed to upset them."

"Old Man Baker," Frances said. "He's a pest. Remember Olive Parsons?"

I nodded.

"She's his special, at night, and ever since she came on, at eleven, he's been trying to get out of bed. She's asked him a hundred times what he wants, but he won't talk."

"Whatever he wants," I said, "is prob-

FULL-COLOR ILLUSTRATION IN WATER COLOR BY ALFRED PARKER, REPRODUCED IN COLOR GRAVURE

They said it was Uncle Ames Baker, and that he was in the corner room, at the end of the hall.

I decided that I had better break to them my guilty knowledge that Uncle Baker had been shifted up a room, and that my Aunt Isabelle was now installed in his old quarters. I said cautiously, "That's funny. I'm sure my aunt is in that corner room, and there's an elderly man in the room next to her."

"Oh, no—you're mistaken, my dear,"

I persisted, "There is certainly such a man in the room next to my aunt, and, the last I saw of him, he was out of bed and standing in front of the bureau."

This caused a mild panic. They all jumped up, looked at one another, and then dashed out of the room. I shrugged, and followed slowly.

The nurse at the desk looked up as I wandered along, and smiled at me. I remembered her, from previous visits; her name was Frances Hoffman, and she was

ably in the bureau. I saw him standing by it."

She rolled her eyes. "Wasn't that something? It's a good thing I caught him before old Nosy came along and saw him."

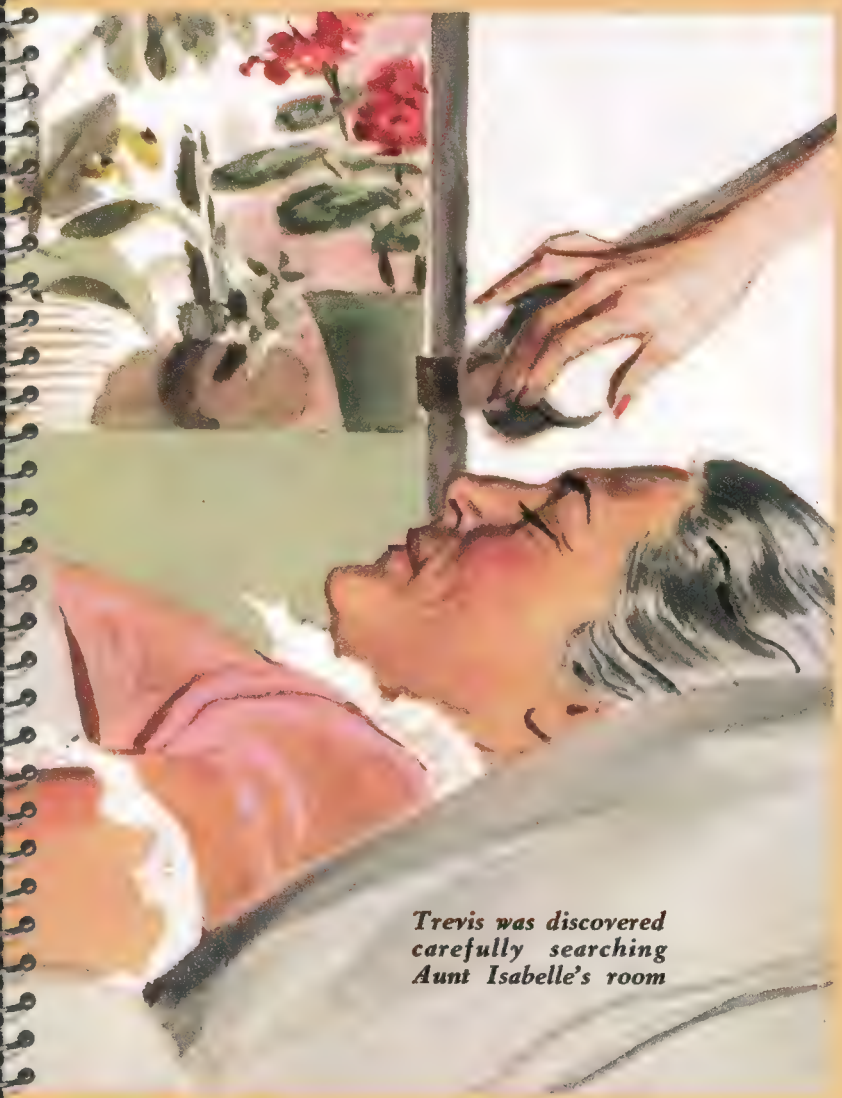
"What's the matter with him?" I asked, after vaguely identifying old Nosy, in my mind, as some sort of head nurse.

"Oh, I don't know. I think he fell in the bathtub, or something. Concussion,

maybe. Olive says he's doing all right, if only he'd stop fussing about getting up and looking for things."

I moved on down the hall, to where Olive Parsons was talking to the three Bakers at the door of Uncle's room. I winked at Olive behind the Baker backs, and moved on. Plenty of ups and downs to a nurse's life, I thought, yawning. Either you have whining patients on your hands, or their whining relatives to contend with.

I slipped into the corner room, and found Edith reading a book under a shaded light, while Aunt Isabelle slept



Trevis was discovered carefully searching Aunt Isabelle's room

like a baby, although with more noise.

"You're on the night shift?" I whispered.

Edith nodded. "It's easier on the nerves."

I laughed soundlessly, and after saying good night tiptoed out into the hall.

A glance into the next room showed Olive Parsons sitting bolt upright on a straight chair and looking decidedly sulky, while Sheila Baker occupied the armchair and Trevis the other straight chair. Gregg was perched on a stool. The old man seemed to be asleep, and they were all perfectly quiet. I wondered what they were waiting for. I knew that Olive was waiting for morning, but the others must have had something else in mind.

I WENT along to the guest suite, and walked into the wrong bedroom, first. There were two bedrooms on each side of the hall, and the solarium was at the end. I went into the first room on the right—which was obviously unoccupied—and subsequently discovered that mine was the second room on the right.

The Bakers, then, must have the two rooms across the hall. I was glad that they were there; they would probably relieve the tedium immensely, since they certainly were not wringing their hands over Uncle Baker. I supposed that they were more or less in my position, except that the old man was really ill. But he could hardly be so inconsiderate as to expect them all to stay at the hospital. Perhaps they were there to keep an eye on one another in case of undue influence.

I smiled to myself, and got into bed. I liked them, anyway, even if they were there to see what they could get out of the old man. . . .

I woke, in the morning, to bright sunlight, and a more cheerful frame of mind. It was still hot—July at its worst—but I knew it was cooler in the hospital than it would have been at home, and I decided philosophically that things could have been worse.

I finished dressing, and gave myself a last satisfied glance in the mirror. My hair, I decided, looked positively auburn instead of red, and was a lovely color. I wore a plain white dress, smartly cut, and reflected that white and black were the only real colors for hair like mine. White in summer, and black in winter.

I went into the solarium, and found Trevis Baker standing at one of the windows, apparently staring at nothing, while four breakfast trays steamed appetizingly on three different tables. I studied Trevis's profile, for a moment, and, concluding that his looks were well above average, I wondered whether this hospital trip was going places, after all.

I said, "Good morning," and he turned around, and handed it back with a slight bow.

"Manners, too," I thought, with some satisfaction.

He drew up chairs, and we started in on the orange juice.

"Is your aunt very ill?" he asked politely.

I gave him a searching look, but he was buttering toast rather absent-mindedly, so I said dryly, "We figure she'll live, if the hospital doesn't burn down."

MICHAEL RAND came in just then and, although nobody had asked him to, he sat down at our table. I compared him, from a standpoint of beauty, with Trevis, and found him wanting. Tall as Michael was, Trevis topped him by an inch or two. Michael had nice blue eyes and healthy-looking dark hair, but Trevis had very regular features; his mustache was exactly the right size, and his medium brown hair was carefully groomed back. He had very unusual eyes, too. They were a light amber color, and his lashes were very black.

Michael nodded to him, and winked at me, which annoyed me. He turned to Trevis, then, and said impersonally, "Your uncle has had a slight setback."

Trevis looked up sharply, and there was an expression of obvious dismay on his face. "But—I thought—" he began hesitantly.

"He was better last night," Michael said, "but he isn't so well this morning. You need not be unduly alarmed, however. These heart cases—"

"You'll do your best, won't you, Doctor?" Trevis said anxiously, and seemed unaware that he had interrupted one of Michael's (*Continued on page 86*)

What has happened so far:

MARK FARNHAM had gone to Nassau with his mother, Julie, to join the head of the family, Alec Farnham. Alec had been absent from their New York home for some months, and not a word had been received from him since his departure. Mark suspected that his father had become involved with another woman and he was determined to hunt her down. His suspicions proved to be correct—only, the "other woman" turned out to be the very girl that he, Mark, fell in love with. She was the glamorous and bewitching Alixe Scoville, a girl whom Mark had not seen since childhood. Poor Julie, who knew nothing about the affair as yet, had long hoped that Alixe and Mark would marry!

Came the night when Alixe and Alec Farnham planned to run away together on the Farnham yacht. Mark had learned of their intentions, and when the appointed hour arrived he was with Alixe. For the first time, then, Alixe realized the damage she would cause to both Mark and Julie if she went through with her plans. And there was also the plotting of the vicious Steve Lannon to think of . . . the Lannon who owned a gossip sheet and who already had photographs and notes of Alec and herself. Even though their affair was still only in the friendship stage, Lannon would knife them in his filthy magazine. So Alixe confessed all to Mark.

The next day Mark cornered Lannon

Mark took Alixe in his arms, but the lips he kissed were cold

in the latter's office. Lannon insisted that he would print everything he knew about Alixe and Alec. A fight resulted, in which Lannon was knocked out, but, in his haste to depart, Mark forgot to remove from the files the damaging evidence. In desperation, he and Alixe decided that the only way now left open to save Alec's name and Julie's pride was to get married . . . even though their marriage would be one "in name only." To Lord Raffield, an influential friend of theirs, they went . . . the marriage was performed.

Mark and Alixe hurried then to Lannon's office, to announce to him their marriage, but they found him murdered and his files rifled.

Mark believed that possibly Alec had committed the crime himself. He said as much to his father that night, and offered to stand by him. "But I didn't kill him," was the reply.

An enormous relief swept Mark. Then he said, "Alec, this is going to be tough! than we're alive and free!" She sighed. "I feel like a demimondaine smuggling my heart away!"

"Cheer up," he grinned. "Mine's riddled like green cheese. But you'll get your freedom, Alixe. The nicest wedding present I can give you will be a divorce decree."

Their eyes clouded and turned away emptily, darkening with the shadows of old terror and new distress. Off in that cluster of government buildings an inquiry into a murder would take place tomorrow. Tomorrow, thanks to Raffield's diplomatic wand, they would be leaving the Gulf Stream's treacherous billows far behind. In the Northern papers there would be a headline about the end of a notorious gentleman. Under "Weddings," a beginning of their own.

Alixe lifted a wreath of flowers and flung it out over the turquoise water. "When in Rome, Marko! . . . It's an old tropical whimsy. That means we'll surely come back. One more lie will be silent with an ache of secrecy; and by the rail Farnham lounged next Alixe, tall, dynamic, dark as the question mark of her future now. All colors of the carnival went flying in that brightly haunted air; and the hunt was over. But the real victor leaned his shadow across Alixe's cheek. Their nerves leaped and listened like three conspirators at outposts. Glad to leave his for a while, Mark took his mother off to tea.

Alixe looked backward at the ship's green, frothing wake, where memories churned. "Alec," she said softly, "everything hangs between us like a black cloud. Please, let's speak to each other as we used to! It isn't wrong to be human . . . dear to each other."

He turned a glistening damp, cold face. "Women shouldn't look back, Alixe. It's a useless, feline temptation." The debonair flicker of his lips turned upward. "Dig in your toes, my child, and let that black cloud blow its storm straight past you and be gone."

QUICKSAND

by Noel Pierce

Alixe and I were married this morning. It was our solution to the whole affair."

Farnham's face turned white. . . .

The next installment follows. . . .

THE colored streamers from deck to shore stretched tighter, broke one by one, and fluttered into the sea. Whistles of departure sounded, and Mark glanced at Alixe; saw an imperious pale vivacity and trembling lips.

Photographed, feted, and bedecked with island flowers, they looked back at landmarks of bitter poignance, at the palm trees of Flamingo Walk and its black hour of moonlight in a "Dance for Two."

Suddenly Alixe's laughter was a painful silver sound. "They say a strangled puppet avoids the strings, Mark. But at least we gave a good show!" And then in a shaken voice she said, "I'm still so frightened of all we've left behind! Ghosts, Mark. No more dead and gone forgiven us!" Her lips curled with a flashing, stabbing smile. "There! That's to the unpredictable Furies!" She waved her hand island-ward.

Mark's lopsided little grin appeared. "But how much to our future, Alixe?"

She looked at him with curious, quiet sadness. "I think you and I said good-by to each other before we were born."

Alec and Julie came on deck, and Mark felt the feverish, cool pressure of Alixe's hand. Unhappy gratitude . . . for nothing! But something forbidden and thrilling touched him; the wedding ring was cold under his palm. With what little peace she wore it! This artless public guise of a marriage so loving and so safe! And his job was to smile at a feast he would live with, yet never share! For she sailed away still flanked by "Farnham and Son."

Watching the harbor scene slip by, Julie's obvious satisfaction held all three

She caught his hand and pressed it to her cheek, holding it there. Last time out? Oh! . . . Touch him and not cry. But for helpless, drifting minutes everything wanted to, inside.

"Men like me are apt to think they have a charmed life. But there's a joker in the pack, just the same. Life scores off us, and the women we want." He stopped, and said simply, "Lannon is finished, and all that brought you and me to the edge . . . that's finished, too."

But no danger was past when he and she were to go on meeting. In a marriage so bound up with Mark! She said with unhappy recklessness, "Oh, yes. Dead men tell no tales now! But the living . . . ?" She clasped her hands resolutely, whispered, "I haven't lived through tornadoes before! It's cost me a great deal to learn so little!"

"The only lesson is what we have to give up, Alixe, and not keep wanting it back. I wish I could say this kindly, but

I can't. Like most verdicts, this one carries weight and justice. Like stone, sealing up forgotten history."

"Forgotten! Alec, I can't ever forget you."

He ignored as best he could the cry in her voice. "Sentiment!" he smiled. "What's the good of it, since old landmarks flatten out, and a new wind always blows fresher."

His words stirred her with a sudden chill, like cold winds on a summer night.

"Mark will give you so much more to remember," Alec said. The utter uselessness of denial put all his plan to peril. Green eyes, with their haunting look of shock, as women feel it when they are cast down! . . . He wrenched Mark back into his mind. "You and I shipwrecked each other on an island. That's all of us, Alixe."

"'Time heals all things' . . . Is that what you meant to say?" Such bewildered, harried eyes. He longed terribly to soothe her. "Yes. You're young enough not to believe me. I'm old enough to know that's true." But he thought, "I shall never be old enough to believe it!"

"Alec, how long do men and women go on feeling a passion that just won't die?"

"Until they have finished paying the price it exacts. Finished with giving that pound of flesh. You and I must be our own executioners of the past. For the future's sake. Whatever you may think of your marriage, or why you did it, and even if Mark called it a bad joke, it's not. You're both young, vital, attractive. You'll have a good life together."

"Oh . . . with children and ponies, friends and meadows?" Some desperate secret in her voice shook him to his soul.

"Yes. Why not?" He faced her, with white, imperturbable calm. It was the living he must fight for, not the dying.

GUILT, shame, an overwhelming sense of futility came over Alixe. Scandal throttled in a bullet. Wedding sprung in a trap! Live with Mark? Be a wife to Mark? How could she? Love had died for Mark. Her face lifted in its lovely white disguise. Behind her the misty outlines of the island sank into oblivion; harbor lights went out one by one, veiled in long, encircling bands of sea fog.

"I could have said good-by our way, Alec! Not this. Once you touched me tenderly. You kissed me! That was all of us. Not this!"

With all his power he strove to say it simply: "Alixe, here at this moment is the end of us." He felt like an obdurate ringmaster. Drilling that passion for its exit, out of the ring for good!

But the future belonged to Mark. The months to come must be lived away from her; a season of wandering with his footsteps across Europe, and Julie's look of peace. Now, "with a robber's haste"! He kissed her hands, smothered to his chest, and left her. A sea bird followed in the wake. Alixe watched the scudding wing wheel about and hang like a lost white arc over the steamer funnel. Then it sped back to a shore she could no longer see. Fragile wing, over the blind, salt reaches of all that lay ahead . . . without Alec to reckon by! Bruised and shaken, she went below, to Mark. . . .

THE old French manor house, with its gables, wide mullioned windows, and weathered chimneys, spread with graceful solidity on a knoll that swept downward through gardens and meadowland to the silver birch groves on the river. Formal boxwood lined the cobbled courtyard, with its mounting block, Mark's whitewashed stable turrets, and the gardener's cottage. Balconies and bedroom windows opened onto a dipping march of terraces. It was such a house, Alixe thought, to be loved in! When such a bride as she had not been born.

Among such bright abundance there could be no intimacy. Lannon's dead eyes would never seem to close on them. That deathly smile of malice! As if he knew what trap was sprung too late! When Mark and she were alone, they would try very hard to laugh. But only lovers looked forward to the day's ending! Their nights would be lonely, filled with cocktails and large house parties . . . late fear, and early frost! She would ride Mark's horses, call his dogs to heel, share as she would, her "dower rights," and, as it would be evident in their divorce, "his board, but not his bed."

In the doorway of the entrance hall Alixe took off her furs and let the wind cool her pulses. The sun went down like fire below the hills. Her footsteps and Mark's led to this door, as if some voyaging pair, lost in a trackless land, had traced a lair home and run before the night.

With the great house at her back, the long powerful flow of Farnham land before her, an old saying drifted its stinging imagery across the smoke of her cigarette: "To women in love, time is a thief of remembered days." The scorching dream of her Bahamian memories burned on. If she had never seen Alec's face! Forget what *he* had meant, and welcome Mark's!

With eyes (*Continued on page 134*)

DOT ON THE MAP

★

THERE wasn't a thread of mist, and the countryside below was etched as sharply as the lines on the map strapped to the knee of Olaf Vidkunsson's flying suit. There was the river and the railroad bridge—marked on the map, and marked on the landscape below. But the bridge was a twisted heap of steel and broken stone. One shell from the British artillery unit had done that. Those British artillerymen could shoot. Just mark the position for them and they'd drop a shell square on the pencil mark.

That was Olaf's job today. When he returned to the flying field he must make a single dot on the map. A very important dot. It must give the location of a cleverly concealed German gun that roared each night and dropped bursting shells on the Allied hangars and barracks.

The plane swept low above a white-walled house and its attendant barns and outbuildings. There were no cows in the pasture, no horses in the meadow beyond the barn. This was enemy country. Once it had been Norwegian. Once, a fair-haired woman had called across these fields to the men who plowed the brown earth. Farmers and builders, these men. They had built the walls of the house of solid stone and plastered them carefully to keep out the winter cold. The roof was thatch, and many a winter night's work had gone into the carvings that decorated the stair posts.

The wind is cold in Norway, and a line of trees had been planted parallel to the north wall of the farmhouse. Tall trees whose branches interlocked and formed a protective screen against the wind. Olaf studied them intently, then turned north again as three enemy fighters chased him hedgehopping across the deserted farm lands.

An hour later he stood before the senior artillery officer and pointed to a dot he had made upon his map. "The gun is there, sir," he said in his halting English.

"You're sure, Lieutenant?" said the older man. "We don't want to destroy any farms unless it is absolutely necessary. These Norwegian peasants are our friends and allies."

"The gun is there, sir," said Olaf again. "Hidden in the farmhouse. At night the roof is moved and the gun fires. The force of the explosion has split and killed one tree that grows close to the house."

"A dangerous guess," said the artillery officer doubtfully. "If you are wrong we will have destroyed some hard-working farmer's home for nothing. After all, Lieutenant, that tree may have been dead for years."

"There were buds on its branches this spring, sir," said Olaf. "I told my mother the land would be ours again before they opened. She was standing beneath that tree when I said good-by to her."

BORDEN CHASE

Confessions IN BED

Do you talk in your sleep? Kick off the bedcovers? Hug the pillow?

How many secrets do you give away in your sleep? We asked a widely known psychiatrist to tell us the worst. Here's what he says:

Dr. Hoffmann, a widely known psychiatrist, is one of the leading authorities on sleep and the significance of movements during sleep.

JOHN CARLINGTON smiled a wan good morning as he sat down to breakfast. "Make my coffee good and black, Mary," he said. "Wake me up. I slept like a log last night. Don't believe I moved once."

"Well, you needed a good, sound sleep," his wife remarked.

Carlington slept like a log the next night, and every night for a month. Then he was carried out of the house, feet first, to a sanitarium. He had gone over the brink to a nervous breakdown, the doctor told Mrs. Carlington, and added, "He'll need a long rest."

"But I don't understand," she protested. "John had been getting lots of rest lately. He had gone to bed early and slept through like a log."

"Of course," said the doctor dryly. "That was the danger signal, the telltale sign of extreme nervous exhaustion."

Few people realize it, but the *way* you sleep is full of meanings about your personality and your problems. As a consulting psychiatrist, I have been particularly interested in recent years in the mysteries of sleep. With other scientists I have explored its meanings. Today we have learned to read many of your innermost thoughts by observing your sleeping postures and night-time movements —what you do with your head, your arms and legs.

Everyone knows that our daytime postures vary with our thoughts. When we are gay and on top of the world, our gestures are quite unlike those we use when sad and depressed. When we fight, we take a specific position; when we feel contempt, we take another. Likewise, night-time postures are expressive of thoughts moving mysteriously through the mind during its shadowed hours.

Is some hidden, mental conflict going on within you? Your postures and actions during sleep tend to reveal it. Is something amiss in your emotional life? Your sleep behavior betrays it to the trained observer. For at night we relax the barriers of our waking hours and give ourselves away.

Nurses at Johns Hopkins Hospital in Baltimore recently kept vigil under dim, blue night lamps during an exhaustive inquiry into the sleep tendencies of 20,000 patients. They found that sleeping motionless in one position, "like a log," is not normal. Instead, you should sleep like a kitten, which frequently changes its position. You should move, in some way, at least once every six to fifteen minutes throughout the night.

If you hold any one position in sleep, hour after hour, you are not sleeping soundly at all. In fact, you are probably under a severe nervous strain that you can't throw off. You are suffering from some emotional or mental distress which you cannot banish, and so you have sunk, exhausted, into a torpor. It is a red light that should be heeded.

If you wind up on your stomach in your sleep, you may be a hard driver and worker, one who takes everything intensely. Or you may be a person of strongly individual personality, one who is short on gaiety, solitary and unsociable. This doesn't apply to women. More women than men sleep on their stomachs, and the posture does not seem to mean so much (*Continued on page 135*)

by Richard H. Hoffmann, M.D.

WITH HOLMAN HARVEY

FULL-COLOR PHOTOGRAPHS BY CHARLES HERBERT, THREE LIONS; HOLDRIDGE FROM F.P.G.; EXPLORATION PHOTO SYNDICATE

Ready for a plunge in the harbor of St. John Island (below), loveliest of the Virgin group. It's less than 1,500 miles from New York

UNCLE SAM'S HEAVEN

by Gordon Gaskill

"WOULDN'T it be wonderful," Betty sighed, "if we could just skip winter this year?"

It was a gray, chilly day. The last leaves had gone from the oak tree outside the window, and I was wondering if I needed a new overcoat.

"If we could just find a nice, warm island in the tropics . . ." I mused.

"An American island . . ."

"Nothing fancy and not too far away. Just for fun, I'm going to call the travel bureau." I was back in five minutes. "Hey! How about the Virgin Islands?"

"The Virgin Islands?" Betty echoed.

"The Virgin Islands," I explained condescendingly, having learned my facts five minutes before, "lie about seventy miles east of Puerto Rico."

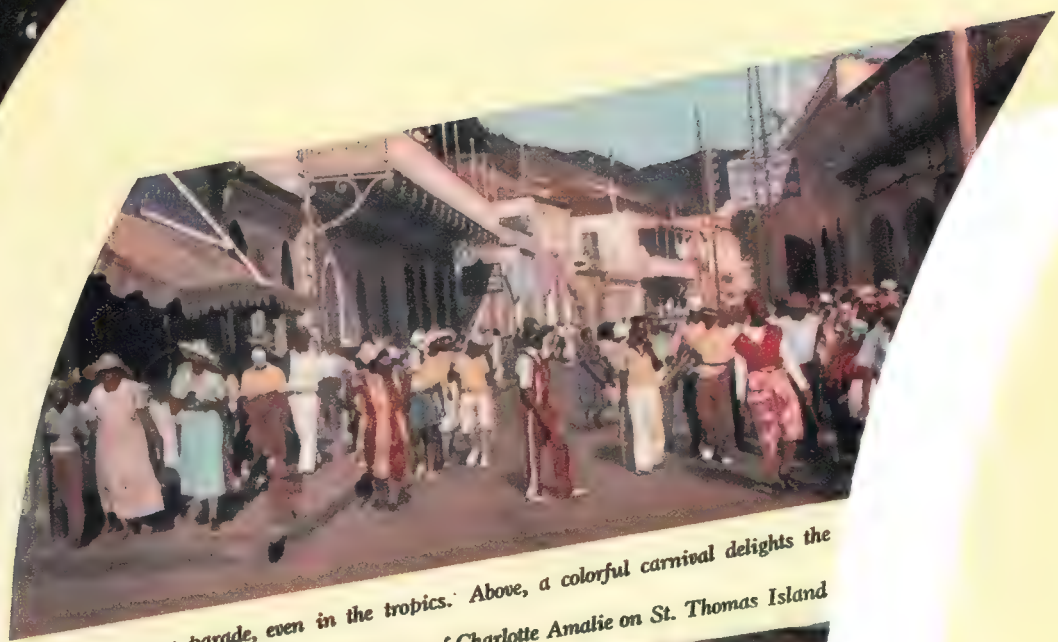
"How much?"

"Round-trip steamer, New Orleans to Puerto Rico, $110 each. Round-trip airplane, Puerto Rico to the Virgin Islands, $18 each. Good hotel, all meals, $25 per week each. Total trip, about 1,400 miles from New York or New Orleans. About five days, outside stateroom, bath . . ."

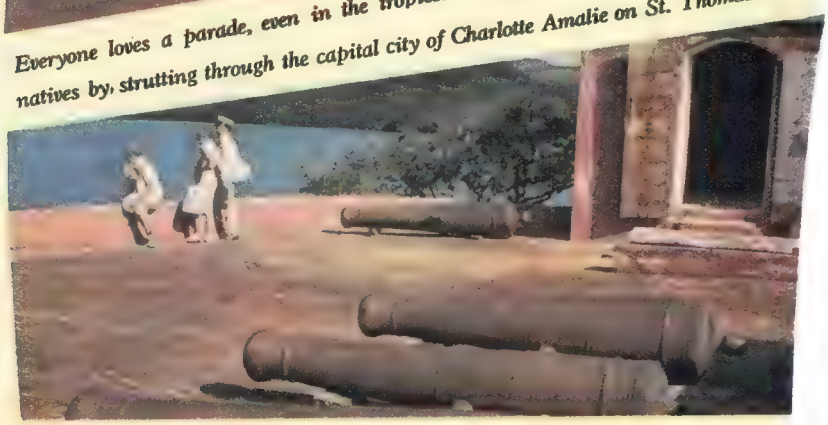
"Quiet, please. I'm figuring. Hm-m-m . . . about $450 for six weeks, but we'd really spend a lot more . . ."

Islands were slipping along under the wings of the plane. Green little islands washed by the Atlantic on one side, by the Caribbean on the other.

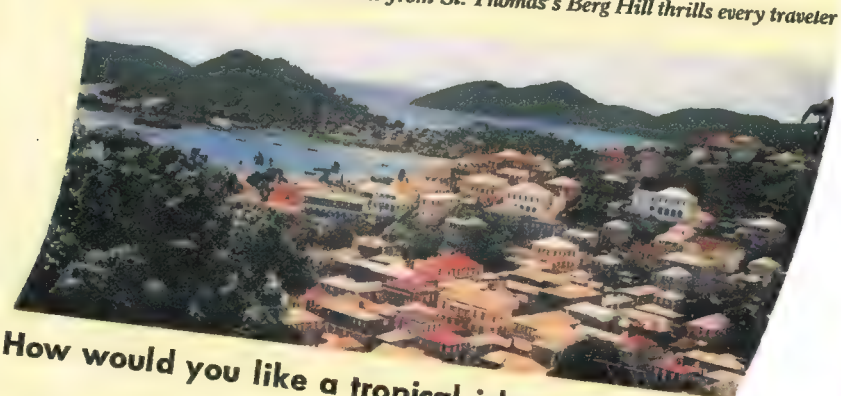
"Look!" Betty breathed. Suddenly, before us lay a fairy city, bright and fair in the morning. Houses of pink and blue and yellow and white lay along white beaches, or marched up the steep, green ridges. We could see waving palm trees and great masses of flowers.



Everyone loves a parade, even in the tropics. Above, a colorful carnival delights the natives by, strutting through the capital city of Charlotte Amalie on St. Thomas Island



These cumbersome cannons on St. Croix (above), reflect the old-world atmosphere of the islands. Below, the view from St. Thomas's Berg Hill thrills every traveler



How would you like a tropical island for $1 a month in a "South Sea" paradise where you can pick orchids off trees, catch 16-pound lobsters, and sun away the hours on snowy sands? . . . All aboard for the Virgin Islands!

"That must be the capital city, Charlotte Amalie," I said prosaically.

"It's too sparkling to be a real city. It must be the lost Atlantis."

"All right, it's Atlantis. But fasten your safety belt; we're landing."

On the three-mile drive to town we noticed that no dooryard was too poor to have huge clumps of flaming bougainvillaea or hibiscus or oleander. Every square inch seemed blooming. We plunged up a slight hill covered with flowers, and the cab driver triumphantly jammed on brakes before a great pile of pink stone, the "Hotel 1829," where we had reservations.

The proprietor, a friendly chap with white hair and an Irish face, came out beaming. "I'm Maguire," he said. "We're having lunch in an hour. We'll go swimming after that, and at five we're all due at a reception at the Governor's."

We went swimming at Brewer's Bay; the Caribbean was lapping at the beach in genteel little waves. Betty and I paddled around in about two inches of water. Maguire grinned. "They've been telling you about sharks and barracuda. Forget them. As far as I know, nobody has ever been hurt around here. Just swim where the bottom is white sand, not over your head, and with somebody else."

Thus reassured, we did some real swimming, even out to the float. Maguire said a big barracuda used to live under the float, not harming anybody, but it looked bad. Finally some of the boys hammered on the float until the poor fish got tired of the racket and left.

At five o'clock the big, cool rooms of the Governor's Mansion overflowed with

AN AMERICAN MINIATURE

WEALTHY AND WISE

IF a dead whale ever bobs up anywhere in the New York City area, the authorities will merely notify old Trinity Church, its $1,000,000-a-year second largest taxpayer. Mother Trinity, richest church in America, has undisputed title to any and all New York whales.

Back in 1697 William III of England provided the land on which Trinity still stands—an incalculably valuable square block on lower Broadway, at the head of Wall Street—and also a large part of lower Manhattan. He also issued an edict allowing the parishioners to "seize all wrecks, drift whales, and whatsoever else drives from the high seas." Whether Trinity ever actually got any whales is not recorded.

But, without whales, Dr. Frederic S. Fleming, the rector, gets $20,000 a year. Trinity's property, on last evaluation, is worth, conservatively, $61,738,400. Her reserve fund, estimated at $17,498,757, promises to reach $150,000,000 within a century.

Although the church has given away nearly two-thirds of its original grant, what is left yielded $2,663,000 in 1939. What was given away went to any number of outside churches and institutions, including Columbia University.

Honeycombed now with subways, weighted with towering buildings, Trinity's property rentals provide for the support of the church's 21 clergymen, 23 sextons, 11 organists, and 250 choir singers, and the upkeep of seven chapels within the parish, each a large church in its own right (including famous St. Paul's, where Washington prayed after his inauguration). The church also employs more than 400 business workers.

Trinity has two of her own business corporations and manages her own real estate. The church owns and runs at least 18 big office and manufacturing structures, and she built only one of them. All the rest, except three which were obtained in deals, just fell into her hands. Private realtors built them but couldn't make them go. In the depression the church took over $13,000,000 worth of heavily mortgaged buildings in six years, all of them on her land. Every single one of her 14 foreclosed buildings is now on a paying basis. A modern miracle? Trinity's Comptroller Alden D. Stanton, an aggressive young man who goes to church on Sunday and attends strictly to business on weekdays, told me it was simply a matter of systematizing things. "With all the buildings under one management," he said, "we were able to stabilize rents and get on a paying basis."

Today the church owns and operates more than 150 tenanted structures, from skyscrapers to 30 one-family and 29 two-family houses and one tenement.

More than 1,000 rent notices go out every month now, and Trinity expects the money on the barrelhead. As Comptroller Stanton puts it: "When I threaten eviction at noon I don't mean 12:30. We must be above reproach in everything we do, much more so than any private landlord, but, after all, we're running a business." Austerity, backed by righteousness, impresses. But only a handful of evictions have been necessary.

Rector Fleming, spiritual and actual head of everything, goes through a daily turble-burly that would put many an industrial tycoon in the nearest sanitarium. He rises at six and is seldom through his rounds before ten at night. On a typical busy day he preaches twice, supervises five other services, attends four board meetings. Not one church but eight are under his immediate care.

Somehow you feel diffident about mentioning the materialistic side of Trinity, but Dr. Fleming meets the issue frankly: "I am glad we have so much money. It allows us to do more good. It is wealth for the purposes of God."

Trinity interprets the "purposes of God" to include everything from erecting a 20-foot-long revolving electric sign: "How shall they hear without a preacher?" (that was in 1930) to running her own Mission House for the poor and donating $5,000 to $10,000 a year to the Emergency Unemployment Council.

Today her annual donations to other churches run small, $1,000 to $10,000. She runs a home for aged parishioners, a seaside camp for her children, maintains a number of beds in various hospitals, keeps open a sort of public clubroom in the basement of her Parish House, a retreat which was used by more than 100,000 persons last year. For a while Mother Trinity will go slowly. She has a $7,000,000 mortgage hanging heavy. Big business has its advantages, also its headaches.

They still pass the collection basket on Sunday.

EARL SPARLING

stiff white uniforms and miles of gold braid.

Rear Admiral Hayne Ellis (who carries his own car aboard his flagship, the U.S.S. Texas) was guest of honor. Betty, as a "new girl" on the island, had a flock of officers (and me) in her wake. Between us, we managed to piece out what we knew about the islands.

Christopher Columbus named them in honor of the 11,000 virgins supposedly massacred with St. Ursula in the fourth century.

In 1865 the United States started dickering for them because of their strategic importance in controlling the Caribbean. Denmark, which had owned the Virgin Islands since 1671, finally sold them to us during the World War for $25,000,000.

The city of Charlotte Amalie (*a-mal-yeh*, named for a Danish queen) has about 9,000 people, is on St. Thomas. It is the principal port and seat of government. Two or three miles to the east is the island of St. John, loveliest of the lot, 20 square miles, with about 500 Negroes and about 6 whites. Forty miles south is St. Croix, 90 square miles, mostly agricultural. About 2,000 whites live on the islands. The rest of the 22,000 population shades down quickly to pure black. . . .

Next morning, we were out of cigarettes, and with some misgivings we went downtown—a matter of 80 steps—to the principal drugstore.

I asked the clerk for two packages of my favorite brand.

"Just two? All popular American cigarettes are six cents."

"I'll take twenty cartons," I said grandly.

The clerk grinned. "I'll be glad to sell you twenty cartons, but you're allowed only one and a half cartons duty-free through customs."

The marvel of the astonishingly low prices for cigarettes, liquor, cameras, glass, silver, and the like is due to the fact that St. Thomas is virtually a "free port," one of the few left in the world. Foreign goods come there practically without any taxes and, as far as United States customs are concerned, the Virgin Islands are classified as a foreign country, American or not American. Most shops displayed hinting signs which said: "Visitors are permitted to take back duty-free to the United States up to $100 worth of foreign goods."

Just plain wandering was high fun in Charlotte Amalie. The sun seemed to shine forever, but even when the mercury touched 90, the trade winds kept it from being a nuisance.

The baffling street names attested to 245 years of Danish rule. "Imagine," Betty said, "making a date to meet somebody at the corner of Dronningensgade and Wimmelkaftsgade!"

We were loafing along Kronprinzensgade. The door of a little native house was open and we (*Continued on page 81*)

This is the best way we could think of to suggest to you how downright cool and refreshing a whiskey-and-ice-and-soda can be on a warm midsummer afternoon—what matchless flavor and smoothness will be yours to enjoy—*if the whiskey you use is Four Roses!* Just try it and see!

FOUR ROSES

Four Roses is a blend of straight whiskies—90 proof. The straight whiskies in Four Roses are 4 years or more old. Frankfort Distilleries, Incorporated, Louisville and Baltimore.

CRAWL is the word for the stroke, but it's no crawling pace when Peter Fick (foreground at right) is breaking records in the sprint swims. He's several times a champion . . . has broken an impressive list of records. His favorite distances are the shortest...*fastest.* His favorite cigarette is the slower-burning brand...Camel. "Camels are milder and cooler, for one thing," he explains. "And they have a flavor that doesn't wear out its welcome."

MEET PETER FICK

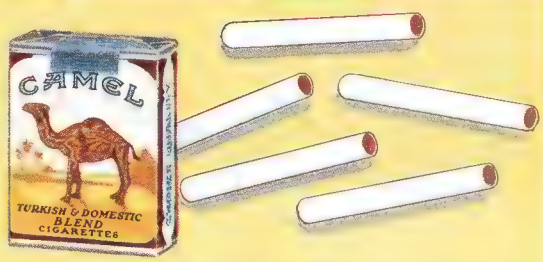
SPEED won him the title "world's fastest swimmer"— slow burning won him to Camel cigarettes

SLOWER-BURNING CAMELS GIVE YOU

"I WANT all the mildness I can get in my smoking," says Pete Fick (on diving-board). "Camels burn slower and give me what I want—even give me extra smoking."

Yes, Camel's matchless blend of costlier tobaccos and slower way of burning mean several important *extras.* Science knows slow burning preserves the delicate elements of flavor and fragrance... means freedom from the irritating qualities of excess heat. Camels give you *extra mildness, extra coolness,* and *extra flavor.*

The longer you are a Camel smoker, the more you'll appreciate these extras in pleasure. And if you measure puff by puff, you'll find Camels also give *extra smoking* (see right).



In recent laboratory tests, CAMELS burned 25% *slower* than the average of the 15 other of the largest-selling brands tested—slower than *any* of them. That means, on the average, a smoking *plus* equal to

5 EXTRA SMOKES PER PACK!

Copyright, 1940, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.

ADDITIONAL AMERICAN YOUTH FORUM AWARDS

TEN DOLLARS

Mary Elizabeth Breidenbach, Ensley High School, Birmingham, Ala.
Afra Tweedy, Brown School for Girls, Glendora, Calif.
Samuel Collier, San Bernardino Senior High School, San Bernardino, Calif.
Robert Daley, San Bernardino Senior High School, San Bernardino, Calif.
Don W. Emery, Florida Preparatory School, Daytona Beach, Fla.
George K. Lovell, Jr., McKinley High School, Honolulu, Hawaii
Patricia Rowe, The Immaculata High School, Chicago, Ill.
Mary Lillian Flotte, L. E. Rabouin Vocational School, New Orleans, La.
Joseph Montgomery, Tupelo High School, Tupelo, Miss.
John Edmondson, Joplin Senior High School, Joplin, Mo.
Brice Henry III, Joplin Senior High School, Joplin, Mo.
Dale Trammell, Northeast Senior High School, Kansas City, Mo.
Mort Walker, Northeast Senior High School, Kansas City, Mo.
Frank Garibaldi, Thomas Jefferson High School, Elizabeth, N. J.
Frank T. Stanton, Jr., Montclair High School, Montclair, N. J.
Aldo Andre Mino, Arts High School, Newark, N. J.
Don Garnier, Pompton Lakes High School, Pompton Lakes, N. J.
Clark Everett Hulings, Westfield Senior High School, Westfield, N. J.
James George, Jr., Memorial High School, West New York, N. J.
Joe H. Herrera, Santa Fe Indian School, Santa Fe, N. Mex.
Ignatius Palmer, Santa Fe Indian School, Santa Fe, N. Mex.
Ramos Sanchez, Santa Fe Indian School, Santa Fe, N. Mex.
Quincy Tahoma, Santa Fe Indian School, Santa Fe, N. Mex.
Nick Rocco Calabrese, Bayside High School, Bayside, N. Y.
Joan Mary Harrold, St. Francis Xavier Academy, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Sydney Ann Laughton, Bennett High School, Buffalo, N. Y.
Robert Truckenbrod, Bennett High School, Buffalo, N. Y.
Bernard D'Andrea, Buffalo Technical High School, Buffalo, N. Y.
Louis M. Eiduson, Buffalo Technical High School, Buffalo, N. Y.
Frank Freas, Lafayette High School, Buffalo, N. Y.
Loris Ruth Goldberg, Lafayette High School, Buffalo, N. Y.
Dean Mackenzie, Lafayette High School, Buffalo, N. Y.
Douglas M. Phillips, Lafayette High School, Buffalo, N. Y.
Marilyn F. Stark, Lafayette High School, Buffalo, N. Y.
Alfredo Plastino, School of Industrial Art, New York, N. Y.
Charles Pignolet, Jr., East Technical High School, Cleveland, Ohio
David Kutchko, Lakewood High School, Lakewood, Ohio
Eileen Brown, New Lexington High School, New Lexington, Ohio
Harold Olinger, Roscoe High School, Roscoe, Ohio
Ted Leszczynski, Macomber Vocational High School, Toledo, Ohio
Floyd Walker, Macomber Vocational High School, Toledo, Ohio
James Wheeler, Macomber Vocational High School, Toledo, Ohio
William Hixson, Monmouth High School, Monmouth, Ore.
Willie Chambers, Schenley High School, Pittsburgh, Pa.
Everet Allred, Knoxville High School, Knoxville, Tenn.
Roy Henson, Middleton High School, Middleton, Tenn.
Mary Jane Reger, Mercedes High School, Mercedes, Texas
Eddie Sato, Garfield High School, Seattle, Wash.
James W. Prasch, Bellarmine High School, Tacoma, Wash.
Sita Ballengee, Huntington High School, Huntington, W. Va.

FIVE DOLLARS

Ruth McCartney, Mesa High School, Mesa, Ariz.
Roy A. Kuhlman, Glendale High School, Glendale, Calif.
Bill Emmons, Grossmont Union High School, Grossmont, Calif.
Alexander Charles Heard, Benjamin Franklin High School, Los Angeles, Calif.
Edward Franklin Spangler, Benjamin Franklin High School, Los Angeles, Calif.
Walter William Hoffman, Villanova Preparatory School, Ojai, Calif.
Norman Lamers, St. Joseph's High School, Denver, Colo.
Edward Kasper, Milford High School, Milford, Conn.
Vera Babbel, Twin Falls High School, Twin Falls, Idaho
Ruthann Hayes, Twin Falls High School, Twin Falls, Idaho
Adam F. Kasper, Crane Technical High School, Chicago, Ill.
Mary Hazel Quinn, The Immaculata High School, Chicago, Ill.
Alice Graves, John Marshall High School, Chicago, Ill.
Albert Shemrinsky, John Marshall High School, Chicago, Ill.
Mary Jane McCue, New Trier Township High School, Winnetka, Ill.
Thomas Stanton, Horace Mann High School, Gary, Ind.
Bob Laster, Lew Wallace High School, Gary, Ind.
Norma Ellen Kristoff, Hammond High School, Hammond, Ind.
Lorman J. Elliott, Central Senior High School, Muncie, Ind.
Mary P. Pugsley, McKinley Senior High School, Cedar Rapids, Iowa
Tom Pugsley, McKinley Senior High School, Cedar Rapids, Iowa
Wayne Nowack, Theodore Roosevelt High School, Des Moines, Iowa
Marilyn Campbell, Dubuque Senior High School, Dubuque, Iowa
Dolores Marie Locke, Fort Madison High School, Fort Madison, Iowa
William B. Welsh, Berea College, Berea, Ky.
John Gordon, Danville High School, Danville, Ky.
Barbe Pernoud, Lecompte High School, Lecompte, La.
Dorothy Druhan, L. E. Rabouin Vocational School, New Orleans, La.
Adam Todd, Lawrence High School, Lawrence, Mass.
Thomas W. Vincent, Quincy High School, Quincy, Mass.
Eleanor Annis, Maple Rapids High School, Maple Rapids, Mich.
Evelyn Baragar, Hackley Manual Training School, Muskegon, Mich.
Roger G. Herrington, Jr., Slocum Truax High School, Trenton, Mich.
Elsie Bilacic, Standish High School, Turner, Mich.
Blaine Franklin Rowe, Canby High School, Canby, Minn.
Dale Stedman, Wadena Senior High School, Wadena, Minn.
Dewey Harrison, Hannibal Senior High School, Hannibal, Mo.
Vincent Piraro, Northeast Senior High School, Kansas City, Mo.
Joe Chris Smith, Northeast Senior High School, Kansas City, Mo.
Lester Boyce, Westport High School, Kansas City, Mo.
Jacquard Williams, Blewett High School, St. Louis, Mo.
Robert Greco, Hadley Vocational High School, St. Louis, Mo.
Salvatore Cascone, Thomas Jefferson High School, Elizabeth, N. J.
Leon Morgenstern, Weequahic High School, Newark, N. J.
George Coombs, Pompton Lakes High School, Pompton Lakes, N. J.
Marylee Pollock, Westfield Senior High School, Westfield, N. J.
Justin Herrera, Santa Fe Indian School, Santa Fe, N. Mex.
Balardo Neito Santa Fe Indian School, Santa Fe, N. Mex.
Joe A. Quintana, Santa Fe Indian School, Santa Fe, N. Mex.
Marion A. Frederick, Academy of the Holy Names, Albany, N. Y.
Ed Cotiaux, Bayside High School, Bayside, N. Y.
John Grenafege, Bayside High School, Bayside, N. Y.
Edith Oberkirch, Bayside High School, Bayside, N. Y.
Helen Schneider, Bayside High School, Bayside, N. Y.
Hubert Kreinheder, Bennett High School, Buffalo, N. Y.
Florence Miller, Bennett High School, Buffalo, N. Y.
Marita Morton, Bennett High School, Buffalo, N. Y.
Audrey Oughterson, Bennett High School, Buffalo, N. Y.
Richard Sieteski, Bennett High School, Buffalo, N. Y.
Caroline Webb, Bennett High School, Buffalo, N. Y.
Salvatore R. Campagna, Buffalo Technical High School, Buffalo, N. Y.
William F. Doyle, Buffalo Technical High School, Buffalo, N. Y
Charles Wagner, Buffalo Technical High School, Buffalo, N. Y.
Eva Janasi, Fosdick Masten Park High School, Buffalo, N. Y.
Eleanor Johnson, Sewanhaka High School, Floral Park, N. Y.
Frank Blankley, McKee Vocational High School, St. George, Staten Island, N. Y.
Santo Santangelo, McKee Vocational High School, St. George, Staten Island, N. Y.
Catherine Gray, Gastonia High School, Gastonia, N. C.
James Robert Williams, Athens High School, Athens, Ohio
Jack Centanni, West Technical High School, Cleveland, Ohio
Louis Koteles, West Technical High School, Cleveland, Ohio
Fred Zimmer, Jr., Pataskala High School, Pataskala, Ohio
Robert Browning, Macomber Vocational High School, Toledo, Ohio
Horst Krug, Macomber Vocational High School, Toledo, Ohio
Warren Williams, Macomber Vocational High School, Toledo, Ohio
Louie Wilusz, Macomber Vocational High School, Toledo, Ohio
Vernon Steffen, Elreno High School, Elreno, Okla.
Donald Evans, Tulsa Central High School Tulsa, Okla.
Arthur Sorge, Altoona High School, Altoona, Pa.
Josephine F. Planinsek, Latrobe High School, Latrobe, Pa.
George Stemplewicz, Roman Catholic High School, Philadelphia, Pa.
Paul Bottiger, Pottsville High School, Pottsville, Pa.
Robert H. Sims, Central High School, Chattanooga, Tenn.
Marian Goodstein, Knoxville High School, Knoxville, Tenn.
Howard Lane, Knoxville High School, Knoxville, Tenn.
Claude Shacklett, Murfreesboro High School, Murfreesboro, Tenn.
Alene Aycock, Edinburg Senior High School, Edinburg, Texas
Mary Elizabeth Leasure, El Paso High School, El Paso, Texas
Rosie Brown, Sam Houston High School, Houston, Texas
Bruce Hardeman, Plainview Senior High School, Plainview, Texas
Joseph Truncale, Woodrow Wilson Junior High School, Port Arthur, Texas
Bill Johnson, Ogden High School, Ogden, Utah
Mary Louise Clark, Granite High School, Salt Lake City, Utah
Grant Steffensen, Granite High School, Salt Lake City, Utah
Bob Israel, Garfield High School, Seattle, Wash.
Jean Campbell Neel, Huntington High School, Huntington, W. Va.
Tony Sellitti, Weirton High School, Weirton, W. Va.
William Zdinak, Weirton High School, Weirton, W. Va.
Henry J. Otten, Central High School, Sheboygan, Wis.
Dorothy Elaine Frederick, Central High School, Superior, Wis.

HONORABLE-MENTION AWARDS

American Youth Forum Certificates of Honorable Mention have been awarded in the 1939–40 competition to the following students of high schools and preparatory schools:

ALABAMA

Jeanne Foote, Ensley High School, Birmingham
Dick Hammond, Ramsey High School, Birmingham

ARIZONA

Carolyn Walker, Prescott Senior High School, Prescott
Tom Johnson, Winslow High School, Winslow

ARKANSAS

Bonnie Payne, The Berryville High School, Berryville
Robin A. Cruce, Jr., Morrilton High School, Morrilton
Ralph Newkirk, Morrilton High School, Morrilton
Robert Oldhame, Morrilton High School, Morrilton

CALIFORNIA

Jimmy French, Alhambra High School, Alhambra
Betty Rose Plane, Alhambra High School, Alhambra
Willis Simms, Ceres Union High School, Ceres
Pearl Leach, Dinuba Union High School, Dinuba
James Scott, Hayward Union High School, Hayward
Bob Cook, Inglewood High School, Inglewood
Jesse De Leon, Manual Arts High School, Los Angeles
Jean Clark, Mountain View Union High School, Mountain View
Janice Illig, Fremont High School, Oakland
Rollin Wilson, Oakland High School, Oakland
Ralph Borge, Roosevelt High School, Oakland
Bill Adamson, Oxnard Union High School, Oxnard
Felipe Contreras, San Bernardino Senior High School, San Bernardino
Leo Estrella, San Bernardino Senior High School, San Bernardino
Benny Nunez, San Bernardino Senior High School, San Bernardino
Elizabeth Roesch, San Bernardino Senior High School, San Bernardino
Gordon Culp, San Leandro High School, San Leandro
Lorena Mashburn, Santa Ana High School, Santa Ana
George Okamoto, Santa Ana High School, Santa Ana
James A. Tapscott, Santa Ana High School, Santa Ana
Virginia Marsh, Santa Barbara High School, Santa Barbara

COLORADO

Bill Haynes, St. Joseph's High School, Denver
Gerald Lamers, St. Joseph's High School, Denver
Dorothy Elliott, South High School, Denver
Joe H. Klipple, Lincoln Junior High School, Fort Collins
Dorothy Tepfer, Fort Collins High School, Fort Collins
Harold Guide, Grand Junction High School, Grand Junction
Mary Lind, Greeley High School, Greeley
Bill Tegtman, Greeley High School, Greeley
Margaret Lechner, Hudson High School, Hudson
Otto Walter, Jr., Littleton High School, Littleton
Kay M. Hendricks, Merino High School, Merino
Wayne Flanigan, Montrose County High School, Montrose
Carl Rosmussen, Montrose County High School, Montrose
Helen Unrein, Montrose County High School, Montrose

CONNECTICUT

Anne Marie McLaughlin, Bassick Senior High School, Bridgeport
George Pekar, Roger Ludlowe High School, Fairfield
Webb Levering Nimick, Kent School, Kent
Elinor Ann Doyle, Litchfield High School, Litchfield
Carroll Aument, 2d, Milford High School, Milford
Alex Novick, New Britain Senior High School, New Britain
Sidney Shapiro, New Britain Senior High School, New Britain

Tony Zytka, New Britain Senior High School, New Britain
Madeline Virginia Harris, Stamford High School, Stamford
Phyllis B. Picard, Suffield High School, Suffield
Achille Roger Pellizzari, Torrington High School, Torrington

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

Sidney Plitman, Central High School, Washington

FLORIDA

Joe Thomas, Bradenton High School, Bradenton
Emmy Pearl Truett, Hernando High School, Brooksville
Frederick P. Goodrich, Jr., Florida Preparatory School, Daytona Beach
Lou Ann Piper, Seabreeze Private High School, Daytona Beach
Ridley Williams, Sarasota High School, Sarasota
Rosario Ferlita, George Washington Junior High School, Tampa
Lorraine Bacon, Lakeview High School, Winter Garden
Samuel Williams, Lakeview High School, Winter Garden

GEORGIA

Roy Chamlee, Boys' High School, Atlanta
Virginia Cleveland, Sacred Heart School, Atlanta

Claude Salisbury, Rockford Senior High School, Rockford
Dorothea Hartwig, New Trier Township High School, Winnetka
Holly Reece, New Trier Township High School, Winnetka
Janet Smith, New Trier Township High School, Winnetka

INDIANA

Frances Deiotte, Westchester High School, Chesterton
William H. Brown, Decatur High School, Decatur
James McBride, North Side High School, Fort Wayne
Isaiah Owens, Roosevelt High School, Gary
Edwin Sabotka, Lew Wallace High School, Gary
Shirley Ruth Mongan, Ben Davis High School, Indianapolis
Donald M. Heath, Jefferson High School, Lafayette
Robert G. Stephan, Jefferson High School, Lafayette
Mary Lucille Vaughan, Jefferson High School, Lafayette

IOWA

Georganne Dunshee, McKinley Senior High School, Cedar Rapids
Jean Hedberg, McKinley Senior High School, Cedar Rapids
Donald J. Hunter, McKinley Senior High School, Cedar Rapids

Joan Francis, Newton High School, Newton
Dorothy LaClair, Salina High School, Salina

KENTUCKY

Thomas McDonald, Jr., Theodore Ahrens Trade School, Louisville
Betty Hughes, Atherton Senior High School, Louisville
Elmer C. Sanders, Jr., DuPont Manual Training High School, Louisville
Julia Becker, Louisville Girls' High School, Louisville
Doris Morrison, Louisville Girls' High School, Louisville
Gwendolyn Parker, Louisville Girls' High School, Louisville
Anne Held, Owensboro High School, Owensboro
Virginia Roberts, Owensboro High School, Owensboro
Mary Blakeman Smith, Owensboro High School, Owensboro

LOUISIANA

Beverley Taylor, Domincan High School, New Orleans
Leatrice Alonzo, Eleanor McMain High School, New Orleans
Shirley Dunlap, Eleanor McMain High School, New Orleans
Carol Fraser Eleanor McMain High School, New Orleans
Charleen Hutson, Eleanor McMain High School, New Orleans
Gloria McEnery, Eleanor McMain High School, New Orleans

Marjorie Wymer, L. E. Rabouin Vocational School, New Orleans
Betty B Hartman, Sophie B. Wright High School, New Orleans
Beverley Barrios, Leon Godchaux High School, Reserve

MAINE

Richard Hughes, Cony High School, Augusta
Janice Brooke, South Portland High School, South Portland
Thomas Curry, South Portland High School, South Portland
William Daniels, South Portland High School, South Portland
May Harmon, South Portland High School, South Portland
Edwin Turner, South Portland High School, South Portland
Bazil O. Hodgdon, Winslow High School, Waterville

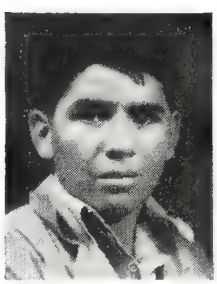
MARYLAND

Charles T. Carney, Jr., Fort Hill High School, Cumberland
James L. Weber, Fort Hill High School, Cumberland
Elizabeth Ellen Karlsson, Nanjemay High School, Nanjemay
Margaret Mess, Montgomery Blair Senior High School, Silver Spring

MASSACHUSETTS

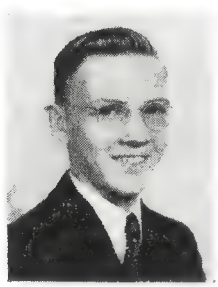
Donald Campbell, Belmont High School, Belmont
Kay Congdon, Belmont High School, Belmont
Olive Dacey, Belmont High School, Belmont
Dorothy Phillips, Belmont High School, Belmont
Amando E. Zeuli, Donald McKay School, East Boston
Betty Powell, Northfield Seminary, East Northfield
Byrde Merican, Holyoke High School, Holyoke
Melville W. Grant, Jr., Needham High School, Needham
June Stanley, Needham High School, Needham
Ruthe Task, Garfield Junior High School, Revere
Silvo Orlando, Revere High School, Revere
James Donahue, Major Beal High School, Shrewsbury
Wadsworth Stone, Technical High School, Springfield
Edward Sweet, Walpole High School, Walpole

WINNERS OF FIRST THREE ART AWARDS



$1,000
Ben Quintana
Sante Fe, N. Mex.,
Indian School

$500
Elliott Twery
Theodore Roosevelt High School
Washington, D. C.



$100
Robert Bursiel
Greeley, Colo.,
High School

Bill W. Willis, North Clayton High School, College Park
Marion Ledford, Gainesville High School, Gainesville
Alma Hill, Savannah High School, Savannah
Jack Gaskin, Savannah Junior High School, Savannah
Donald Heeter, Tucker High School, Tucker

HAWAII

Ralph Nishiki, McKinley High School, Honolulu
Nolriko Oganeku, Waimea High and Elementary School, Waimea, Kauai

IDAHO

Theresa Felton, Lewiston Senior High School, Lewiston
Wally Titus, Lewiston Senior High School, Lewiston
Donald Robertson, Nampa High School, Nampa
Jerry P. Rodwell, Nampa High School, Nampa

ILLINOIS

Elsie Moehle, The Immaculata High School, Chicago
Fred Berger, John Marshall High School, Chicago
Robert Saichek, John Marshall High School, Chicago
Bernadine M. Schodrof, Saint Casimir Academy, Chicago
Joe Calafiore, Steinmetz High School, Chicago
James Bartz, Tilden Technical High School, Chicago
Walter Lecat, Saint Mary's School, Moline
Glenn Raymond Bradshaw, Peoria Central High School, Peoria

Kathleen Irwin, McKinley Senior High School, Cedar Rapids
Joe Pugsley, McKinley Senior High School, Cedar Rapids
Edward Kloubec, Woodrow Wilson High School, Cedar Rapids
Harold Fulks, Clarion High School, Clarion
Harry Boll, Clinton High School, Clinton
Betty Green, Clinton High School, Clinton
Robert Keahey, Abraham Lincoln High School, Council Bluffs
Millie Mae Barrer, East High School, Des Moines
Ronald Kail, East High School, Des Moines
William Spriggs, East High School, Des Moines
Merlin Jungers, Dubuque Senior High School, Dubuque
Katherine Duling, Sioux City Central High School, Sioux City
Dorothy Sherman, Sioux City Central High School, Sioux City

KANSAS

Tom Chouteau Field Kindley Senior High School, Coffeyville
Harry Smith, Lane County Community High School, Dighton
Sally Ann Worrall, Wyandotte High School, Kansas City
Jean Gillette, Immaculata High School, Leavenworth
Adele Bernero, St. Mary's Academy, Leavenworth
Jean Marie Eble, St. Mary's Academy, Leavenworth
Mary Frances Kennally, St. Mary's Academy, Leavenworth
Betty Reid, St. Mary's Academy, Leavenworth
Kathleen Smith, St. Mary's Academy, Leavenworth

Jane Neutz, Eleanor McMain High School, New Orleans
Ellen Pierre, Eleanor McMain High School, New Orleans
Leona Vergez, Eleanor McMain High School, New Orleans
Marion Arnoult, L. E. Rabouin Vocational School, New Orleans
Rita Clement, L. E. Rabouin Vocational School, New Orleans
Ruth Elsie Danoue, L. E. Rabouin Vocational School, New Orleans
Gloria George, L. E. Rabouin Vocational School, New Orleans
Virgie Grentz, L. E. Rabouin Vocational School, New Orleans
Natalie C. Harrold, L. E. Rabouin Vocational School, New Orleans
Betty Clements Jones, L. E. Rabouin Vocational School, New Orleans
Marie Jurado, L. E. Rabouin Vocational School, New Orleans
Marjorie Landry, L. E. Rabouin Vocational School, New Orleans
Frances McCutcheon, L. E. Rabouin Vocational School, New Orleans
Elizabeth B. McGuigin, L. E. Rabouin Vocational School, New Orleans
Elise Pixberg, L. E. Rabouin Vocational School, New Orleans
Charlotte Platt, L. E. Rabouin Vocational School, New Orleans
Audrey Reinhard, L. E. Rabouin Vocational School, New Orleans
Elsie Richard, L. E. Rabouin Vocational School, New Orleans
Betty Roy, L. E. Rabouin Vocational School, New Orleans
Clare E. Schluter, L. E. Rabouin Vocational School, New Orleans
Elvera Spivey, L. E. Rabouin Vocational School, New Orleans
Nell Whitman, L. E. Rabouin Vocational School, New Orleans
Margaret Wood, L. E. Rabouin Vocational School New Orleans

MICHIGAN

Charles William Moss, Elisha Jones School, Ann Arbor
Mildred E. McLain, Roosevelt High School, Coldwater
Bill Mathews, Highland Park Senior High School, Highland Park
Elmo J. Kirby, Kalamazoo Central High School, Kalamazoo
Bernard Scholten, Kalamazoo Central High School, Kalamazoo

MINNESOTA

Karin Kallberg, Albert Lea Junior High School, Albert Lea
Donald Baker, Central High School, East Grand Forks
Ralph Anderson, Lyle High School, Lyle
Winnifred Bernath, Jorolon Junior High School, Minneapolis
Esther Jane Jensen, Rochester High School, Rochester
Leighton Fossum, Washington High School, St. Paul
Philomine Beck, Woodrow Wilson High School, St. Paul
Shirley Menk, Woodrow Wilson High School, St. Paul
Richard Johnson, Tracy High School, Tracy
Mary Nyhue, Tracy High School, Tracy

MISSOURI

Norma L. Overall, Farmington High School, Farmington
Betty June Ackerson, Fayette High School, Fayette
Anna Mae Besgrove, Fayette High School, Fayette
Bonnie Gardner, Joplin Senior High School, Joplin
Bob Sayers, St. Peters High School, Joplin
Dave Hornaday, Northeast High School, Kansas City
Claude Congdon, Westport High School, Kansas City
John Kohn, Westport High School, Kansas City
Marjorie L. McVey, Westport High School, Kansas City
William Queen, Westport High School, Kansas City

The Greatest Partnership in the World

THROUGHOUT THE MONTHS that precede a baby's birth, the mother's well-being is, in no small degree, dependent upon the *father*—upon his understanding and intelligent co-operation.

That's why fathers-and-mothers-to-be—at the first moment they believe a little one may be expected—should seek the doctor's guidance *together*, to learn how to share this great adventure *together*.

▶ The properly informed husband can help his wife to take the doctor's valuable advice. He can encourage her to follow the balanced diet, to get the rest, exercise, sunshine, fresh air, and recreation that she needs. In thus helping to make this period the happy and healthy one it can be, the husband plays a vital part of his own in the development of a sound, vigorous baby.

At the same time, the doctor is doing his part. Regular checkups on the expectant mother's blood pressure, weight, teeth, heart, and lungs . . . blood and urine tests . . . careful measurements . . . all contribute to safer and easier arrival of the baby, and a happy return to the normal appearance and active life of the mother.

▶ It is not uncommon today for many doctors to set a flat fee for maternity cases. In such instances, this means that it costs no more for prospective parents to enjoy the benefits of going to the doctor early and as frequently as necessary. And in most sizeable communities there are maternity clinics offering their services to those unable to pay.

A wealth of helpful information about the mother and baby is included in Metropolitan's free booklet, "Information for Expectant Mothers." Write today to Dept. 840-A.

COPYRIGHT 1940—METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE CO.

Metropolitan Life Insurance Company

(A MUTUAL COMPANY)

Frederick H. Ecker,
CHAIRMAN OF THE BOARD

Leroy A. Lincoln,
PRESIDENT

1 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y.

Plan to visit the Metropolitan's exhibits at the ***New York World's Fair*** *and at the* ***Golden Gate International Exposition in San Francisco.***

Joan Wood, Westport High School, Kansas City
Purd Wright, Westport High School, Kansas City
Patricia Quinn, Convent of the Sacred Heart, St. Joseph
Harry Mace, Hadley Vocational High School, St. Louis
Lloyd B. Magruder, Jr., Normandy High School, St. Louis
James T. Rehn, Normandy High School, St. Louis

MONTANA

Jo Anne Dodd, Anaconda Junior High School, Anaconda
Billie Lane, Anaconda Junior High School, Anaconda
Kay Lind, Hardin High School, Hardin
Bob Delaney, Missoula County High School, Missoula
Jean Hayhurst, Missoula County High School, Missoula
Marjorie Janes, Missoula County High School, Missoula
Beatrice King, Missoula County High School, Missoula

NEBRASKA

Janice Gray, Grand Island Senior High School, Grand Island
Marcia Mikel, Grand Island Senior High School, Grand Island
Jack Peck, Jackson High School, Lincoln

NEVADA

Jeanne Fisher, Reno High School, Reno
Audrey E. Willig, Humboldt County High School, Winnemucca

NEW HAMPSHIRE

Norbert Lessard, St. Regis Academy, Berlin
Barbara May Keith, Pinkerton Academy, Derry Village
Conrad Fortier, Saint Anthony High School, Manchester
Campbell Kiniry, Kimball Union Academy, Meriden
Nicholas Stergiou, Nashua Senior High School, Nashua

NEW JERSEY

Thomas McDermott, Belleville High School, Belleville
Leonardo Mariani, Grover Cleveland High School, Caldwell
Saul Fuerstein, East Orange High School, East Orange
Walter Addie, Thomas Jefferson High School, Elizabeth
Salvatore DeCesare, Thomas Jefferson High School, Elizabeth
Sylvia Kurinsky, Lakewood High School, Lakewood
Alanson Appleton, Morristown High School, Morristown
Lester Dubin, Arts High School, Newark
Gloria Veronelli, Benedictine Academy, Paterson
June D. McClelland, Roxbury High School, Succasunna
Douglas Hayden, Toms River High School, Toms River
Anthony Prioli, Westfield Senior High School, Westfield

NEW MEXICO

Fred McCaffrey, St. Mary's High School, Albuquerque
Mildred Aul, Gallup High School, Gallup
Waneice Tevis, Portales High School, Portales
Joseph L. Martyn, Santa Fe Indian School, Santa Fe
Leo Ortiz, Santa Fe High School, Santa Fe

NEW YORK

Mary C. Rissberger, Academy of the Holy Names, Albany
Hyman J. Rosen, Philip Schuyler High School, Albany
Robert Boesehdahl, Bayside High School, Bayside
Gerald Elliott, Bayside High School, Bayside
Ellen Freemantle, Bayside High School, Bayside
David George, Bayside High School, Bayside
George Goehring, Bayside High School, Bayside
Karyl Hanscom, Bayside High School, Bayside
Ludy Neubauer, Bayside High School, Bayside
Mary Ridgway, Bayside High School, Bayside
William Seifermann, Bayside High School, Bayside
William Sutorius, Bayside High School, Bayside
Laurette Whitten, Bayside High School, Bayside
Robert Charles Lindsey, Binghamton North Senior High School, Binghamton
Kitty Phelps, Boonville High School, Boonville
Virginia M. Wagoner, Boonville High School, Boonville
Armando Cozza, Theodore Roosevelt High School, Bronx
June Evelyn Buhler, Villa Marie Academy, Bronx
Anne Marie Drutzu, Villa Marie Academy, Bronx
John M. Sanchez, Brooklyn Technical High School, Brooklyn
Harriet Cohen, Abraham Lincoln High School, Brooklyn
Marilyn Lipson, Abraham Lincoln High School, Brooklyn
Vera Belsky, Samuel J. Tilden High School, Brooklyn
Louise Chambers, Bennett High School, Buffalo
Mary Fitzsimmon, Bennett High School, Buffalo
Muriel Galvin, Bennett High School, Buffalo
Shirley Greiner, Bennett High School, Buffalo
Ruth Herlan, Bennett High School, Buffalo
Kenneth Johnson, Bennett High School, Buffalo
Geraldine Niklas, Bennett High School, Buffalo
Alwyn Patey, Bennett High School, Buffalo
Lois Schroeder, Bennett High School, Buffalo
William C. Logan, Buffalo Technical High School, Buffalo
Warren Jones, Fosdick Masten Park High School, Buffalo
Frances Bankard, Lafayette High School, Buffalo
Helene Messersmith, Lafayette High School, Buffalo
Joseph Tedesco, Lafayette High School, Buffalo
Charlotte L. Thomas, Lafayette High School, Buffalo
Richard H. Williams, Lafayette High School, Buffalo
Richard Becker, St. Joseph's Collegiate Institute, Buffalo
Richard Gaul, Castleton Union High School, Castleton-on-Hudson
Donald Collins, Clayton Central High School, Clayton
Mary Hill, Clinton Central School, Clinton
Minnie Pierce, Clinton Central School, Clinton
Richard Lee Oughterson, Dundee Central School, Dundee
Reginald Knight, East Aurora High School, East Aurora
George Schulte, East Hampton High School, East Hampton, L. I.
George J. Walling, East Hampton High School, East Hampton
Roger Mackin, East Rockaway High School, East Rockaway
Sylvia Erlagen, Sewanhaka High School, Floral Park
Sidney Hausch, Sewanhaka High School, Floral Park
Frederick R. Van Wort, Haverstraw High School, Haverstraw
June Holzschuh, Ilion High School, Ilion
Howard Jones, Ilion High School, Ilion
George T. Orick, Ilion High School, Ilion
Shirley Anderson, Lincoln Junior High School, Jamestown
Doris Elener, Lincoln Junior High School, Jamestown
Theodore Warner, Lincoln Junior High School, Jamestown
Shirley Ann Teschner, Lincoln Junior High School, Jamestown
Jacques LeBaigue, Pelham Memorial High School, Pelham
Lucy Virginia Gordon Ralston, Pelham Memorial High School, Pelham
Donald Bartsch, Pleasantville High School, Pleasantville
Olga Golben, Washington High School, Rochester
Raymond Marks, Mynderse Academy, Seneca Falls
Muriel Feder, Syracuse Central High School, Syracuse
Virginia M. Clickner, Troy High School, Troy
John Lubey, Whitesboro Central High School, Whitesboro
Marjorie Freedman, Woodmere High School, Woodmere

NORTH CAROLINA

George McKinney, Cool Springs High School, Forest City

NORTH DAKOTA

Paul Jung, Minot Senior High School, Minot

OHIO

Jack P. Richard, John R. Buchtel High School, Akron
Vivian Taylor, Buford High School, Buford
James Burns, Jr., Western Hills High School, Cincinnati
Marilyn Soule, Collinwood High School, Cleveland
Mary Alice Cox, Shore High School, Cleveland
John Klein, West Technical High School, Cleveland
Charles Lakofsky, West Technical High School, Cleveland
John Bach, Jr., Chaminade High School, Dayton
Cleo Long, Oakwood High School, Dayton (Oakwood)
Betty Jean Brown, Steele High School, Dayton
Robert Somers, Steele High School, Dayton
Bill Hecox, Groveport Senior High School, Groveport
William Burnham, Warren Township High School, Leavittsburg
Lee Fulton, Warren Township High School, Leavittsburg
Robert Albertin, Port Clinton High School, Port Clinton
James Jacobs, Roscoe High School, Roscoe
Mary Keefe, Our Lady of Angels High School, St. Bernard
Margaret Lynch, Our Lady of Angels High School, St. Bernard
Eunice Hansen, Sugar Creek-Shanesville High School, Sugar Creek
Ray Fassler, Macomber Vocational High School, Toledo
George Gahan, Macomber Vocational High School, Toledo
Robert Goodwin, Macomber Vocational High School, Toledo
James Hintz, Macomber Vocational High School, Toledo
Melvin R. Kells, Macomber Vocational High School, Toledo
Owen Mauk, Macomber Vocational High School, Toledo
Barton Moss, Macomber Vocational High School, Toledo
James Riley, Macomber Vocational High School, Toledo
Frances O'Harra, Point Place Junior High School, Toledo
Donna Harris, Warren G. Harding Senior High School, Warren
Fred Leach, Chaney High School, Youngstown

OKLAHOMA

Virginia Isbell, Ardmore Senior High School, Ardmore
Gwendolyne Moyers, Ardmore Senior High School, Ardmore
Jack Cooley, Shawnee Senior High School, Shawnee
Ghaski Imogine Goodman, Shawnee Senior High School, Shawnee
Jimmie Hathcock, Shawnee Senior High School, Shawnee
Jack Hicks, Shawnee Senior High School, Shawnee
Janie Mitchell, Shawnee Senior High School, Shawnee
Wilma Cornelia Barton, Tulsa Central High School, Tulsa
Lillian Case, Tulsa Central High School, Tulsa
Nick Kritikos, Tulsa Central High School, Tulsa
Norman Mosley, Tulsa Central High School, Tulsa
Wanda Jean Otto, Will Rogers High School, Tulsa

OREGON

Jean Scallon, Canby Union High School, Canby
Elsa Moser, Corvallis Senior High School, Corvallis
Irene Palmer, Corvallis Senior High School, Corvallis
Barbara Garwood, Roseburg Senior High School, Roseburg
Viola Aycock, Silverton High School, Silverton

PENNSYLVANIA

Robert Eugene Griffith, Altoona High School, Altoona
Wilbur J. Stauffer, Altoona High School, Altoona
Ruth G. Varlan, Chester High School, Chester
Louis Gasper, Erie Technical High School, Erie
Donald Rhodes, Falls Creek High School, Falls Creek
J. Walter Pietrewicz, Mt. Carmel Senior High School, Mt. Carmel
Marvin Halye, Nescopeck High School, Nescopeck
Shirley M. Boyd, New Castle Senior High School, New Castle
Joseph Constable, Eisenhower High School, Norristown
Arthur Burns, Schenley High School, Pittsburgh
Sidney Rubin, Schenley High School, Pittsburgh
Lawrence Winmon, Schenley High School, Pittsburgh
Thomas Ruddy, South Hills High School, Pittsburgh
James Ponter, Pottsville High School, Pottsville
Virginia E. Ford, Yeadon Senior High School, Yeadon
Frederic Hoppe, Yeadon Senior High School, Yeadon
John H. Leary, Yeadon Senior High School, Yeadon
Gertrude Ricketts, Yeadon Senior High School, Yeadon
Romaine Seifert, William Penn Senior High School, York

RHODE ISLAND

Jean Newton, Cranston High School, Cranston
Paride Ombrellaro, Central High School, Providence

SOUTH DAKOTA

Barbara Cope, Belle Fourche High School, Belle Fourche
Ann Marie Doody, Belle Fourche High School, Belle Fourche
Mina Hantz, Belle Fourche High School, Belle Fourche
Dorothy Kimball, Belle Fourche High School, Belle Fourche
Phyllis Redfield, Belle Fourche High School, Belle Fourche
Phyllis Vallery, Belle Fourche High School, Belle Fourche
Dorothy Sherwood, Central High School, Madison
Marietta Haney, Rapid City High School, Rapid City

TENNESSEE

Sarah Anne Ammerman, Chattanooga High School, Chattanooga
L. D. Ralph, Jr., Goodlettsville High School, Goodlettsville
Jeanne Duclos, Central High School, Cookeville
Vincent Whitson, Central High School, Cookeville
Irene Gipson, Chester County High School, Henderson
Billy Baumann, Knoxville High School, Knoxville
Howard Lane, Knoxville High School, Knoxville
Alice Richards, Knoxville High School, Knoxville
Charles Larew, Rule High School, Knoxville
Tommy Wells, Bellevue Junior High School, Memphis
Barbara Alexander, Central High School, Memphis
Louise Coley, Central High School, Memphis
Robert Hall, Humes High School, Memphis
Charles Nicholas, Jr., Humes High School, Memphis
Joseph Wilson, Humes High School, Memphis
Mae Hartman, West End High School, Nashville
Lee Ruch, Central High School, Winchester

TEXAS

Helen Granger, Beaumont High School, Beaumont
Ted Rogers, Texas Country Day School, Dallas
Wallace Aderhold, Edinburg Senior High School, Edinburg
John Czencz, Edinburg Senior High School, Edinburg
Margie Willard, Milby Senior High School, Houston
Ruth Bagley, Tivy High School, Kerrville
Rhudean Talley, Miami High School, Miami
Martha Sue Franklin, Thomas Jefferson High School, Port Arthur
Mary Edith Moore, Thomas Jefferson High School, Port Arthur
John Scully, Jr., Thomas Jefferson High School, Port Arthur
Warren Whaley, Thomas Jefferson High School, Port Arthur
John C. Farrell, Talco High School, Talco

UTAH

Vernon Hill, Davis High School, Kaysville
Raynard A. Sandwick, Cyprus High School, Magna
Ray Cox, Central High School, Ogden
Dean Price, Central High School, Ogden
Lee Andelin, Ogden High School, Ogden
Robert Daniels, Ogden High School, Ogden

BLENDED 33 TIMES TO MAKE ONE GREAT BEER!

A BRAND NEW BONNET WITH A BLUE RIBBON ON IT

The goodness never varies—because every single glass of BLUE RIBBON is a blend of 33 separate brews!

Treat yourself to a glass of Pabst Blue Ribbon today. First you'll enjoy the *look* of it—the clarity, the sparkle, the creamy head.

Then you'll discover what beer flavor and beer smoothness can *really* be!

For in that glass—and in every glass of Blue Ribbon is a blend of not two, or five, or twelve...but *33* separate brews, from 33 separate kettles.

And each brew is as fine as 96 years of skill, the 28 Pabst scientists, and Pabst ingredients can make it.

An expensive way to brew? Of course! But that's what makes Blue Ribbon *America's Premium Beer,* with a smoothness that is unique . . . and a goodness that never varies.

Sometime today, have the pleasure of meeting a glass of Blue Ribbon.

It's the **BLEND** *that Betters the Beer*

Try Pabst Blue Ribbon *and Prove it*

Copyright 1940, Pabst Brewing Company, Milwaukee

Eugene Smith, Ogden High School, Ogden
John P. Pappas, Price Junior High School, Price
Harold Berg, Granite High School, Salt Lake City
Ray Eakle, Granite High School, Salt Lake City
Lowell W. Miles, Granite High School, Salt Lake City

VERMONT

Esther Leysath, Central High School, Springfield

VIRGINIA

Neil Wolfford, Mount Vernon High School, Alexandria
Joe Lonas, Osbourn High School, Manassas
Taro Kawakami, Woodrow Wilson High School, Portsmouth
Helen Faye Szalkay, Woodrow Wilson High School, Portsmouth

WASHINGTON

Herbert Ellis, Bothell High School, Bothell
Byrdine Horn, Bothell High School, Bothell
Bob James, Bothell High School, Bothell
Lois Calhoun, Camas High School, Camas
Betty Allison, Chelan High School, Chelan
Rosemary Bunger, Ellensburg High School, Ellensburg
Shirley Hand, Ellensburg High School, Ellensburg
Wesley Koentz, Ellensburg High School, Ellensburg
Maryalice Phelps, Ellensburg High School, Ellensburg
Edna May Schnebly, Ellensburg High School, Ellensburg
Patricia Stevens, Ellensburg High School, Ellensburg
Walter Matson, Kalama Schools, Kalama
Mavis Goldsmith, R. A. Long High School, Longview
Mary Hale, R. A. Long High School, Longview
Iris Mae Jalma, R. A. Long High School, Longview
Elaine Peterson, Ballard High School, Seattle
Michael Barton, Broadway High School, Seattle
John Humphries, Broadway High School, Seattle
Yukio Suzuki, Broadway High School, Seattle
Dik Vrooman, Broadway High School, Seattle
Max Gubatayao, Garfield High School, Seattle
Frank Larsen, Garfield High School, Seattle
John J. Hanson, Queen Anne High School, Seattle
Fred McClintock, Queen Anne High School Seattle
Don Smeeton, Queen Anne High School, Seattle
Rolf Case, Vancouver Senior High School, Vancouver
Elaine Eberle, Vancouver Senior High School, Vancouver
Donald Morey, Vancouver Senior High School, Vancouver
Josephine Nickerson, Vancouver Senior High School, Vancouver
Richard Norwood, Vancouver Senior High School, Vancouver

WEST VIRGINIA

Walter Gosciewski Jr., Masontown High School, Masontown
Bruno Bartucca, Jr., Matoaka High School, Matoaka
Carmine Roberts, Weirton High School, Weirton

WISCONSIN

Robert Keyes, Fond Du Lac Senior High School, Fond Du Lac
Joyce Fox, East High School, Green Bay
Jeanne LaTraille, East High School, Green Bay
Dorothy Cartier, West High School, Green Bay
Bill L. Hinz, West High School, Green Bay
Phyllis Kay Hogan, West High School, Green Bay
Philip Newton Kellogg, West High School, Green Bay
Jerry Perrigove, West High School, Green Bay
Harry Pierkowski, West High School, Green Bay
Nancy Silverwood, West High School, Green Bay
Marjorie Van Langendon, West High School, Green Bay
Erma V. Rowe, Ladysmith High School, Ladysmith
John Reiss, Messmer High School, Milwaukee
Clyde Schwellenbach, Neillsville High School, Neillsville
Ray Felton, Central High School, Sheboygan
Robert Margenan, Central High School, Sheboygan
Raymond Perlman, Central High School, Sheboygan
Rupert Roden, Central High School, Sheboygan
Marjorie Thornton, Central High School, Sheboygan

WYOMING

Wayne Lloyd Davidson, Sheridan High School, Sheridan
Peggy Yates, Sheridan High School, Sheridan

WINNERS OF ARTICLE AWARDS WILL BE ANNOUNCED NEXT MONTH

Double fault

(*Continued from page 23*)

there, and I'm telling you, Hanway, what I told Pat. Until I see my boy win the title, my life will be incomplete."

His big hand thumped the arm of his chair lightly. "And, by all the saints," he said, "he's going to be champion! You and I and that girl of yours are going to make sure he's champion."

"Wait a minute," I told him. "Let's leave Peggy out of this."

"Do you suppose she'd want to see her husband and her husband's father estranged? Do you think she'd want to know that she came between a father and his only son?"

"It's unfair!" I protested "Peggy hasn't had anything to do with Pat's decision. Whatever Pat told you was on his own. My girl hasn't interfered."

He tossed his cigar through an open window, out onto the terrace, and stood up. "She's going to interfere now, Hanway," he told me. "She's going to tell Pat to stay in tennis. She's going to do that because she loves my boy and doesn't want to ruin his life."

He flung out his hands. "My God!" he cried. "I'm only asking for a couple of years! They can spare me that, can't they?"

I didn't say anything.

"You think it over, Hanway," he said. "You'll see that I'm right. Peggy will see it too, after you tell her what I've told you." . . .

PEGGY sat for a long time without speaking when I'd finished telling her what Oliver G. Smalley had said. She sat there, looking at the floor, her hands clasped, leaning forward with her arms on her knees.

"You make up your own mind," I told her. "My job has nothing to do with it, honestly. I'm just telling you what he told me. It's for you and Pat to decide."

"We couldn't wreck the old man's life," Peggy said, in a voice just above a whisper. "Pat's all he's got."

It was true. Oliver G. Smalley owned mills and railroads and steamship lines. He elected senators and governors. He refused decorations from foreign governments. And all he had, really, was Pat and that vision of Pat coming off the center court at Forest Hills. . . . So Peggy told Pat to keep on playing tennis.

It must have been pretty bad. Peggy cried when she told me about it later. "He looked at me," she said, hiccoughing a little, "and his face got white and he looked a million years old."

A couple of deep breaths while she fought for her voice. "And then—and then he began talking. He sounded like—like he was talking through his teeth. He—he told me I was afraid to marry him without his father's money. He told me he knew I thought he couldn't do anything but play tennis. Couldn't make a living for himself. He asked me how much his father had paid me to tell him to keep on playing tennis!"

"He didn't mean that," I said. "He didn't know what he was saying."

"And then," Peggy said, "he told me that he *would* play tennis. He said he'd play tennis until his father and I would hate the word."

I did the best I could, but I still felt pretty rotten the next day when I saw Pat in the clubhouse and went up to him. "Pat," I said, "I think you've got everything wrong."

He looked at me, and his face was hard and stiff. There was hate in his eyes. "I think I understand everything," he rapped out. "I suppose you were in on it too."

I started to say something but he interrupted me.

"How much did the old man pay you?" he asked. "Or did you get a split of Peggy's share?"

I hit him, hard, in the mouth. He stood there, with the blood oozing down from his split lip. Big Bill Agnew came across the room and grabbed Pat's arm. The boy stared at me, and then turned and walked out. I went up to my office and wrote out my resignation. It was refused, and I got a written apology from Pat. It was a note as tight and as stiff as his face had been and concealing none of the contempt he felt for me. . . .

BIG BILL AGNEW took Pat out on the tournament circuit, and the kid won all of them. Word drifted back to us saying that Pat became less popular with every match he won. He played a clean brand of tennis, but it wasn't the brand that people liked to watch. He beat his first round opponents in love sets and made them ridiculous. He never double-faulted after a linesman had made an obvious boner. He never smiled. He just played perfect tennis, nothing else.

Ma and I sent Peggy on a cruise after the blowup. She came back, looking peaked, with shadows under her eyes that hadn't been there before, and fewer smiles than she had had.

If Pat's tennis success was making Oliver G. Smalley happy, the old man certainly didn't show it. Pat was always away now,

May [illegible], 1940

Eastman Kodak Company
Rochester, N. Y.

Gentlemen:

My film library contains records of trips, floods, parties, picnics, weddings, fishing camps, flowers, horse races, boats, caves, trains, vacations, and a zoo. A club of girls was given a "screen test." I have filmed an entire day's activities of the Camp Fire Girls in Michigan, and now the Boy Scouts want to see their camp in movies.

Each reel tells its own story -- a never-ending source of entertainment.

And is the Ciné-Kodak Eight dependable and sturdy! Day or night, indoors or out, rain or shine! I have made dozens of reels and no repairs. Movie making expensive? Anything but -- I can pack an awful lot of movies into a few dollars' worth of film.

Very truly yours,

J. C. Lyon

[illegible] Normal Avenue
Chicago, Ill.

"many movies... few dollars," *writes Mr. Lyon*

Make your movies with the Ciné-Kodak Eight, and a dime or less pays for an entire movie scene.

Each scene runs as long on the home movie screen as the average shot in the newsreels, and the Eight makes 20 to 30 such scenes on a roll of film costing only $2, *finished, ready to show.*

See Ciné-Kodak Eight, and the excellent movies it makes . . . at your Ciné-Kodak dealer's . . . Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y.

MAKES MARVELOUS MOVIES AT EVERYBODY'S PRICE

KODAK'S NEW COLOR SHOW—AGAIN THE HIT OF THE NEW YORK WORLD'S FAIR

Millions of people have marveled at the beauty and drama of Kodachrome full-color pictures projected on a 187-foot screen, longest in the world... Also at the Kodak Building—expert advice on picture taking at the Fair. Don't forget your Ciné-Kodak.

Ciné-Kodak Eight *only* $29.50

playing the tournament jumps with Big Bill, and the millionaire used to spend a lot of time at the club, sitting in the lounge with a dead cigar in his mouth, staring at the paper he wasn't reading. Once he asked me if I'd heard from Pat.

"Me!" I said. "Why should I ever hear from him? He hates my guts."

He looked down at his feet for a moment. "He never writes me, either," he said. "I get an occasional letter from Agnew, but Pat never writes me."

"Well, he's playing good tennis," I said. I couldn't help saying that.

"Yes," he said. "He's certainly playing good tennis." He seemed to square his shoulders with an effort. "I always said that boy would make a champion," he said. It sounded as though he were trying to convince himself of something.

Pat went over to Wimbledon and got to the semifinals before he lost a close one to the Frenchman who was hot that year. The papers tried to whip up some human-interest stuff about the boy, but it was hard going. It was easy to see that the sports writers detested him. The best they could say about him were things about his "usual machine-like game" and "shots as flawless and as cold as polished steel."

Pat's father showed me a cable from Agnew the day after the Wimbledon semi finals. It said: "Tennis elbow threatening withdrawing Forest Hills."

Smalley looked up at me, his eyes dull with disappointment. "Next year," he said uncertainly. "We'll have to wait until next year."

PAT didn't come home. Instead, he went to California to bake out his elbow.

Lester Gardiner came to me shortly after Easter of the following year. It was a surprise to me, even though I had known that Peggy and he had been going places together. He was a nice kid, stammering and stuttering and almost showing me his bankbook to prove he could support Peggy with his new position as aeronautical engineer.

"How does Peggy feel about this?" I asked him.

This honest kid shuffled some words around a while and let me know that Peggy was willing. So I shook hands with him, and Ma gave some sort of a party and the engagement was announced. The wedding was set for Thanksgiving.

Despite everything he had done, I couldn't help feeling sorry for Old Man Smalley. Whereas he had been big and ruddy and hearty, now he was baggy and color'ess and uncertain. He withdrew from active control of his interests on advice of his doctors. He spent most of his time these days at the club, watching the youngsters who weren't Pat play tennis full of errors and laughs. He'd get to the club before noon, have lunch there, and then sit on the terrace until his big car came for him at dusk. Then he'd slouch over to his limousine and go home. Alone.

The tournament season started again, and it was easy to see that this was Pat's year. He galloped through the minor meetings and went to London an odds-on favorite. Nobody stopped him at Wimbledon. He beat the Frenchman who had beaten him the previous year.

Pat's father came to the clubhouse on the morning of the finals in London and listened to the games over the radio. When Pat banged his service ace past the Frenchman and it was all over, Oliver G. Smalley leaned back in his chair. "Forest Hills next," he croaked. "This is the year."

PAT came back to the United States, but not home to his father. I wrote him a letter, telling him that his father was very sick and asking him to forgive the old man and come home. I felt I had to, for some reason.

Pat's answer was a brief wire. "After Forest Hills, maybe," it said.

I showed the wire to Peggy. Perhaps I shouldn't have, but I did. "He's not coming home after Forest Hills," I said. "Somehow I know he's never coming home."

"But he's got to!" Peggy protested. "Mr. Smalley hasn't got long to live. Pat can't be that cruel."

"He's not cruel," I told her. "He's just living up to a promise he made his father. A promise to play tennis."

"Tennis!" she cried. "I hate the word!"

"He said he'd make you hate it," I reminded her. "He said he'd make you and his father hate it. I wouldn't be surprised if his father feels the same way you do."

"Tennis," she repeated. "It's ruined his life—his life and mine and his father's."

"He hasn't ruined your life," I said. "You've got Lester, you know."

Peggy looked at me and began blinking before she dropped her head.

I put a hand under her chin and raised her face. "Don't make a mistake, kid," I warned her. "Better to disappoint somebody now than hurt somebody bad, later."

She crumpled against me. "Oh, Pop," she cried. "Pop! He's so swell but—but it isn't love. Not the love Pat and I had."

I looked over her shoulder and into the eyes of Lester Gardiner. The boy had come into the room while we were talking. One look at his eyes told me he had heard. I looked at him, and I cursed Oliver G. Smalley and the things his obsession had done to all of us, Pat, my kid, myself, and now this decent boy.

A. John Kaunus

"Is this what you meant by 'previous experience'?"

He was a thoroughbred, that kid. He even managed a kind of a smile while he talked to Peggy, later. "It's a tough break, that's all," he told her at the end. "You go find Pat and talk some sense into him." . . .

We did go to Forest Hills, Peggy and I. Smalley was confined to his bed by then and he sent for me. He was very low, with his voice rasping in gusty wheezes, as though it was an effort to talk.

"Bring him back, Hanway," the millionaire said. "We made—mistake. Agnew and I. Ruined—kid's life. Too selfish. You know—used to be—good boy. Still is. Our fault—way he is now. He's not to blame."

His mouth moved in a weird sort of a grin. "Might—be joke there. Agnew and me. Tennis crazy. Made—religion out of—game. Our fault. Each of us. Tennis. Double fault. Funny, Hanway?"

He was silent a while with his breath wheezing. The nurse moved to his side and frowned at me. I started to go, but his eyes opened again and his voice was stronger: "Tell him to come home, Hanway. Tell him, never mind—championship. Tell him to hell with tennis. I want my boy." . . .

WE MET Big Bill Agnew at the doorway of the Forest Hills pavilion, that afternoon of the finals. It was hot, with a bright, white sun beating down on the amphitheater. Pat was playing the Frenchman again—this time for the championship for which his whole life had been shaped.

Agnew was excited. It was his day, too. This was the day he had worked for with Pat for years and he knew he had a winner. He shook hands with Peggy and me. "Great day," he said. "Pat's in swell shape."

"Where is he?" Peggy asked.

"He's about ready to go on."

"I want to see him," said Peggy.

Bill's eyes narrowed. "You can't see him now," he said. "He's ready to play."

"We've got to see him," I said. "It's important."

Agnew hesitated. "Is it about his father?" he asked.

I nodded.

"Dead?" Big Bill asked.

"No," Peggy answered. "He's not dead. He's got a message for Pat."

Agnew shook his bald head. "It might upset him," he answered. "You know he and his father—well—he might not understand."

"He'll understand this," Peggy said. "It's what he's been waiting to hear ever since he was a boy."

Big Bill Agnew was no fool. He must have guessed what Peggy had to tell Pat. He knew, anyway, that it was something that might dislocate a cog in that marvelous tennis machine he had built. He was taking no chances. He leaned down and talked to Peggy, his lips tight against his teeth. "Listen," he said. "I've worked years with that kid, and today I'm going to realize on my investment. You know what I've got in there? I've got the only perfect tennis player the world's ever seen. There isn't one flaw in his whole game. He's going to stay that way."

"But—" Peggy began.

"Do you know what ruins good tennis players?" Big Bill kept on. "Temperament, nine cases out of ten. They fall in love or they have their feelings hurt or they get swell-headed. This boy won't. He hasn't got an ounce of temperament and he never will have. He doesn't love anybody. He doesn't even like anybody. He can just play tennis, and that's what he's going to play—for me. After today there's the Davis Cup and then pro tennis. There's no end to the tennis that boy can play."

I don't suppose you could blame Big Bill Agnew too much. His whole life was tennis, and I guess he thought he was giving Pat the best the world had to offer—tennis supremacy.

"Mr. Agnew," said Peggy, and I wondered how her voice could be so low and still carry through the noise of the crowd, "Pat's father is dying. He wants Pat now. He's sent word to Pat, telling him the championship doesn't mean anything. That coming home's the important thing now."

Agnew gave a hard laugh and shrugged. "You're too late," he said. "He doesn't care what his father says. He doesn't care what you say. I told you that kid doesn't love anybody, didn't I? That goes for his old man and you too, little girl."

Peggy looked up at the tall, bald-headed man, and her chin went out. "Mr. Agnew," she said, "you're a damn' liar."

She was small, as I've said, and she scooted past Big Bill like a rabbit going past a greyhound. She darted into the pavilion, with Agnew right after her, swearing a blue streak. And I was after Big Bill, with my fists balled up, for some reason.

The three of us scrambled into the pavilion and there, by the door leading to the courts, was Pat. He turned when he heard the scuffle of feet, and when Peggy cried his name he dropped the three rackets he was carrying under his arm and started toward her.

PEOPLE stared at us while Peggy ran up to him and flung her arms around his neck. For a second I saw Pat lose his icy look, and there was something in his face that I had seen when he and Peggy were going together, before the blowup. Then the cold curtain went down over his face again and he stood there, looking at Peggy and then over her shoulder at Big Bill Agnew and me.

"Don't listen to her!" Big Bill shouted. "Get out on that court and play your match. They're waiting."

"Pat, you've got to listen," Peggy said. "I'm talking for your father. Pat, your father wants you to come home. Now. He said he doesn't care anything about the championship. He said—he said to *hell* with tennis, Pat! He said that the only thing that matters now is you!"

Big Bill grabbed my girl by the arm and started to pull her away. Pat shoved him aside.

"Wait a minute," he said. He turned to Peggy. "Did my Dad really say that?"

"He really did, Pat. And he meant it."

"Get out there and play!" Big Bill screamed.

People were crowding around us. I saw the flicker of light that meant a newspaper photographer was somewhere near.

Pat didn't seem to hear Big Bill nor see the crowd. He was looking down at Peggy, and as he looked it seemed that a glacier swept down off his face. His eyes lit up and his mouth loosened. He put a hand on each

We call her "Old Mrs. Millions"

1. THIS IS OUR TOWN'S RICH WIDOW. We call her "Old Mrs. Millions." Not a bad sort when you get to know her, but she's crotchety as a bear and thinks the whole town wants her money.

2. WELL, I'M PASSING HER HOUSE when I meet a neighbor of mine, Mary Banks, who had been to see the old girl for a contribution to the community chest. *I wish you could have seen Mary's face!*

3. I TRIED TO EXCUSE the old lady by saying she wasn't well. "In fact," said I, "she's a *pill fancier.* Collects cathartics the way other people collect postage stamps." Well, we walk on to Mary's house. And while I'm resting, Mary comes out with—*what do you think?*

4. A PACKAGE OF KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN! "You know Mrs. Millions," she says, "better than I. Why don't you suggest that she *prevent* her constipation instead of always trying to *'cure'* it after it happens? She probably needs the right kind of 'bulk' in her diet. If so, eating ALL-BRAN for breakfast regularly might do wonders, *even for her disposition!*"

5. SOME TIME LATER, while Mary was cutting flowers, up barges the old girl as chipper as a kitten on a sunny day. "Young lady," she says, "I'm told it's to *you* I'm indebted for a great favor. Won't you accept this for your community chest—from one who has 'Joined the *Regulars'?*" And she waves a nice fat check!

Join the "Regulars" with KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN

MADE BY KELLOGG'S IN BATTLE CREEK

COPYRIGHT, 1940, BY KELLOGG COMPANY

Easy Arithmetic for educated palates

−Subtract

Subtract from the taste of your whiskey all trace of sweetness, by making sure it's Paul Jones—the famous DRY whiskey. Your very first sip of Paul Jones will demonstrate its crisp, tangy DRYNESS...its complete freedom from sweetness . . .

+Add

Add to its brisk DRYNESS the deep, flavorful goodness that tells you Paul Jones is ALL whiskey, whiskey every drop. Add, too, the many other distinguished qualities that have made Paul Jones renowned as "A Gentleman's Whiskey Since 1865"...

×Multiply

Multiply the compliments you receive on your drinks by making them with Paul Jones, next time you're host. Let its swell DRYNESS point up your highballs . . . give your Manhattans superb zest . . .

÷Divide

Divide the new low price of Paul Jones by the number of masterful drinks it makes, and you'll see how little it costs to enjoy this magnificent whiskey. In fact, *any* way you figure it, you'll find that the right answer at drink time is Paul Jones!

Paul Jones

IT'S DRY . . . AND WHAT A BUY!

All whiskey. A blend of straight whiskies—90 Proof
Frankfort Distilleries, Inc., Louisville & Baltimore.

of her shoulders. "My God, Peggy!" he said huskily. "If you knew how long I've been waiting to hear that!"

"Pat!" Big Bill yelled.

Pat bent closer to Peggy. "And you?" he asked. "Do you want me to come back, too?"

SHE didn't have to answer. The flash bulbs flickered again as he gathered her up and kissed her.

Agnew wedged his way up to Pat. "Listen, you!" he shrilled. "You can't let me down like this! Not after all these years!"

Pat straightened up and grinned at Big Bill. His voice was different from any he'd ever used before. "Take it easy, Bill," he said. "You'll strain something, yelling like that. I'll play your match. I'll win your championship. Pop, here, can call Dad and tell him we'll all grab a plane home as soon as the match is over. Tell him, Pop, I'm winning this one for him, because I want to. And, Bill, take it easy. After all, tennis is only a game. And this match ought to be a lot of fun—Lord, what a lot of fun!"

When I got back to the courts, after phoning Oliver G. Smalley's nurse and relaying Pat's message, the first set was nearly over and everybody knew it was all Pat. But a different Pat. A Pat who laughed when the Frenchman fooled him. A Pat who gave the aging champion every break in the game, who slowed up his own pace when the other man tired, who threw two games into the net after a myopic line judge called them wrong by a mile. A Pat who wiped out, in that one match, all the dislike he had earned for himself with the letter-perfect tennis he had formerly played.

It wasn't great tennis, but it was good tennis. It was what tennis was meant to be—one of the best-loved games we know.

Later, I learned that Pat's father had listened to the match after insisting that a radio be moved to his bedside. He was still beaming when the three of us, Pat, Peggy and I, walked into his room that night. "Nice game, son," he said.

"What kind of a game do you think I'd give my old man for a coming-home present?" Pat asked. And we all laughed, because if we hadn't it would have been too bad.

Pat didn't defend his title. He was too busy taking over his father's business.

He laid off tennis for a long time. He and Peggy were married for more than three years before he picked up a racket again. You've got to keep playing to keep tennis form. Pat found that out when he entered the club tournament and was knocked out in the quarter-finals.

Big Bill Agnew was standing beside me when Pat dropped the final point and ran up to the net, laughing, to shake hands with the kid who had beaten him.

"Look at that," Big Bill grunted. "Had the best game of tennis in the world a few years ago and threw it away. Got nothing left now. Absolutely nothing."

I looked over to where Peggy was handing Pat his sweater. They were laughing over some joke. While I watched, Lester Gardiner came up with his new wife, and then some other people gathered around, until there was a little crowd down at the end of the terrace. You could see they were all having a good time.

"Yeah," I told Big Bill Agnew. "It sure is a shame, isn't it?"

✣ ✣ ✣ ✣ ✣

AMERICA'S INTERESTING PEOPLE

FULL-COLOR PHOTOGRAPH BY MADDICK
MEADE HERRICK FOR THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE

Soloist

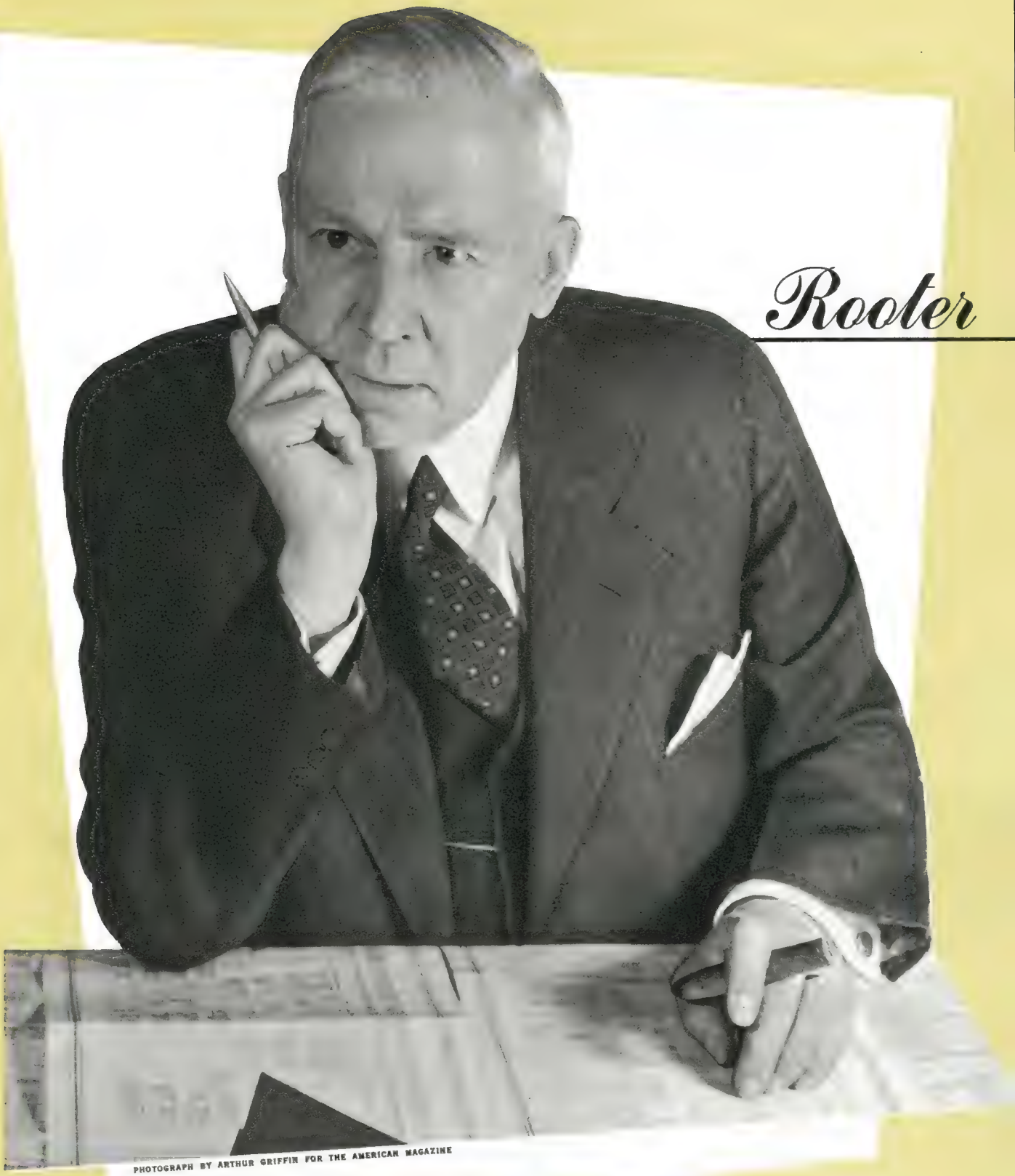
WHILE Evelyn Hudson's slim fingers pounded the typewriter her head was in the clouds. Eight years ago she was an 18-year-old secretary in a Honolulu business office, spending her spare time learning to fly. Today she is one of America's outstanding petticoat pilots—first woman official instructor in Uncle Sam's civilian pilot-training program (CAA), and holder of the world's light plane solo endurance record of 33 hours, 9 minutes. With more than 1,000 flying hours to her credit and a commercial pilot's license, she is a professor of flying at Pasadena Junior College in California. Soon after she first learned to fly Evelyn chipped in with some friends and bought a six-seater land plane and earned pin money "hopping" passengers between the Hawaiian Islands at a cent and a half a pound, bathroom scales. Once was caught in a pea-soup storm and drove the plane for an hour just ten feet above the tops of the waves. But she delivered her cargo safely. Maybe the reason she wasn't scared was that, besides being a pilot, she was Hawaii's springboard diving champion.

Stickers

PHOTOGRAPH BY BOB LEAVITT FOR THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE

STICKING together through 30 years of married life has meant the difference between life and death to Ed and Jennie Rooney. Married in their teens, these perennial youngsters for three decades have been thrilling audiences with one of the most breath-taking trapeze acts of the circus. High up near the roof of the tent, with no safety net below, Ed swings from the trapeze while Jennie hangs suspended head downward from Ed's feet—nothing but a firm foot-to-foot clasp to save her from the long dive. But a harder feat than that, they think, was putting their son through college and setting him up as a dentist on the profits of their swinging career. Ed and Jennie grew up in the circus, where their parents starred before them. They fell in love and got engaged one day while riding the same elephant in the circus parade. Then they practiced their trapeze act together and sold it to the boss when they were married. Today their proudest boast is that they both weigh the same as on their wedding day—Jennie, 114 pounds, Ed, 148.

Rooter



PHOTOGRAPH BY ARTHUR GRIFFIN FOR THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE

WHO gets the headache of working out the summer-long schedules of the 16 baseball clubs in the two major leagues? You'd never guess. He's a quiet banker by the name of Clement Schwener, who comes out of the safe-deposit vaults of a Boston trust company to play at his favorite hobby—puzzling with intricate schedules and timetables. And incidentally to root for his favorite team, the Boston Red Sox. Began his pastime 25 years ago with railway timetables, but gave them up for baseball. Submitted such a sure-fire playing schedule to big-league moguls that they've kept him doing it ever since. This Chinese puzzle involves routing the 16 clubs over the country with minimum travel and fitting as many as 1,232 games into 167 days of playing. Toughest problem is to give each club a fair share of choice Saturday, Sunday, and holiday home games, where gate receipts are biggest. This summer he's spending 20 hours a week figuring the 1941 schedule to show to club owners when they gather for the World Series.

Colorful

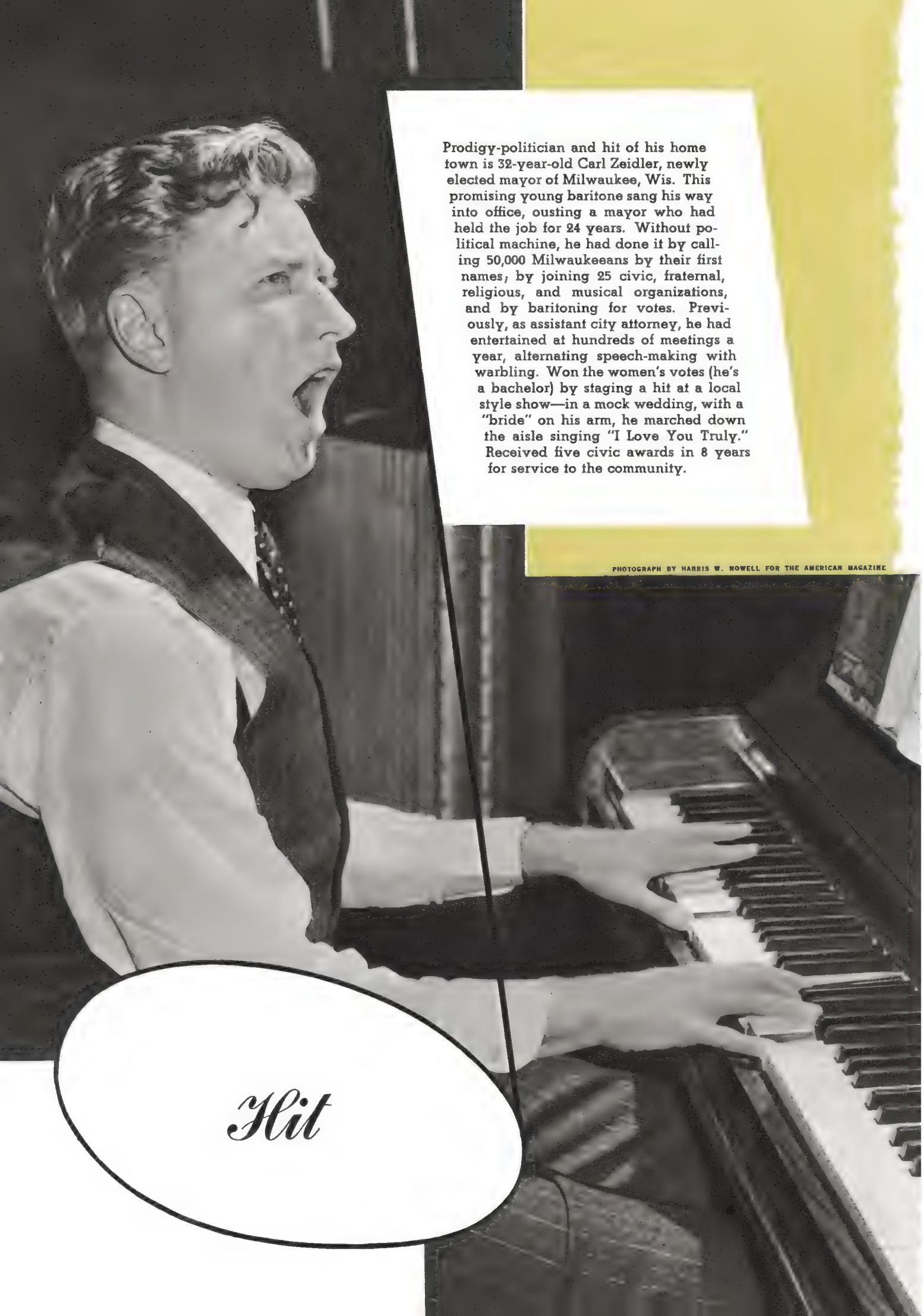
FULL-COLOR PHOTOGRAPH BY SCHUYLER CRAIL FOR THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE

PICKING out the perfect lipstick for Movie Star Ann Sheridan (above) is just one little bright spot in the day for Natalie Kalmus. Hollywood's master artist of the color movies, she plans the chromatic details of a picture like a composer writing a symphony. As art director of technicolor, her most important job is selecting colors for sets and costumes which reflect the mood of the character—red, warm browns, and orange for a gay, vivacious girl, and green, gray, and blue for her quiet sister. Mrs. Kalmus started her color experiments with her husband 20 years ago. First studio was a boxcar on a Florida railroad siding. Since then she has received color-work awards from 14 art schools over the world. For a rest from the rainbow, she flies to her Cape Cod cottage in Massachusetts, which she calls home.

Poker

FULL-COLOR PHOTOGRAPH BY BOB LEAVITT FOR THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE

A. Bruce Bielaski, of Great Neck, N. Y., is America's No. 1 XG-man. He's the presiding officer of 300 alumni of the Federal Bureau of Investigation who meet once a year for hot-time reunion. All of them were once G-men, but left the F.B.I. for better-paying jobs. Now they're lawyers, accountants, police chiefs, private investigators. Officially they call themselves the Society of Former Special Agents of the F.B.I., Inc., and have local chapters in 30 states. Bielaski was J. Edgar Hoover's predecessor as Uncle Sam's Chief G-man. Now his job is chief arson investigator for the National Board of Fire Underwriters. Directs a squad of a hundred agents who try to stop fires before they start. Gets his clues by poking around in embers. Our photo shows him sitting in front of one fire that needs no watching—his own.



Prodigy-politician and hit of his home town is 32-year-old Carl Zeidler, newly elected mayor of Milwaukee, Wis. This promising young baritone sang his way into office, ousting a mayor who had held the job for 24 years. Without political machine, he had done it by calling 50,000 Milwaukeeans by their first names; by joining 25 civic, fraternal, religious, and musical organizations, and by baritoning for votes. Previously, as assistant city attorney, he had entertained at hundreds of meetings a year, alternating speech-making with warbling. Won the women's votes (he's a bachelor) by staging a hit at a local style show—in a mock wedding, with a "bride" on his arm, he marched down the aisle singing "I Love You Truly." Received five civic awards in 8 years for service to the community.

PHOTOGRAPH BY HARRIS W. NOWELL FOR THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE

Hit

Wirepuller

PHOTOGRAPH BY MULLER-KING STUDIO
FOR THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE

EVER poke your fingers into the open ends of one of those tricky little fiber mesh tubes that gripped your fingers and locked them? When Vivien Kellems, of Westport, Conn., first tried it, some 12 years ago, she couldn't pull her fingers out, but she did pull out an idea. Why not apply the same principle to the job of gripping heavy electric wires and cables and pulling them through conduits or threading them through building walls? She sold the idea to contractors, and since then "cable grips," as she calls them, have pulled electric power supply cables from Boulder Dam in Colorado to Los Angeles, Calif., helped rewire the Statue of Liberty, and threaded cables through skyscrapers and over bridges from coast to coast. Our photo shows Miss Kellems in a manhole testing one of her grips. Was recently voted leading woman in industry for 1940 by 200 top women executives.

FULL-COLOR PHOTOGRAPH BY IFOR THOMAS FOR THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE

MAKING travelers comfortable is the full-time business of Otto Kuhler, of West Nyack, N. Y. He has put the "just like home" atmosphere into de luxe streamlined trains of ten American railroads, and has set the style for as many more. His ideas include such innovations, for railway cars, as homey wood paneling and wood-framed chairs, hidden luggage racks, armchair ash trays, and new types of glareless lighting. Travels about 85,000 miles a year talking with passengers and gathering suggestions. Not long ago, for instance, a woman traveler complained to him that the light over the facing end seats in the coach disturbed her baby by shining in its eyes. Kuhler got busy and designed a car with an especially lighted glareless section for mothers with babies. Just now he's working on his "dream train"—with tip-back seats that keep you from sliding forward and with windows for upper berths. His favorite pastime is playing electric trains with his 9-year-old son. Our photo shows them with a model of a train he designed.

Deluxer

UNCLE SAM'S HEAVEN

(*Continued from page 60*)

couldn't help seeing an immense mahogany four-poster bed.

"Yas, it pretty," the owner admitted, grinning, "but that not the point, baas. Mahogany 'bout de only wood dem little termites won't tetch. Don' care if mah house goes, but don' want mah bed fallin' down."

An amazing number of dirt-poor natives also had these majestic beds, we learned.

Things were pleasantly backward. Bananas were called "figs," but we didn't care, because they were five for a penny. Beef was called "veal," but most of it was only 18 cents a pound. "Yams" were really white potatoes. Instead of New Year's Eve, they celebrated Old Year's Night. Why not?

The natives don't speak the Negro dialect as we know it. Their speech is principally English, but served up with touches of Danish, French, and Spanish. Altogether, a weird jargon.

Some day (the Virgin Islands fondly hope) they will put Reno out of business as a divorce mill. Recently the council of St. Thomas and St. John passed an easy divorce law allowing almost any grounds, even "incompatibility of temperament." And you may now become a legal resident of the islands in six weeks.

THE new law was passed frankly as tourist bait. Businessmen, rubbing their hands, sat back to wait for the rush.

They're still waiting. The amazing fact is that the "new" law is nearly a year old—and not one single divorce has yet been granted under it! The situation is so desperate that somebody suggested that Betty and I start the ball rolling by obtaining the first divorce.

"It wouldn't cost you a cent," he said. "Afterward, you could remarry right away."

We said thanks, but we were sort of old-fashioned about divorces, especially gag divorces.

I still couldn't see why there hadn't been *any* divorces, not even native divorces—until I learned that a great number of the natives don't bother getting married, in the first place. They just live together and contentedly rear their children.

Our days were lazy, golden, and timeless. We were as fascinated and naïve as the Bobsey Twins in Paradise. And in the warm tropics friendships, like flowers, grow swiftly.

George McKusick, of the U. S. Marines, and his wife, Betty Ann, had us for dinner in their home, which used to be the villa of General Santa Anna, (*Continued on page 82*)

"You Look Lovelier Every Day"

Use Pepsodent with Irium to Remove Ugly Surface-Stains that Discolor Teeth!

Official dental opinion, backed by 47,000 dentists, declares Pepsodent to be Safe, Effective and Truthfully Advertised... It removes Surface-Stains that make teeth look dull, dingy.

IF you want to see the true beauty of your teeth, remove ugly surface-stains that glue themselves to naturally sparkling surfaces. But if you want to be sure that you remove Surface-Stains quickly, effectively, *safely*, switch to Pepsodent.

Here's why! Only Pepsodent, of all tooth pastes and tooth powders, contains Irium, known to dentists as Purified Alkyl Sulfate. Irium is the Plus that enables Pepsodent to do a *better* job. And you can be sure of it! Because when you see the Seal of Acceptance of the Amerian Dental Association on Pepsodent's advertisements, it means that *47,000 dentists* stand back of the Seal that says Pepsodent is Safe, Effective, Truthfully Advertised. That's why you can trust Pepsodent with Irium completely.

Switch to Pepsodent with Irium today. See how much brighter your teeth will look when Surface-Stains are gone.

This Seal is Proof PEPSODENT is
✓Safe ✓Effective
✓Truthfully Advertised

AROUND THE HOUSE

WITH ROGER B. WHITMAN

THE country is certainly going to the blonds. Every day I receive letters rhapsodizing about the beautiful blond furniture in stores and homes. "Oh, for a magic wand," the correspondents sigh, "that would change our dark furniture to the blond honey shades." . . . There is a magic wand on the market in the shape of bleaching fluid which *will* do the trick. By following directions closely, maple, mahogany, and walnut can be successfully blondined so you'll be delighted with their new beauty.

SOILED Venetian blinds are easily cleaned, Mrs. E. R., Louisville, Ky. The first step is to wash them several times with turpentine to remove all traces of wax. You can then refinish with quick-drying enamel of any desired color. I wouldn't attempt to clean the tapes, which is a difficult job. I suggest you cover the present tapes with new ones especially designed for the purpose. You can buy them at many department stores, and you simply clip them on.

UNDER some conditions hay might be a good insulator, but I wouldn't recommend it for your house, Mr. H. A., Bangor, Maine. It will absorb moisture and rot, and it will attract mice and insects.

SPEAKING of insects, the wallpaper in the hall of Mrs. F. J.'s home in New Haven, Conn., is being eaten away, and she wants to know how to curb the appetite of the invaders. . . . The invading insects, no doubt, are silverfish, which like the starchy diet of wallpaper paste. Mrs. F. J. can get rid of them with pyrethrum powder. Put it in a powder puffer and blow it liberally into all cracks leading into walls and floors, not overlooking the crack between flooring and baseboard. Repeat every three days until the silverfish become discouraged.

"SAP from the flooring lumber keeps coming through a corner of our kitchen ceiling," writes Mrs. S. C., of Seattle, Wash. "What can we do?" . . . Get on a ladder and scrape the ceiling to the bare plaster. Then apply two coats of aluminum paint to the stained place. This will seal the plaster so that the sap cannot come through. Repaint the spot, and all will be well.

AN INTERESTED correspondent suggests a good way to turn yellowed white fabrics snowy white. After they have been washed and rinsed in the ordinary way, boil them for ten minutes in a pan of water to which one or two tablespoons of cream of tartar have been added. Then rinse them again. I am glad to pass on this useful hint.

PORCHES, steps, walks, and foundations of your house can be kept cool during the hot summer months by frequent sprinkling. Another way to keep cool is to have light-colored window shades which reflect heat, rather than dark ones which absorb it

AS a homeowner and a handyman around the house I believe there should be one day a month set aside as a "toucher-upper." It would be a day devoted to leaky faucets, leaky valves, rust spots, dirty window sills—all the hundred and one small things that keep a house looking spick-and-span. One way to keep inside sills looking fresh is to coat them with outdoor paint. With the windows open during the summer they are constantly exposed to outdoor weather. Rust on the iron framework of fireplaces will depart with the application of a rust-removing liquid or paste obtainable at any automobile store. Or a good soaking with kerosene will help. Leave the rust remover or kerosene on for an hour and then rub with an emery cloth. A high-temperature asphalt paint makes a good finish for ironwork, and it can be touched up should it blister with the heat.

Things New and Old That Should Be Better Known

Cement-asbestos shingles, with baked chinalike finish; waterproof, easily cleaned. . . . New type wood-burning stove with magazine feed; burns 8 to 24 hours on one fueling, with little or no formation of creosote. . . . Waterproof coating for walls and roofs of any material; special form of asphalt followed by crushed mineral in any color. . . . Bathroom fittings of china, to be recessed for tile walls or screwed to other walls. . . . Non-crackable awning paint.

A PROBLEM IN YOUR HOME? Roger B. Whitman is at your service. Send full details to him in care of The American Magazine, 250 Park Ave., New York, N. Y., enclosing self-addressed, stamped envelope.

(*Continued from page 81*) the famous Mexican strong man. Here he lived in exile, along with a lot of blondes and part of the Mexican treasury. Garden paths were lined with hundreds of champagne bottles, neck downward.

"That," said Betty, "is the way to spend an exile."

Then we met Stevie—or, more formally, Mr. Weld M. Stevens, a retired New York attorney who likes the islands better. He was shocked when we admitted we hadn't yet been over to the island of St. John.

"Tell you what," he said. "Tomorrow morning . . ."

So the next morning we were aboard Stevie's perky yacht, Jack Rose, bounding across the rough "Tortola Graveyard," two miles of water that separates St. John from St. Thomas. We anchored in Reef Bay, went ashore in the dinghy, and were met at the beach by an aging mulatto woman who wore spectacles, a torn straw hat, and faded blue trousers tucked into high-topped boots. She was Mistress Jensen. (Islanders never slur "Mrs." into a mere "Missus.")

We had heard of the primitive life on St. John, but this was the first time we had seen it. Mistress Jensen lived totally alone, surrounded by orange trees and limes and bananas, luscious papaya and sweet mangoes. The palm trees were heavy with hundreds, thousands, of coconuts.

Mistress Jensen probably had no cash in the world, but if this was "going native," we were for it. We walked through her land, up a lane of turpentine trees (which do not give turpentine). High on a hill above us we saw a majestic mansion, whose mighty white columns commanded the sea.

"Good Lord!" I said. "Who lives there?"

"Nobody," Stevie said slowly. "It's one of the old 'Great Houses.'" Then he told us how, at the dawn of the 18th century, St. John was a prosperous island, divided into great estates whose owners lived like cruel kings, with thousands of slaves tilling every inch of the mountainous land.

ONE morning in 1733 there was a bloody revolt. Nearly every white was massacred and most of the "Great Houses" were burned. For six months the slaves ruled themselves before they were put down. And in those six months St. John went swiftly back to jungle. It has never come back, and white men have never returned to develop it.

It was breathlessly lovely country. We walked along jungle paths bravely (after Stevie assured us there are practically no snakes on any of the islands, and none at all poisonous). I crushed the leaf of a bay tree, and immediately the forest smelled like an old-time barbershop. Betty picked a huge flaming oleander blossom for her hair—and a moment later discarded it for a spray of seven tiny purple orchids.

Another day we boarded the Jack Rose again and headed for the big island of Tortola, a stone's throw away. All morning long we cruised among lost islands, probed into deserted bays and inlets. We went beating up it into Sir Francis Drake Channel.

"He was the first to navigate this water," Stevie footnoted. "He was sneaking up to attack Puerto Rico. A Spanish fleet was looking for him, so he took this short cut. See that white speck just above the beach on Tortola? That's the house where Edna St. Vincent Millay, the poetess, and her husband are living."

On the way back, we dropped over a couple

How to help your husband buy the family car

IN most families the wife has her say about color, fabrics, interior trim, and probably the body type. She even takes a ride and passes judgment on the way the car rides and handles.

But when it comes to engineering features and the details of the "deal"—well, that's something the husband figures only a man can handle.

It's quite possible that a man *is* a better judge of mechanical matters than a woman. But in arranging the "deal" you can be mighty helpful to him if you will.

For like most car buyers you probably now have a car you expect to trade. And like most men, your husband is likely to figure that the more he gets for that car the better the "deal" he makes.

But suppose the dealer—if he does business that way—adds something to the new-car price he quotes you. In other words, as the trade puts it, suppose he "packs" his prices.

Then he can *afford* to offer a bigger trade-in allowance on your present car without reducing the money difference he collects from you. In fact, he can sometimes collect even more!

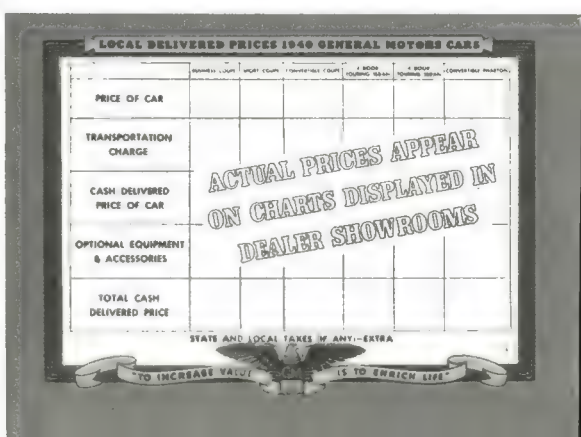
Obviously, this isn't a better "deal" at all. But what can you do about it? Just this:

First of all—to help you see all the items of the price you pay, General Motors has furnished its dealers with price charts like the one shown below—ask your General Motors dealer to show it to you.

In the second place—consider the *money difference* you pay out.

Figure out the difference between your present-car allowance and the new-car price, then decide whether that money difference buys the greatest *value*.

Buy on that basis and we think you'll buy a General Motors car. Ask your General Motors dealer to show you how "plainview" pricing works.



This is the kind of price chart furnished by General Motors to its dealers to show what makes up the local delivered prices of new cars delivered to customers.

GENERAL MOTORS

CHEVROLET • PONTIAC • OLDSMOBILE • BUICK • LA SALLE • CADILLAC

of simple hand lines. Plenty of fish, mostly mackerel, swirled at the lures, and the fish box was soon full.

"These waters have never been properly fished," Stevie remarked. "Nobody knows exactly what is here. But I've seen sailfish, tuna, wahoo, tarpon, and big bonefish, as well as plenty of lesser ones. Once we caught 26 fish in 80 minutes, with four lines out."

AFTER dinner and dark, Bob Nichols initiated me in the fine art of hunting lobsters. We carried flashlights and wore tennis shoes and 10-cent cotton work gloves. Then we found a coral reef where the water was hip-deep, and Bob waded in without a qualm. I followed, with several qualms.

"There's an octopus!" Bob yelled cheerfully. It was about 18 inches across and quite harmless . . . he said. Then I saw a lobster's eyes—two glowing red dots on the bottom. He slipped his glove-clad hand under water, approaching the lobster from the stern. Then he made one quick grab and pulled the lobster out of water, flapping like mad but helpless. Incidentally, they're the clawless "Florida lobster" type, or langusta. We got five in all, averaging about two pounds each. Bob seemed disappointed. "They've been caught here up to sixteen pounds," he muttered. But these did nicely, served up next day with drawn butter.

Several days later Bob Nichols told Betty and me he'd pick us up the next morning at eight. "Wear old clothes," he warned, "because we're going out in a boat."

"What kind of a boat?"

"You'll see."

And we did. Narrow as a needle, it was about 12 feet long, shaped from a single log. It was named a "caioca."

Antoine and Joseph, our oarsmen, loaded rocks into the boat for ballast, manned rough, long oars, and we were off, quickly feeling the surge of the Caribbean.

"We're not going out into the sea in this darned thing!" I yelled. But we were, and we did. The seas increased down East Gregerie Channel, in the teeth of the wind. The caioca bucked like a live thing, but the oar stroke never faltered.

"It's better than a roller coaster!" Betty exclaimed. Spray flew wildly and we were soon drenched. The Caribbean was never more than five inches below the gunwales and the bottom—really 40 feet below—looked dangerously near. We crept around Water Island, finally putting into Flamingo Bay to lunch under a giant sea grape tree.

"Y'know," Bob rambled, looking hard at me, "if people had a little more pioneering spirit, or something, they could have a damned fine time on one of these uninhabited islands."

"Go on," chorused Betty and I.

"Well, you could pitch a tent on any of them as long as you like. Get a rowboat, catch fish or hunt lobsters, pick limes. You could even eat bird eggs and get salt out of rock crevices if you had to. Why, you could get along for ten dollars a month."

"Ten dollars a month!"

"Well, make it a little easier for fifty dollars a month. There's no fresh water on any of the islands, but you could arrange with a fisherman to bring it to you every day or so. It'd be hard work, but, lord, what fun!"

Next day I went to see Lionel Roberts, a kindly old Negro who is chairman of the Municipal Council.

"The little islands?" he smiled. "Yes, most of them belong to the municipality. There are about sixty around us, and I think only three are inhabited. We could consider leasing them."

"How much?"

"Oh, say a dollar or so a month."

"How about buying one? I've heard you can pick one up for $50 or $60."

He laughed. "A great many people must have heard that. No, we are not anxious to sell the little islands. They are useful, and the sums we might get for them are too small to do any good."

"How about the privately owned islands?" I insisted.

"Most of the owners are wealthy, and they, too, would not be interested in a small sum."

"Then you think it's impossible to buy my own island for a reasonable sum?"

"No," he smiled. "Not impossible, but very, very difficult."

Later I bought Chart No. 905 of the Virgin Islands (U. S. Coast & Geodetic Survey, Washington, 75 cents) and *A Geographic Dictionary of the Virgin Islands* (Superintendent of Documents, Washington, 25 cents). The first illustrates and the second describes minutely every island, islet, cay, bay, and rock in a fascinating region.

IT WAS the best $1 investment I ever made. We are back now from the unknown, sea-girt paradise called the Virgin Islands. But we spend hours poring over the chart, dreaming the golden dream that Bob Nichols put into our heads: Of being lords in our own private kingdom, washed on all sides by clean seas, secure and independent and out of the world. Of priceless hours, lying in the sun, swimming on our own beach, fishing in our own waters. Of exploring other islands, as lost and remote as our own. Of air like wine and sunsets beyond belief, and the never-forgotton sea lying warm in the starlight.

Some day . . .

✣ ✣ ✣ ✣ ✣

Cause for DIVORCE

BY WM. STEIG

GIANTS in the garden

(Continued from page 48)

needs, where and when and how we want.

Can you picture yourself, twenty years from now, sitting in your garden under a flat-branched, broad-leafed tree that has been scientifically built to do umbrella duty? Over by the fence, for their beauty, you have planted poplars that grew from seedlings to giants in two years. Maybe you have been plucking zinnias as big as dinner plates. Will you cut up a watermelon-sized pear for the family's dinner, or would they rather have the blackberries that look like those old-fashioned plums of 1940?

Botanists say none of this is farfetched. Our children, they say, will have fruits and flowers beyond anything we can imagine.

Colchicine, however, displays no ability to produce a giant race of men. Nor will it grow hair on a bald head. The attempts, so far, to use it on higher animals have failed. Rabbits have not reacted, nor have fish.

WHAT is colchicine? Well, it comes from the bulb of the autumn-growing crocus—the meadow saffron, many people call it, because of its low-growing and handsome yellow flowers. The plant's formal name is colchicum, from which the white powder gets its name. The flowers grow wild in many parts of the United States, and quite densely in parts of Germany, France, and southern Europe.

At the drug counter colchicine sells for $25 an ounce. Don't jump to the conclusion, however, that raising autumn crocus is the coming bonanza. Only an infinitesimal amount is used in each solution. Dr. Albert F. Blakeslee and his colleagues in the Carnegie Institution laboratories at Cold Spring Harbor, N. Y.—one of the most active groups experimenting with colchicine now—say they have used only two thirds of an ounce in 18 months.

Both the Carnegie Institution and the Department of Agriculture in Washington have had a flood of letters from farmers asking how to raise meadow saffron. Some ask if it is advisable to take a lifetime saving of $1,000, say, and invest it in crocus bulbs.

In each case the replies have been—no, don't do it. There would be no market for the bulbs. Practically no colchicine is manufactured in this country; obtaining the drug from the crocus is an involved process of extraction and crystallization, done, mostly, in specialized factories in France. Even with the flurry of experimentation going on

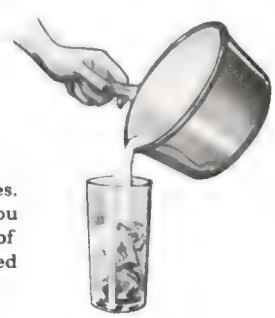
RECIPE

for making coffee in your icebox!

1. Make Sanka Coffee by your usual method,* but make it *double strength.* Use *two* heaping tablespoons of Sanka Coffee to each cup (½ pint) of water.

2. Pour your freshly made Sanka Coffee into an ice-cube tray. Cool. Set in refrigerator to freeze. A tray of these coffee cubes can be kept on hand, ready for instant use.

3. Now... when iced coffee is wanted, simply heat milk . . . not cream. Do not bring milk to a boil.



4. Fill a glass with the frozen coffee cubes. Then fill with warm milk. Instantly, you have delicious, refreshing iced coffee . . . of a consistency similar to iced coffee served with expensive cream.

WHY IT IS IMPORTANT TO USE SANKA COFFEE

5. Many people, who don't drink hot coffee because the caffein keeps them awake, should shy away from iced coffee too. For there is *more caffein* in *iced* coffee than in hot coffee! Iced coffee is made stronger . . . and a tall glass holds more coffee than a cup!

So make *your* iced coffee with Sanka Coffee. It's 97% caffein-free, and *can't* keep you awake. It's *real* coffee . . . *all* coffee . . . and is delicious iced. Best of all . . . *you drink it and sleep!*

The Council on Foods of the American Medical Association says: "Sanka Coffee is free from caffein effect and can be used when other coffee has been forbidden."

**Sanka Coffee comes in "regular," as well as the new "drip" grind.*

Copyright, 1940, General Foods Corp.

now, chemists say, there is a very adequate stock of colchicine on hand in this country.

In working its wonderful transformation, colchicine acts entirely on the microscopic specks in living cells called chromosomes, which are the carriers of hereditary traits. These chromosomes determine whether a plant will have long leaves or short ones, or whether flowers will be blue or yellow or both. A dahlia is different from a chrysanthemum because its chromosomes are different. Consequently, changing the number of its chromosomes means radical changes in the mature plant or in its offspring.

Colchicine effects these changes. When a very weak solution of this strange poison is sprayed on the growing parts of a plant or injected into it, strange things happen. The leaves and the stems begin to behave oddly. Patches of tissue grow faster than neighboring parts; leaves come to have a wrinkled, crumpled appearance; flowers become freakish, with big pleats in the petals. But, more important, the seeds they bear produce giants—plants which look like their parents, but are much bigger, and which breed true to their new, big size. No soil impoverishment results, for, although the flowers may be bigger, there are fewer of them.

If, in turn, the colchicine spray is applied to this giant generation, the process of doubling is repeated, bringing on a second and even a third large race of giants.

Also, because colchicine has the mysterious power of making hybrids fertile, there is a vast possibility ahead of crossing innumerable hybrids that won't cross now. This, perhaps, is the most exciting of prospects, and the one which stimulates botanists most. From these new crosses it is expected that fruit and flower novelties will be obtained in the future

TOBACCO growers in this country are on their tiptoes watching the experiments of Dr. Harold H. Smith, of the Bureau of Plant Industry in Washington. Through the use of colchicine he has produced a hybrid tobacco plant which is immune to the highly destructive "blue mold" disease.

Other scientists in the Bureau of Plant Industry are developing a new species of cotton. Dr. James Beasley, of Baylor University in Texas, has had particularly good results. The new cotton promises to be resistant to disease, drought, and the boll weevil, and to have the long fibers demanded by cotton spinners.

Naturally, with so much being accomplished with colchicine, amateur gardeners can hardly wait to begin using it. But, if you imagine you can wander about the garden with an atomizer the day before a luncheon party, and then the next day listen to your guests rave over your giant sweet peas and your mammoth roses, you'd better forget it.

Actually, for amateurs, it is not a wonder drug. To use it to any advantage (and at $25 an ounce there is not much point in wasting it) you must have some chromosome knowledge, and plenty of patience.

But if gardening is a definite hobby, and you are willing to give it painstaking technical study, Dr. Blakeslee tells me there is no reason why anyone shouldn't experiment with colchicine. It's largely a matter of using a microscope and being able to measure pollen grains—a procedure which any competent high-school biology teacher can help you to learn.

DARK CORRIDOR

(*Continued from page 53*)

typical little show-off scientific speeches.

I wondered if Trevis were fond of Uncle Baker, after all; certainly Michael's report had upset him. It was news to me, too, that Michael was on the Baker case.

"How's my aunt this morning?" I asked.

Michael grinned at me, and said, "You can have three guesses."

"Very poorly," I said promptly.

"Right," said Michael, "but I'm going to cure her."

"Of what?"

"Hypochondriasis," said Michael, rolling it out smoothly.

"I'll bet you couldn't spell it," I said spitefully. "Anyway, you cure her, and you'll take away her only interest in life."

Michael appeared to think this over, while he absent-mindedly helped himself to my last piece of toast, but I saw it going and grabbed it back.

"Greedy pig," he said mildly.

Trevis, who appeared to have been worrying quietly to himself, now stood up, and murmured, "I think I'll go and see my uncle," and hurried off.

I said, "Old Mr. Baker must be pretty bad, if all his relatives are staying here with him."

"There are other Bakers," said Michael. "These are merely a representative selection."

"Who selected them?"

"I dunno," said Michael, and appeared to swallow a yawn.

"Are there any closer relatives?"

"No—these are the closest."

"But, they wouldn't all pile in here unless they expected him to die."

"You piled in here to be with your aunt, but if she dies before she's ninety I'll eat my hat."

"You know damn' well that that's entirely different."

"Well," he said, with his eyes on my lovely auburn hair, "life is unpredictable, isn't it? Take me, and my blond problem. Sometimes I think that I can't live without her, and yet, at other times—"

I sniffed. "When I want to hear about that blond wench of yours, I'll let you know."

"She isn't mine—yet. And she is not a wench. Furthermore, her head, on a day like this, and on an adjacent pillow, would not look like a ball of fire."

I got up and left him, wishing frantically, for the millionth time, that my hair had been any color but the bright red to which I admitted in my honest moments.

I went down the hall to my aunt's door. I looked in, and felt my eyes pop. Trevis Baker was searching her room.

I advanced quietly, and saw that Miss Gould, Aunt Isabelle's day nurse, was not in the room. Aunt Isabelle, herself, was sound asleep, and snoring loudly, as she always did when she slept on her back.

Trevis had his back to me and was going through one of the bureau drawers. I watched him for a moment, and then said casually, "Can I help you?"

I could see his back stiffen, and his busy hands became still. Then he turned around. "You might give me a hand," he said, with perfect poise. "I hate pawing through your aunt's things. But Uncle Ames has lost something, and he thinks it was left in here."

It sounded reasonable enough, even though Trevis did not appear to be the sort of person who would look through my aunt's possessions while she was asleep, and her nurse out of the room, unless it was something more important than a toothbrush or a pair of socks.

I ADVANCED to his side, and asked, "What is it?"

"Eh? Oh—yes. It's a small wallet."

"A wallet!" I repeated sharply. "Did he have any money in it?"

"No, no," Trevis said. "Just some clippings—newspaper clippings, you know. He'd hate to lose them."

I began to help him, then, and after a while the nurse came back, and we all searched together. It was quickly obvious, however, that Trevis did not trust either of us. Wherever we looked, he followed close behind and did it all over again, himself.

I had just removed the seat cushions from the armchair, when my Aunt Isabelle's voice injected itself into the proceedings. It inquired scathingly if we would like its owner to step out of the room, so that we might have a free hand.

I ran. I figured that Miss Gould could handle it, since she was being paid for it, while I was working on my own time. Trevis followed at my heels, and we stood outside and listened to Gould getting it.

The day floor nurse came along after a while. She raised her eyebrows at me. "What's she sore about?"

Before I could reply, Miss Gould came out, dabbing at her eyes. The floor nurse said, "Shut her up, somehow," and pushed me back into the room.

I advanced slowly, while Aunt Isabelle watched me, with her lips in a straight line and her black eyes flashing dangerously.

"Hello," I said brightly.

This got me exactly nowhere, so I perched gingerly on the edge of a chair and tried again: "Imagine Frances Hoffman being on the floor. Nice girl, isn't she?"

"Is she?" said Aunt Isabelle nastily.

"I'm sorry I woke you up," I murmured.

"What on earth do you mean?" she demanded furiously. "I have not been asleep. You can be so stupid, at times! I think I'll leave my money to Lenore; she has more sense."

"Entirely up to you," I said coldly. "Perhaps you'd prefer to have Lenore stay with you."

She changed the subject, as I knew she would: "Who was that man? And what was he doing in my room?"

I EXPLAINED about the Bakers and the wallet, and she interrupted me as soon as she had got the main facts: "Utter rubbish! There's no wallet, here. Probably he was looking for my valuables. You're only a silly girl, Jessie, and I want to warn you against that man. He's too good-looking. That type is never to be trusted."

"Well—but I think he has money," I said innocently. "And that means something. Because, if you leave your money to Lenore, I shall have to make sure that I'm financially secure, even if my husband is a bum."

"Be quiet," said Aunt Isabelle, "and watch your language. I want to think."

I sat and longed for a cigarette, while she thought. After a while she said, in a voice of satisfaction, "Yes—I think that would be right."

"I think so, too," I said automatically, and in line with my policy of always agreeing with her.

"Now what rubbish are you talking?" she snapped. "How can you know what I was thinking?"

"Well," I said, caught fairly and squarely, "I thought you meant—"

But luckily she was still churning the idea around in her head. "Now, the way I see it, either you or Lenore could marry Michael."

My eyebrows climbed up into my hair, but I pulled them down again, and said, "Yes, ma'am."

"But I think it had better be you. Lenore has more sense than you have, and she'll be able to make her way, all right. You can marry Michael."

I said, "Oh, thank you."

She ignored me, and glanced at the clock. "He should have been here before this. I will not have him keeping me waiting."

I stared at her, and was vaguely conscious that my mouth had dropped open. "You—you're surely not going to speak to him about it?"

"Of course I am. It's much better to be sensible about these things."

I said weakly, "If he refuses, you'll look pretty silly, won't you?"

"No," she said, "you will. Besides, he won't refuse; he can't afford to. He needs money—all young doctors do. And he needs a wife to make him look respectable, and at-

Refreshment ahead . . .

a cool
April feeling,
a wonderful
breeze-swept
sensation . . .

Something to look forward to every time you brush your teeth **with Squibb Tooth Powder!** It's brisker, it's fresher, it cleans and polishes gently, and there's Squibb Magnesium Hydrate in it, to help **neutralize** bacterial **acids** when it comes in contact with them . . . acids that might **harm teeth.**

You can rely on its safety, too. The Squibb control number recorded **for your protection** on every container is your assurance that Squibb Tooth Powder has **passed the exacting Squibb tests** for purity and safety before it is offered to you. Another good reason to specify Squibb every time you buy.

SQUIBB DENTAL CREAM also contains a new taste thrill and the same acid-neutralizing properties. It is attractively packaged in a smart cream-and-sepia tube.

★ Taste and feel the refreshing difference!

SQUIBB Tooth Powder

tend to his social life. It's very important. It's extremely helpful for him to have a wealthy invalid like myself, too; and he'll have none of these things, if he refuses."

"Suppose I refuse?"

"Then," said Aunt Isabelle, "you'd better start looking for a job right away."

"I won't refuse," I said sunnily. I felt that Michael would refuse in no uncertain terms and I should be left in Aunt Isabelle's good graces.

"Do you love him?" she asked curiously. "I had expected more opposition from you."

"Madly," I said, relaxing comfortably in my chair.

"Well, that's a good thing. Now, what, in heaven's name, is delaying Michael?"

I FORGOT myself and took out a cigarette, and was sternly commanded to put it away again. She fell asleep after a while, and I crept out. What's more, I blithely neglected to go back until late that afternoon.

Aunt Isabelle surprised me by being in a cheerful mood. She sent Miss Gould out of the room, and beckoned me close to the bed. "Do you know there's something funny about those Bakers?"

"You don't say!" I murmured.

"They're looking for something in this room. The other nephew was in here, and he said that when Mr. Baker was moved something had been mislaid, and he asked to be allowed to search my room. I asked him what it was that had been mislaid, and he shuffled."

"Shuffled?"

"Yes, certainly—shuffled. You know very well what I mean. He said it was just some little thing and he was sure he could find it in a few minutes."

"Did you let him look for it?" I asked.

"No. I told him I'd think it over. But you mark my words, Jessie, it's not just some little thing. It must be more important than that, or they wouldn't be making a hotel lobby out of my bedroom. Now, I want you to search this room."

"Oh, listen!" I groaned in dismay. "Can't Miss Gould do it?"

"No. I don't trust the nurses, and I intend to be able to tell those Bakers, truthfully, that whatever they have lost is not in this room. Now go on, Jessie. I have no strength to argue—and be sure you don't overlook anything."

I searched the room until I was absolutely exhausted and panting with the heat, and I found absolutely nothing that did not belong either to Aunt Isabelle or to the hospital. I came to a halt in the middle of the room, and said, "Well, there you are. Unless you want me to take up the floor boards."

She said, "That will do. Now, you go and tell those Bakers to stay out of my room. There is nothing here belonging to them."

"All right," I replied, glad to get away. I made for the door, but she stopped me.

"Wait a minute, Jessie—I nearly forgot. I have good news for you. I spoke to Michael, and he said it was all right—as I knew he would. He is prepared to marry you as soon as the proper arrangements can be made."

I said politely, "I beg your pardon?"

"You heard me," she said defiantly.

I fled. I knew there was going to be a struggle between us, and I wanted time. Meanwhile, I relieved my feelings by calling Michael all kinds of a skunk. I supposed he thought he was being funny, but it wouldn't be so funny for me if my new escort for the dance on Saturday got to hear of it. . . .

After supper that night I suggested to the Bakers that we have a game of bridge, but they seemed a bit reluctant. Sheila said that they had to go and see Uncle Baker, and Trevis studied the end of his cigarette in silence.

GREGG spoke up suddenly: "It won't take all night to look in on Uncle Ames. We'll be very glad to play."

I had an idea that the other two were faintly surprised, but they agreed at once, and we all went down the corridor to do our various duties by our relatives.

As we approached Uncle Baker's room I remembered Aunt Isabelle's message, and handed it on. "I really made a very thorough search," I told them, "and I'm sure the wallet—or whatever it was your uncle lost—is not in her room."

"That's very kind of you," Trevis said. "Thank you."

I opened my mouth to do a little snooping, but he turned in at the door of his uncle's room, and said, "See you later," and disappeared.

I shrugged, and sauntered on to Aunt Isabelle. I amused her with a long dribble of gossip about the Bakers, in an effort to keep her mind and tongue away from Michael. She finally fell asleep and began her abominable snoring.

I slid away, then, and hurried along to the solarium, where I found the Bakers waiting for me, with cards and scoring pads.

We had been playing for some time before it dawned on me that each one of them invariably took advantage of a dummy hand to slip out of the room, and always had to be called back when the hand was over. I began covertly to watch them, and the next time Trevis was dummy I caught a glimpse of him through the partly closed door. He was making straight for my bedroom.

So they were still searching for the wallet, and were now doing my room when they knew I would not be there. I realized that it must have been Gregg's brilliant idea, and it had hit him after I'd asked them to play bridge, earlier in the evening.

The next time I was dummy I left the solarium and went to my bedroom. I pulled a large square of cardboard out of the wastebasket, wrote on it, "Don't forget to look under the mattress," and displayed it prominently.

Sheila was dummy for the next hand, and I noticed that she came back without having to be called. Her face was a bright, glowing pink. She must have communicated with the other two by some sort of shin-kicking, because they did not go out again, and the game proceeded peacefully until we broke up at about twelve-thirty.

I went straight to my room, and found my sign still in place. "Pretending," I reflected, "that of course they never saw it, because they were never in my room."

I wondered, while I slowly undressed, what that wallet could possibly contain, to throw them all into such a dither. I supposed it must be money—and a lot of money—and it had been either stolen or carried away by accident. In any case, it seemed a little pointed to search my room for it.

I got into a wrapper and slippers and went out into the hall, to see if Frances Hoffman, who was on duty now, could wangle me something to eat. Frances was not in sight, and I supposed that she was in one of the rooms, if she wasn't talking on the telephone with her boy-friend. I knew he worked in a night club, as a singer. I'd heard him, once or twice, and I thought he was terrible.

I WAITED around for a few minutes, but she didn't show up, so I went back to my room, turned off the light, and got into bed.

I was hot and restless, and after a while I raised my head from the pillow and pulled my hair away from my perspiring neck. A glimmer of white, on the floor between the two beds, caught my eye, and I hung my head over the edge of the mattress and stared. It looked like a handkerchief or a piece of tissue paper, and yet, somehow, I continued to stare at it. I could feel the stir of hair along my scalp. It was a shoe, a white hospital shoe, lying on its side. I shook the hair from my eyes and drew in my breath sharply. There was a foot in the shoe, with a leg disappearing under the other bed.

I flung myself out of bed and out of the room, and flew through the door of the guest suite, out into the main hall. It was very quiet there. I stopped at the desk, to ease

Roland Coe

"What'll I do, dear? Every time I throw back the little one, this one grabs it!"

my labored breathing, and realized, with returning self-consciousness, that my feet were bare and that I wore only a satin nightgown that I had purchased mainly for its beauty, and in case of fire in the middle of the night.

Frances was nowhere in sight and the hall was deserted. I stood by the desk for a few minutes, trying to keep my teeth from chattering, and I was just about to go and get Edith, when the elevator slid into sight and Michael got out. For once, I was glad to see him. I pattered over, caught at his arm, and gasped, "For God's sake, come and see what's in my room!"

He looked me over from head to foot. "I've seen many a nightgown in my day—all in the way of business, of course—but that's the most cleverly indecent piece . . . Look, Jessie, your aunt would not approve. We're not married, yet—and there's many a slip. You go on back to bed, and if it's a mouse I'll see that you get an exterminator in the morning."

My teeth started banging together again, and I said wildly, "Will you shut up and listen! It's under the bed—and I think it's—maybe it's Frances."

He gave me an odd look, in which there was something faintly professional, and said lightly, "Lead on. You seem to be speaking gibberish, but I'll investigate if your heart is set on it."

I MADE for the guest suite, and he followed. "It's a relief to me," he said chattily, "to see that you wear ivory satin nightgowns. Pink would be terrible with your hair."

But I hardly heard him. I switched on the light in my room, and pointed a shaking finger at the beds. "Underneath," I whispered, and saw Michael peer under.

He raised his head again, almost immediately, and when he spoke his voice had changed completely. "It's Frances," he said. "Go and get a nurse."

I stood and clung to the door with clammy, perspiring fingers, while he dragged the body out. The limp, golden head was smeared and clotted with blood, and I closed my eyes for a minute while Michael raised her in his arms and laid her gently on the bed.

He straightened up. "Didn't I tell you to go and get a nurse?"

I said, "She's dead, isn't she?" and found that I was crying.

He took my wrapper from a chair and put it on me, and found my slippers.

He led me out of the room, then, and closed the door firmly behind us. "Can you wait here," he asked, "and see that nobody goes in? I'll telephone downstairs from the switchboard—I shan't be a minute."

I nodded, and watched him disappear through the door into the main hall. It was very quiet after he had gone, and I kept my eyes resolutely away from the black cavern of the solarium. At the sound of a step in Trevis's room I broke out into cold perspiration. A moment later his door opened, and he looked out. "What's going on?" he asked, staring at me.

I drew a short breath of relief. "I don't know, exactly. Something terrible has happened to Frances."

"Who's Frances?"

"The night floor nurse."

The door from the main hall was pushed open abruptly and Michael came in, with Edith. They ignored me completely and went into my room together. But Trevis crossed the hall and (*Continued on page 90*)

Redwood Highway, California

PACIFIC GREYHOUND KNOWS SPARK PLUGS..

USES CHAMPIONS EXCLUSIVELY!

Pacific Greyhound Lines have operated a total of 187,855,557 miles—over 7,500 times around the world—in the last six years.

Champion's better performance in today's high-compression engines using modern anti-knock fuels adds immeasurably to touring pleasure.

PACIFIC GREYHOUND LINES serving six of the nation's most rugged states, with extremely diversified topography and climatic conditions, is the world's largest individual bus system. For nine years this fine fleet of buses has used Champion Spark Plugs—for the last six years exclusively—to maintain a record for efficient and dependable schedules which is outstanding.

Spark plugs are a vital factor in such a far flung operation as this. Champion Spark Plugs meet every conceivable operating condition, for these comfortable, convenient buses on their various routes travel from freezing cold to desert heat, from mountain grades to long straight stretches calling for sustained high speed. Here, again, is conclusive evidence that Champions make every engine a better performing engine—that Champions are the better spark plugs for your car. Demand dependable Champions.

"PICK UP AND GO" WITH NEW CHAMPIONS

WHY DON'T THEY....

ELIMINATE the fumes discharged from automobiles, by attaching chemical purifiers to all exhaust pipes.

PUT a small surprise in every packaged bar of soap to stimulate cleanliness in children.—*Una Eastlund, Albany, Ore.*

ENCASE in every fire hydrant a 300-foot garden hose to be used in emergencies until firemen arrive. Unreeling of hose would automatically turn in alarm.

EQUIP all barbershops with small vacuum cleaners to remove the last tiny clippings from customers' necks after a haircut.—*Stephen M. Walford, Wallingford, Conn.*

CLEAN pots and pans in a jiffy by equipping kitchen faucets with a circular brush whirled by the power of running water racing through a very small turbine.

PLACE under the dashboards of all cars a sliding tray on which passengers can set their sandwiches and drinks when being served at the curb.—*Mrs. E. L. Sellers, Roanoke, Va.*

FOR home aquariums, make a fish food dispenser with a time-clock mechanism that would feed the fish regularly while you are away.

PUT pockets in all shower curtains to hold soap and washcloth.—*Mary D. Hamilton, Media, Pa.*

MAGNETIZE the tips of all can openers to prevent small particles of metal from falling into the contents of the can.

ATTACH to dog collars a small, round case holding a wound-up leash which can be unreeled when needed.—*Pauline Wood, Berkeley, Calif.*

DEVISE as an accessory to all household refrigerators an ice cube conveyor belt which, when turned by a crank, would deliver the ice cubes into a pitcher.

DESIGN screen doors with adjustable, shutter-like flaps to let the air in but keep the rain out.—*Miss Martha Gannaway, Radford, Va.*

DIVIDE all wastebaskets into two sections, one part for burnables and the other for non-burnables, to eliminate sorting before burning waste.—*Bill Young, Smithville, Ohio.*

EQUIP all cash registers with bells having different musical tones corresponding with different denominations of money.—*Andrew Helleis, Sackets Harbor, N. Y.*

INSTALL over all kitchen gas stoves an alarm designed to go off when gas is escaping, thus preventing asphyxiation.

WATERPROOF all paper boxes containing soap flakes, so that the boxes will not deteriorate from wet handling.—*Mrs. Maurice Houston, Wichita Falls, Texas.*

MAKE all automobile seat covers so that they may be unrolled like window shades to cover the seat quickly and easily whenever needed, and may be rolled up when not in use.—*Mrs. Florence Highfield, Franklin, Pa.*

EQUIP all automobiles with a steering-wheel device which will enable the driver to turn the front wheels at a complete right angle to their normal position in moving in and out of tight parking places.—*Mrs. C. K. Carpenter, Wichita, Kans.*

EQUIP all dustpans with a small suction attachment to pick up those last few grains of dirt.

PLACE snap fasteners on all cuffs of men's trousers, so the cuffs can be let down readily for brushing.—*L. O. Baker, Malvern, Ark.*

Edited by RAY GROSS

•

Have you been brooding on any ideas that no one else seems to have thought of? Send them along to the *Why Don't They?* editor, The American Magazine, 250 Park Ave., New York, N. Y. We'll pay $1 for each suggestion accepted. None will be returned.

(*Continued from page 89*) peered in at the door.

Several nurses went in after a while, and two orderlies, and I could hear the stir of feet and the murmur of voices from my room. I felt that I could not stand up any longer, and when Edith Quinn moved close to the door I caught her arm and whispered that she'd have to get me some coffee.

She came out into the hall and looked me over rather coldly.

Trevis turned on the charm and said, "May I have some, too?"

That settled it, of course. Her face relaxed into a silly smile, and she went off without further ado.

Trevis and I hung around in the hall. We saw some of the nurses go away, and after a while some men came in, a policeman in uniform and two men in plain clothes.

"Why are they here?" I whispered to Trevis, but he only shook his head.

Edith came back with the coffee, and we took it into the solarium. She gave Trevis a nice smile, and then went off and tried to get back into my room, but I think the bluecoat barred the way firmly.

I told Trevis the whole story while we drank our coffee. I had an uneasy feeling that I should be keeping it to myself, but I had to tell somebody or break wide open.

Michael came in after a while, and said, "Come on, Jessie—they want to question you."

I went with him, and whispered, on the way, "What's the matter? Wasn't it an accident?"

"Don't see how it could have been," he said gravely. "Head was smashed like an eggshell. She couldn't have done it by falling, and, in any case, she couldn't have fallen into that position under the bed."

HE USHERED me into my room, and I came face to face with the two men in plain clothes. One was tall and the other short. The short one did all the talking. He questioned me closely about the entire evening, and I told him everything, except about the Bakers' having searched my room. I did not want to get them into unnecessary trouble, and I felt sure that it had nothing to do with poor Frances. It wasn't long before I bitterly regretted my noble impulse.

The short man suddenly produced—like a rabbit out of a hat—the wretched piece of cardboard on which I had written, "Don't forget to look under the mattress," with my name attached. He thrust it under my nose, and asked, "What's this mean?"

I gibbered at the thing, gave a feeble laugh, and said it was a joke.

"What kind of a joke?" he asked.

I had to tell him, then. I said that the Bakers had lost a wallet, and had searched the entire floor for it. I told him they had searched my room tonight, and I had put the sign there for a joke.

He immediately wanted to see the Bakers, and I said I'd get them for him, and backed out of the room before he could stop me. Trevis was still in the solarium, and I told him, in a hurry, that the police were under the impression that the search of my room had gone on with my full knowledge and consent. He thanked me in a subdued voice, and had barely finished when he was captured and led away.

I poured out the dregs of the coffee, and drank it, black and cold, and nearly choked to death, when someone cleared a throat directly behind me.

It was Michael, and he kindly patted me on the back until I got my breath.

"I didn't know you were there," I said resentfully.

"Obviously."

"Why didn't you make a noise?"

"I thought you and Baker might go into a love scene."

I gave him a withering glance, and there was a short silence.

Michael broke it, by saying in a voice of mild wonder, "What I can't make out is why you let those poor, harried Bakers go on searching, when all the time you know where their wallet is."

"What are you talking about?" I asked, staring at him. "I never saw their blasted wallet in my life."

"You searched your aunt's room, didn't you?" he asked, with his eyes on my face.

"How did you know?"

"Miss Gould put it on the chart," he said, grinning faintly. "I believe she thought it indicated that the old lady was cracked."

"What about the wallet?" I said impatiently. "Do you know where it is?"

"It's in the toe of one of your aunt's shoes," Michael said casually.

"What business took you to the toe of Aunt Isabelle's shoe?" I asked resentfully.

He laughed quietly for a moment, and then explained, "She sent me to the closet, to get her hat. She wanted to see if it had been spotted with rain."

"What hat?" I asked suspiciously. "She taxied here in an ambulance, with her hair in a pigtail."

He nodded. "But she had a moment of optimism, before she left, and told Edith Quinn to bring her hat—because miracles occasionally happen, and who knew but she might walk out of the hospital on her own two feet. Edith wore it—as being the easiest way to transport it—and apparently got it rained on."

I laughed heartily at a mental picture of Edith in one of my aunt's hats, which are decorated with flowing plumes or purple pansies and lavender satin ribbons.

"I went to the closet," Michael went on, "and, in reaching for the hat, I kicked over one of her shoes. A small black wallet fell out, and I noticed that it was initialed with a gilt B. I thought nothing of it, at the time, of course. I simply replaced it, and figured that your aunt's choice of a hiding place for her money was her own business."

I stood up. "I'll go and get it."

"Why don't you tell the Bakers?"

"I'll take it to them," I said carelessly.

"You mean you want to look through it, and see what's in it, first."

I IGNORED him, and went out into the hall. The light was on in my room, and there were still some people there, and I caught a glimpse of poor Frances' quiet little figure, still stretched on the bed.

I went into the main hall, and noticed that there was a strange nurse at the desk I passed her without stopping and hurried on to my aunt's room—and discovered that Michael was right beside me.

I frowned at him, but he was not to be shaken off. He said, "Your supposition is quite correct. I want to see what's in the wallet, too."

We went in, and found that Edith had returned to her post. She was giving my aunt a voluble account of what had happened.

Aunt Isabelle greeted us with bonhomie, and promptly shut Edith up: "Jessie and

Michael can tell me the rest. You always spit when you get excited and try to talk. And give me a cigar."

"All right," said Edith. "I'm only the old family servitor. And those cigars will make you ill one of these days."

"I smoke them for my hay fever, as you very well know," Aunt Isabelle said, in a fury. "And if you don't think I've been ill for the last ten years you've been taking my money under false pretenses."

"I'll tell the world," Edith muttered.

I stepped in hastily with an account of the night's events. I had to move my position a couple of times, in order to block Michael, who was edging toward the closet.

I finished the recital, declared that I was dead tired and was going to bed, and said good night. I turned abruptly, walked straight to the closet, and opened the door. I pretended to trip, sprawled on the floor, and pawed frantically at my aunt's shoes. I shook them and stuck my hand into the toes, but there was no wallet.

I heard Aunt Isabelle's voice, raised in exasperation: "What in God's name are you doing there, girl?"

I got up, and turned around to see two astonished faces—and Michael's, which wore a broad grin. "Sorry," I said shortly. "I mistook the door. Thought it was the hall door—and I tripped over something."

THIS didn't go over, and I resented their skepticism. I remembered several occasions, at my home, when departing friends had walked into the hall closet, with the mistaken idea that they were walking out of the front door.

However, Aunt Isabelle merely sent Edith out of the room, and then asked, brusquely, what I wanted in her closet. I protested innocence to high heaven, but she fixed me with a stony eye, and at last I broke down and told her everything, with Michael laughing on the side lines.

Aunt Isabelle, wide awake now, and highly entertained, was inclined to disbelieve me when I said that the wallet was no longer in her shoe. The wretched woman actually made me search the entire room again, and Michael was delegated to follow after me, because she no longer trusted me.

After I had finished, I asked, dully, if I could go.

"No," she said. "Now that I have you and Michael together, I want to talk to you."

"Aunt Isabelle," I said pitifully, "it's after three o'clock, and there's been a horrible accident, and I'm dead tired."

She said, "Be quiet." And, luckily, Edith Quinn walked in at that point, with a muttered remark to the effect that she was not going to hang around in the hall any longer.

Aunt Isabelle said, "Stop mumbling, woman, and speak up. What did you say?"

Edith thought better of it, and backed down. "I was just saying, it's queer that Frances should be found in Jessie's room. What possible business could she have there?"

"Perfectly legitimate business," Aunt Isabelle snapped. "I sent her there."

We all stared at her, until she requested us, irritably, to stop gaping. "Edith had disappeared—probably off about her own business somewhere—"

"If ever I got away with that, in your employ," Edith interrupted bitterly, "I'd be smart enough to get me a better job."

"Hold your tongue!" said Aunt Isabelle. "I was quite alone, and I felt that someone should be with me, so I rang for the floor nurse. This Hoffman girl came along, but she said that she could not stay, so I sent her off to look for Jessie."

"What time was it, when you sent her to my room?" I asked.

Aunt Isabelle thought it over, and decided that it was between eleven and twelve.

Edith said, "Oh—then I was having my supper, of course. I suppose I'm still allowed to eat."

"Anyone who could keep you from your food would have to get up early in the morning," Aunt Isabelle said coldly.

I thought quickly, and remembered that we had stopped playing bridge at about twelve-thirty. Frances had been sent to my room between eleven and twelve, and the Bakers had stopped their search at about eleven-thirty. I decided that Frances had probably gone to my room between half past eleven and twelve.

"AT WHAT time do you go down for your supper?" I asked Edith.

"At eleven-thirty," she replied.

I said, "Aha!" rather absently.

"What do you mean by that?" Aunt Isabelle snapped.

Edith sniffed. "Her semiannual idea just pulled in, probably."

"You're all wrong about Jessie," said my aunt, but her tone lacked its usual note of vigorous conviction. "Her school reports always gave her an average standing."

Edith explained it to her: "Pupils in that school she went to are never given below-average reports when they have rich aunts."

I slipped out at that point.

Michael had departed a moment earlier and was waiting for me. We walked up the hall in silence, and when we got to my room we found a policeman and the new floor nurse. "We've moved your things into the next room," the nurse explained. "They want this one kept closed."

"Closed," I thought, "and they can't lock it—none of these doors have locks." I shivered a little, as I followed her to the other room and went in.

"Are you all right now?" Michael asked. "Because, if you are, I'll go."

I said, "You don't have to make a play for your bread and butter out of Aunt Isabelle's hearing."

"Right. I was forgetting." He went off after saying good-by, and the nurse moved away after him.

IT WAS about four o'clock, and the blackness was beginning to have a grayish cast. I left the door open, got into bed, and I was just dozing off, when I distinctly heard the faint swish of the door from the main hall. My eyes flew open, and in the silence I heard quiet footsteps passing my door and retreating in the direction of the solarium. The state of my nerves demanded an investigation, and I switched on the light and got out of bed again.

The lights were out, in the solarium, but the dawn was far enough advanced to enable me to see pretty clearly, anyway. I had a moment of horror as I made out a nurse, slim and blond, and crouched down beside the chaise longue, but I shook it away almost immediately. Frances was dead, and a few moments of silent watching showed me that this nurse was making a very business-like search of the solarium.

She stood up and I caught a glimpse of her face. It was Olive Parsons.

I said, "Hello."

Olive jumped about three feet off the floor, spun around, and stared at me. I thought she looked quite attractive. Edith had told me that she was nearly forty and, while I knew she was not particularly young, I should have put her age at nearer thirty. Her hair was bleached, of course, but it was well done, and she had nice dark eyes and a creamy skin.

"I—I hope I didn't disturb you," she said rather breathlessly. "But I seem to have mislaid something—in here." She said good night, then, and abruptly took herself off.

It was quite light by that time, and my eyes were closing up, so I went back to bed. . . .

The short plain-clothes man came back in the morning. His name was William Forrest, and he appeared to want a history of my life, as well as a complete repetition of last night's events.

I repeated the story of my discovery of Frances automatically. But when we came to my life's history I wanted to know why.

Mr. Forrest explained, impatiently, that in a murder case they had to dig up everything they could.

I caught my breath sharply, and repeated in a half whisper, "Murder!"

He asked, "What did you think it was?"

I considered that for a while, and then admitted weakly, "Murder."

WORD MAZE

By HAROLD HART

N	P	V	R	E
D	O	C	E	K
Y	U	O	A	S
B	A	G	L	N

THERE are at least ten natural bodies of water which can be spelled out in this word, maze. How many can you find?

Directions: You may commence in any square. You spell out a word by proceeding from one square to an adjacent one in any direction—upward, downward, sideways, or diagonally—until a word is completely spelled out. You may not enter the same square twice while forming any single word. You may begin each new word in any square you choose; but remember, *don't jump squares while spelling out a word.* Obsoletes, variants, or plurals are not valid.

Par: Six words in five minutes. *Medal Score:* Nine words in fifteen minutes. Check your answers on page 108.

He was too disgusted to speak, for a moment, so I asked, "Have you found the weapon yet?"

"No," he said. "We're looking for it."

I felt subdued and uneasy, and I answered all his questions as best I could.

He said at last, "Your aunt wants you to marry Dr. Rand, doesn't she?"

I admitted it, but added that we did not intend to carry out her wishes.

"Why not?" he asked abruptly.

"We don't love each other," I said.

"Is it true that Dr. Rand was interested in a blonde?"

"*Is*," I said, "not was. He had no interest in Frances, if that's what you mean."

"Who is she, then?"

"I don't know."

"If you don't know," said William Forrest, "how can you say that it was not Miss Hoffman? She was a very beautiful girl."

"I know. But, if Michael had been interested in Frances, I should certainly have known about it. I've seen a great deal of both of them, in the hospital, and there wasn't anything but indifference."

He kept his eyes on my face for a moment, and then said, "Did you know that Frances Hoffman is the only blonde that Dr. Rand has taken out for the past six months?"

My mouth dropped, and I stared at him. "No!" I breathed. "Do tell!"

He left me in what seemed to be a huff.

I THOUGHT it over for a while, and came to the conclusion, at last, that he suspected me of being jealous of Frances and wanted to find out about it. I could have sworn that she and Michael had been nothing to each other but doctor and nurse.

The rest of that day was dreadful. I spent most of it answering Aunt Isabelle's questions, and by the time I'd finished with her and gulped dinner I was exhausted.

I went into my new bedroom, lay down on the bed, and promptly went to sleep. When I woke up again it was pitch-dark, and very quiet. As far as I could see through my open door, the entire guest suite was in darkness. I had an instant vision of Frances' twisted little body stuffed crookedly under the bed, and the sweat sprang out on my forehead.

An impulse to get up and turn on the light was frozen at its inception. In the stillness, which beat so heavily on my ears, I distinctly heard the squeaking of bed springs in my former room. I lay quite still, for a moment, while my heart raced madly. I knew the sound so well. When I had slept on the bed, the spring had squeaked like that every time I moved. But, who could be there?

I strained my ears, but there was no further sound. I had a sudden horrid fear that the bed had squeaked when the unknown occupant had rolled out of it—and he might be approaching me, now, in the dark!

I scrambled to my feet and fled out into the hall, and through the door into the main corridor. The new floor nurse was seated at the desk, and she gave me a cold stare of inquiry. It was Vera Hackett, a nurse who had for years been feuding bitterly with Edith Quinn. Even in my terror I stopped for an instant to think that there would be hell to pay now, with both of them on the same floor. Vera had always extended her feud with Edith through to me, but I had consistently ignored it.

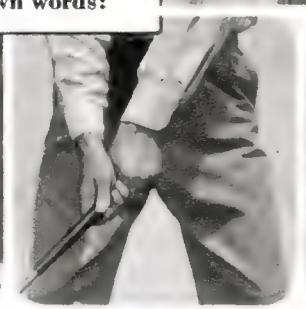
"Get an orderly, or someone," I gasped. "There's somebody in that room—where Frances was. Lying on the bed!"

She calmly unscrewed a fountain pen,

Here's BEN HOGAN "driving away" a HEADACHE!

PINEHURST . . . North-South Open . . . Hogan, almost jinxed by headache, takes Bromo-Seltzer . . . wins! Pictures tell story . . . show his famous drive, described in his own words:

1. "I had 'tournament nerves,' my head throbbed. I took Bromo-Seltzer.



2. "Head clear, I begin my drive! I use a definite palm grip in the left hand.

3. "I take a wide stance for perfect balance . . . can hit much harder this way.

4. "At top of swing . . . the tension point . . . body is coiled to its maximum.

5. "Weight shifts to left—wrists uncock to release power at impact.

6. "Club continues to full finish. Control, timing count. Bromo-Seltzer helped me!"

BROMO-SELTZER does more for headache than a simple pain reliever can

If you get headaches often . . . or if they last long . . . see your doctor. But fortunately, most headaches are simple ones. They may be NERVOUS or DIGESTIVE. For these, Bromo-Seltzer does all this:

1. EASES PAIN—works fast, pleasantly to ease the "ache."
2. STEADIES NERVES—relaxes tension, you feel calmer.
3. SETTLES UPSET STOMACH—helps set you right again.

For over 50 years, millions have relied on Bromo-Seltzer. Follow directions on the label. At all drugstores, soda fountains. Keep it at home, too.

BROMO-SELTZER FOR HEADACHES

The new champion waved me aside. "A speech? Nothing doing! I'm just a tennis player." . . . "Wait!" I ask. "You've won the tennis cup, now you've got to tell them how you did it. Here—settle yourself with a stick of Beeman's. The flavor's great and that tang—"

"You win!" says the champ. "Gotta hand it to Beeman's—it's got what it takes. A fresh taste that's doubly refreshing. A dash and tang. A flavor that's too good to last—yet does." He laughed. "Sure I'll make a speech! It'll be good, too—if you'll just keep that package of Beeman's on tap!"

BEEMAN'S AIDS DIGESTION

capped the end, and began to write. "I'm sure there's no need to get excited, Miss Warren," she said, with her eyes on the paper. "It's probably one of the nurses taking forty winks. You would not know about it, but nursing is quite arduous."

There was a moment of silence, while we stared at each other with cold fury. Then Edith appeared quietly. She ignored Vera, and said to me, "You're wanted."

"Edith," I said desperately, "will you come with me and search the guest suite? There's someone who has no business there, and Vera won't help me."

"Sure," said Edith. She flicked a glance at Vera, and added, "*I'm* not afraid."

We turned away from the desk together, and Vera called after us, "Why should you be? Any kidnapper would drop you at the first lamppost, presupposing he had a large enough truck to transport you that far."

"Where does she think she gets off?" Edith muttered, in a vexed undertone. "She's getting as big as a house herself."

We went through the door into the guest suite, and I felt as though my stomach were dropping away from me. I clawed for the electric switch, and was in a sweat of fear before I found it and turned it on. The hall was empty, and the door to my former bedroom was closed. I explained to Edith, in a whisper, about the bed springs, and she said, "All right; we'll look in there, first."

The room was empty. We looked in the bathroom, the closet, and under the beds, but there was nothing.

"You're right, though," Edith said slowly. "Somebody has been lying on that bed."

The beds had been freshly made up, but the one I had used was crumpled and the pillow flattened.

I shivered, and Edith said, "Come on."

We made a hasty search of the solarium and my new bedroom, but found nobody. I stared at Edith, with my breath coming fast, and said, "It *must* be here still. I was outside the door, all the time, and no one came through."

Edith shrugged. "Where are the Bakers?"

"I don't know," I said. "Aren't they down with the old man?"

"They weren't there when I passed," she said. "Olive was alone with him."

WE LISTENED, and then tapped at the two Baker doors, but there was no answer and no sound. We pushed the doors open and peered in, and as far as we could see the two rooms were empty. Edith refused to go in and search them, because she said it would be too awkward if she were caught. I tried to persuade her, but she would not consent. I was too scared to do it by myself.

"As a matter of fact, though," Edith said, "you can get in and out of the guest suite without going through the door. Look."

She took me back to the solarium and showed me a window which opened onto a fire escape. "Stick your head out," she said, "and you can see another window at the other end of the platform. It opens into the hall. We used to use it, sometimes, when we were in training and wanted to snatch a little extra sleep. Anyway, don't get yourself all in a dither over it. Push the bureau in front of the door, when you go to bed, and you'll be safe enough."

"Maybe," I said bleakly. "But, better still, perhaps I can persuade Aunt Isabelle to go home."

"You won't do that, just now," Edith declared. "She's never had such an interesting visit, and nothing could drag her away."

We went on down toward Aunt Isabelle's room, and were waylaid at Mr. Baker's door by Olive Parsons. "Do you know where those Bakers are?" she asked, with a worried frown. "They were told, this afternoon, that the old man was worse, and they disappeared right away and haven't come back."

Edith shook her head, and I told Olive that I hadn't seen them. The old man stirred, and moaned a little, just then, and Olive turned and went quietly to his bed.

Edith and I went on to the corner room. We slowed down at the door and went in on tiptoes, taking care to make no noise in case Aunt Isabelle was sleeping.

BUT we need not have bothered, because she wasn't there.

We just stood there, for a while, looking at the empty bed, and then Edith flew to the closet and jerked the door open, while I looked feverishly behind the screen and under the bed. But Aunt Isabelle very definitely was not in the room, and Edith and I stared at each other in consternation.

"Maybe she went downstairs to complain at the office about being left alone so much," Edith said weakly and without conviction.

We went out into the hall, in a panic, and straight along to the desk where Vera still sat, pushing her fountain pen around. I asked her if she'd seen my Aunt Isabelle passing recently. She gave me a look in which she managed to express her opinion of young girls indulging in strong drink, and declared that Miss Daniel was in her room, where she belonged.

"Would you care to bet on that?" Edith asked.

But it seemed that Vera had the same contempt for gambling that she had shown for my supposed inebriation. "Taking a poor old lady for your subject!" she added virtuously.

"Then, you haven't seen her?" I said.

"How could I? She is confined to her bed, and she's *supposed* to have her own private nurse in attendance."

We left her, at that, and made a frantic search of the floor. We left the guest suite until the last, and when we came to the Baker rooms Edith made me do them both while she guarded the hall.

I quickly disposed of the Gregg Baker's room, and came, at last, to Trevis's. I pushed at the door and eased myself into the room. I began to grope along the wall for the electric switch. My fingers had just touched the cool metal of the plate when, in the heavy darkness, I distinctly heard someone draw a labored, snoring breath. My finger pressed the switch automatically and the room sprang into light. I huddled against the wall and stared at the beds.

Sheila Baker lay on one of them. Her eyes were not quite closed, and she appeared to be looking at me through the slits. She said nothing, and made no movement. I gasped, and precipitated myself into the hall, where I grabbed feverishly at Edith's arm. "Sheila Baker!" I jabbered. "You'd better come and see. She—she looks queer."

Edith followed me, and we pushed into the room again. As we approached the bed Sheila said something in a thick mutter that was quite unintelligible. Edith bent over her, and after a moment she straightened abruptly, and said, "Drunk!"

"But—"

"High as a kite."

Sheila spoke again, more clearly: "One of

them should have stayed with me—let the other go. I can't stand it. Stay here all alone. Only a little while ago somebody crept up behind her—killed her—hit over the head. And I'm supposed to stay here till they do the same to me."

She began to cry, and Edith looked at me, and said, "Get me a glass of water. Maybe we can get her to talking."

"What about our honor?"

"You take care of your honor," said Edith, "and I'll look after mine. Get the water."

I opened the door to the bathroom and stepped in. It was brilliantly lighted, and Aunt Isabelle, erect in dressing gown and slippers, stood in front of the washbasin, glaring at me.

For a moment of blank astonishment I simply gaped at her, and then I said stupidly, "What on earth are you doing here?"

Her eyes blazed with fury and I thought she was going to slap me. I edged away a step, and became more tactful: "Edith and I have been absolutely frantic—looking everywhere, and knowing all the time that you are barely able to stand."

"I can't go through there," she whispered crossly. "That woman trapped me in here, and I don't want her to see me."

"Why not? You can say you were looking for me."

"I don't tell lies," she snapped, "and I wasn't looking for you."

"Then what *were* you doing?" I asked.

TO MY surprise, she actually lost her poise for a moment and looked a bit confused. But she rallied quickly. "I was looking for a four-leaved clover," she said bitterly. "Stop your silly chatter, and get me back to my bed somehow before I collapse."

"Well, come on, then," I said, taking her arm. "You needn't worry about Mrs. Baker. She's dead drunk."

"Drunk?" my aunt whispered, with alert interest.

"Yes."

The door opened suddenly, and Edith stood staring at us.

Aunt Isabelle frowned at her. "Close your mouth, woman. I've no interest in your dental work."

Edith closed her mouth, and then opened it again to say briskly, "Well, suppose we get back to bed."

"Suppose I do what I please, and you go to the hot place," Aunt Isabelle retorted.

"I've been there ever since I entered your employ," Edith replied, undisturbed. "Do you want me to help you back to your bed? Or will you make it under your own steam?"

Aunt Isabelle backed down, as she often did when Edith showed fight. "Kindly assist me," she said coldly.

We walked her out of the bathroom and through the bedroom. Sheila watched us in silence until we reached the door, when she suddenly cried shrilly, "No! You can't leave me! I won't stay here alone—with that other thing!"

"What does she mean?" I whispered.

"For God's sake stay with her, Jessie," Edith said, "while I get this one to bed. I'll send Vera in to fix her up."

I fell back reluctantly. "Send Vera in right away, then. I don't like being alone with her."

"I'll send her right along," Edith promised.

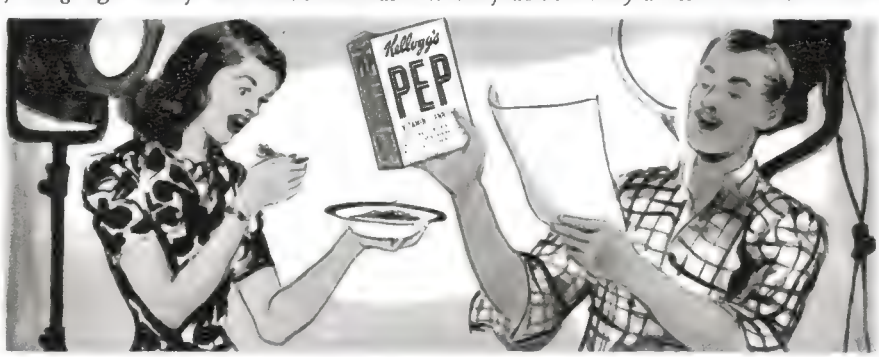
Aunt Isabelle butted in with, "You'll first attend to me."

They went off, and I glanced warily at

How's your "Pep Appeal"? —by Bundy

The photographer: Say! You'll never do for a PEP ad. Where's that old "oomph"? You know—that *pep appeal!*

The photographer: There! There! It's nothing personal. Maybe you just haven't been *feeling* right lately. And—that reminds me. Why don't we *try* a little KELLOGG'S PEP?



The photographer: It says in the ad here: "None of us can have pep unless we get all our vitamins. And right in this crisp nut-sweet cereal—KELLOGG'S PEP—are extra-rich sources of two of the *most important* vitamins, B_1 and D."

The model: *Wait a minute!* This is the most delicious cereal I ever tasted.

The model: If getting started on vitamins can be *this* much fun, just watch me become the "pep appeal" girl of 1940!

The photographer: Hold it, baby, hold it! There's a picture that will really tell America what we want to say.

Vitamins for pep! Kellogg's Pep for vitamins!

Pep contains per serving: 4/5 to 1/5 the minimum daily need of vitamin B_1, according to age; 1/2 the daily need of vitamin D. For sources of other vitamins, see the Pep package.

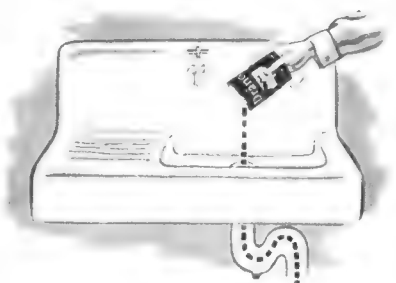
MADE BY KELLOGG'S IN BATTLE CREEK

COPYRIGHT, 1940, BY KELLOGG COMPANY

DRAIN CLOGGED? USE DRĀNO

1. "No golf today!" moans Bill. "I'll be hours cleaning out this clogged drain!"

2. "Not if you use Drāno," answers his pal, "Wait'll I get some. It's marvelous!"



3. Drāno's exclusive formula puts heat right down where the stoppage is, causes a churning chemical boiling that melts, loosens greasy muck. Soon, all's well!"

4. "Sure glad you told me about Drāno!" comments Bill as they tee off. "From now on, we're clearing drains and keeping them clear with Drāno."

Drāno
CLEARS DRAINS

P. S. A teaspoonful after the dishes *guards against* clogged drains. Won't harm pipes—no objectionable fumes. Never over 25¢ at grocery, drug, hardware stores.

Copr. 1940, The Drackett Co.

DR. ELIOT'S FIVE-FOOT SHELF OF BOOKS

Dr. Eliot, America's greatest educator, and for forty years President of Harvard University, chose for his Harvard Classics, the texts that are the backbone of college training. Enlightenment, stimulation, a release from reality, new worlds of interest and new realms of enjoyment are in store for those who own these famous books.

P. F. Collier & Son Corporation
250 Park Ave., New York

By mail, free, send me the booklet that tells all about the most famous library in the world, describing Dr. Eliot's Five-Foot Shelf of Books, (The Harvard Classics), and containing Dr. Eliot's own story of how he came to select the greatest library of all time. 428 HS

Name { Mr. / Mrs. / Miss } .....

Address .....

Do You NEED MONEY?

IT COSTS NOTHING TO TRY. We pay you $5 for selling ten $1 boxes. 50 distinctive assorted Christmas cards with or without name imprinted. Sell for $1. You make 50c. Write for full particulars. **FREE SAMPLE OFFER**
CHEERFUL CARD CO., Dept. M-1, White Plains, N. Y.

High School Course at Home — Many Finish in 2 Years

Go as rapidly as your time and abilities permit. Equivalent to resident school work—prepares for entrance to college. Standard H. S. texts supplied. Diploma awarded. Credit for H. S. subjects already completed. *Single subjects if desired.* Free Bulletin on request.
American School, Dept. HC-3, Drexel at 58th, Chicago

50 AMAZING PERSONAL CHRISTMAS CARDS

SELL FOR ONLY $1

FREE SAMPLES Turn spare time into money. Easy-to-sell name-imprinted Christmas Cards—50 for $1. Surprising high quality. Also 3 new, different, money-making Personal lines, 25 for $1. Big line 35 exquisite designs, including Special Business Cards, religious, humorous, novel Kraftone, etc. Plus big value Christmas Box Assortments. No experience needed. Write for FREE SAMPLES. **NOEL Art Studios, 9 E. 26th, Dept. B-1, New York**

For SCHOOL - HOME - TRAVEL
CASH'S NAMES
PROTECT - IDENTIFY - SAVE LOSSES

Mark your things with Cash's *Interwoven* Names and they'll always be *yours*. An extra dozen now FREE with every order. At most Dept. stores or write us. Ask also about Cash's Pair Numbers, Sheet Markers, Woven Belts and Trimmings.

Trial Offer: *Send us 15c for 1 doz. of your* **first** *name and sample of NO-SO for attaching without sewing.*

CASH'S 160 Chestnut St., So. Norwalk, Conn., or 6214 So. Gramercy Pl., Los Angeles, Cal., or 46 Gray St., Belleville, Ont.

CASH'S NAMES { 3 doz. $1.50 / 9 — 6 doz. $2. / 12 — NO-SO Cement 25¢ a tube / 3 }

Sheila and then began to pace the room.

It was half past one and the night was hot and close and breathless. I continued to pace the room, until I noticed that Sheila's eyes followed me with eerie persistence wherever I went. I couldn't stand it, after a while, so I sat down and tried to talk to her. "Are you feeling better?" I asked.

Her eyes left my face and slipped around the room. "I know—I'm drunk. I have to get drunk. Can't help it. They go off and leave me here alone—with that thing."

I took a hasty glance about the room, swallowed a couple of times, and asked shakily, "What do you mean? What thing?"

She moaned, and beat softly on the bed with her clenched fist. "It's in here somewhere. It's been here all night."

"That's ridiculous," I said, too loudly. "We've just finished searching the entire guest suite, and there's no one here but us."

Sheila rolled her head from side to side. "It might have gone away for a while. It does that, sometimes. But it will come back. I've been so frightened."

"I don't see why you stayed here if you were so frightened," I said, after a moment. "You could have gone out into the main hall. Vera Hackett is a bore, but at least she would have been company."

"No, no. They wouldn't let me. They told me—must stay here. Someone might come in and look for it." Her voice trailed off, and she closed her eyes.

After a while she opened them again, and I asked, "When are they coming back?" I had given up all hope of Vera.

"Not until tomorrow. They both had to go, because they don't trust each other, you see." She giggled.

I said, "Where did they go?"

"The house, of course."

"And they're going to spend the night there?"

"It's such a big house. It takes time to search a big house. It takes all night."

I supposed that Trevis and Gregg, having thoroughly searched the hospital, were now doing Uncle Baker's house.

I GLANCED at Sheila, and felt the hair stir all over my head. She was staring fixedly over my shoulder, at the open door behind me, and her eyes were dilated with horror. I sprang to my feet and whirled around—and saw nothing but the open door and the black hall beyond. I walked to the door on shaking legs and forced myself to look out, but I could see nothing.

I went back to Sheila. "What did you see, Sheila?" I asked. Her body was shaking and her teeth were chattering. "It follows me around," she whispered. "I can't get away from it. It's always there, somewhere."

I huddled against the footboard, and asked in a voice that I tried to keep normal, "What is it? A man?"

"Oh, no. Not a man. It's a thing."

"Don't be silly," I said loudly. "What do you mean by 'a thing'? What is 'a thing'?"

"I don't know," she moaned. "I don't know."

"What does it look like?" I persisted.

"I don't know—nothing—nobody. It has no face. Just an old slouchy, squashy body. And no head."

I felt the perspiration spring out on my forehead, but I said firmly, "That's just silly. Pull yourself together."

She gave a bitter little laugh. "That's what Gregg says. Easy for him—he hasn't seen it."

I was vastly relieved, at that point, to hear competent, rubber-soled footsteps approaching from the hall, and Vera presently appeared in the doorway. "As if I didn't have enough to do, looking after the patients, without this. Really!" She looked at Sheila. "Disgraceful! A young, refined-looking woman like that!"

I fled, then. I did not intend to be left with Sheila again, and Vera would have to get away from her as best she could.

I DECIDED to try going to bed, and, with growing panic, raced across to my room and closed the door with a bang. I pushed the bureau in front of it, and then, rather belatedly, since I was already barricaded in, looked in the bathroom and closet and under the beds.

I drew a little breath of relief, which was sharply cut off. One of the handles that was used to wind the bed up and down was out of its groove and lying on the floor. I picked the thing up and looked at it, and then stooped and fitted it into the socket where it belonged. I jiggled it around a bit, but it seemed to be firm enough, and I felt pretty sure that it could not have fallen out by itself. Which meant that someone must have taken it out and dropped it on the floor.

I left the light burning, climbed wearily into bed, and tried to put the whole thing out of my mind. I was just drifting off to sleep when Michael banged on my door.

I did not know it was Michael, of course, and I sat up, with my heart pounding, and called in a quavering voice, "Who's there?"

"You mean, 'Who goes there?'" Michael said.

"Oh, it's you." I simmered back to normal. "What do you want?"

"I want to talk to you."

I got out of bed, moved the bureau, and opened the door. "What are you doing here at this time of the morning?" I asked crossly.

"I'm a doctor."

"That's wishful thinking."

"My patients believe in me."

I said, "Really? Both of them?"

He fixed his eyes on my tousled hair, and observed, "I've had a session with the police, and we ended in a deadlock. They say I went out with Frances, and I say I didn't."

"You mean, you're somewhat on the spot?"

He nodded, and a faint frown appeared on his forehead. "I went out with a blonde, all right," he said, "but it wasn't Frances. It was her kid sister, Louise."

"Not so much of a kid, at that?" I said.

"She's as pretty as Frances was," he said, looking at me, but not really seeing me, "and very much like her. The police are going to interview her in the morning."

"It's the most interesting little tidbit I've heard for weeks," I said acidly. "I'm glad you woke me at four in the morning to tell me—I couldn't have waited."

His blue eyes refocused on my face, and he laughed at me. "Get into a housecoat or a Mother Hubbard, or something, Jessie, and come on out to the solarium. Vera's getting some coffee for us."

I said, "My God! She'll have it all over the place."

"The coffee?"

"Don't be a silly ass," I said impatiently. "You know what I mean, and you know what Vera is."

"I fixed her," he said airily. "I told her we were making a study of your unusual mentality, and I wanted to make notes on it when it and you were at low ebb—i. e., the early hours of the morning."

"You picked the right time," I said bitterly. "I'm at rock bottom. And you've confirmed a suspicion that has been growing in Vera all night—i. e., that I am heading straight for the state asylum."

He said that that was fine and would certainly stop Vera from spreading gossip about us, and went off to the solarium to wait for me. I got into a negligee, brushed my hair, and tried to fix up my face a bit.

I went out into the hall just as Vera appeared with the coffee. Her lips were folded into a narrow line and her eyes were cold.

I sidled up to her and whispered, "It's a shame—when you have so much to do already."

She blossomed out like a flower, and would have told me about what she had to do, already, but Michael cut her short and sent her off.

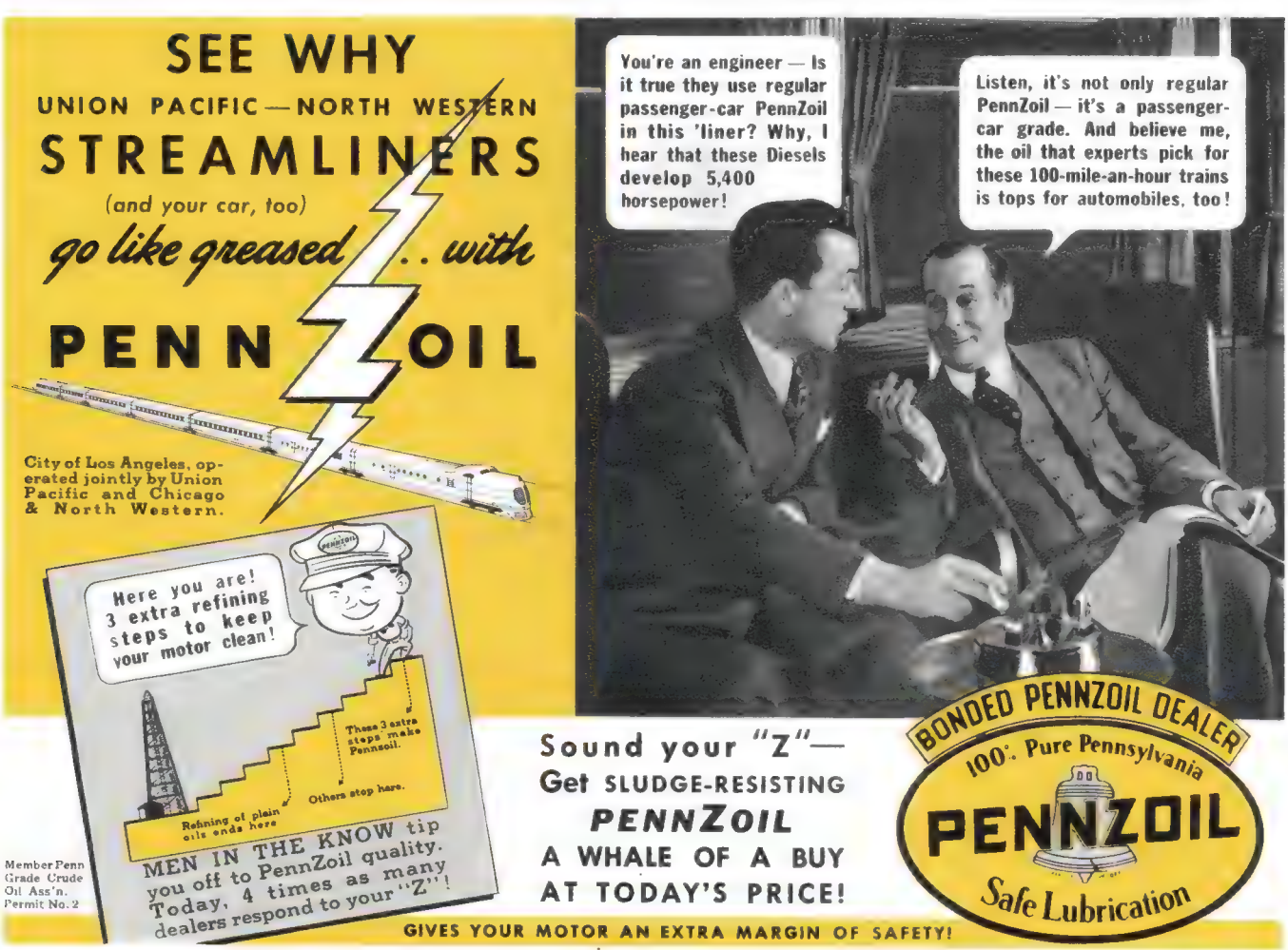
WE SAT down with the coffee between us, and Michael observed, "Nice costume—but you ought to wear a boudoir cap."

"Very comical," I said politely. "Is there any other little thing you wanted to get cleared up before I go back to bed?"

"I had to take this opportunity to talk to you," he explained. "I don't get much chance in the daytime, and I knew you wouldn't be sleeping, anyway."

I said, "No, no, of course not. I always have morning tea at four o'clock."

"All right. Now, listen. In the first place,



I want you to be very careful. I don't know what's going on around here, but there's something. And those Bakers are behaving in a very peculiar fashion. Don't get mixed up with them in any way."

"How can I help it?" I asked impatiently. "They surround me in here."

"Stay with your aunt, during the day, and come back here only to sleep."

I laughed thinly. "How long do you think I'd keep my sanity? Have you ever tried sitting with my Aunt Isabelle all day?"

He smiled, but his eyes were still troubled. He said, "Well, we'll leave that, and get to the other thing."

"Oh. So there's something else."

"Of course. About this marriage, as arranged by your aunt—naturally, we can't do it."

I FELT as though he had slapped my face. While my mind whirled around, wondering if he thought I had put my aunt up to the whole thing, I was conscious of being glad that I did not blush easily. I managed to say casually, "That's a pity. I've crocheted two antimacassars and sent for a furniture catalogue."

He ran a hand through his hair, and said abstractedly, "You see, I use what I make out of your aunt for my research."

"Oh," I said. "Research. That's very noble."

He frowned and lit a cigarette.

"When you get more prosperous you won't have time for research. It's deep waters, anyway, and you ought to leave it to the boys with brains."

"To hell with being prosperous," he said, half to himself, "if it means giving up my research." He heaved a short sigh, and glanced up at me. "Listen, Jessie. I don't want to lose your aunt's custom, right now. If you'll only stick with me for a few months and humor her about our engagement, I'd appreciate it. After that I'll turn you down and never darken your aunt's door again. You'll be left in high favor with her."

"I'll be left, all right," I said coldly.

"What do you mean?"

"Girls who get jilted are apt to lose face."

He said peevishly, "Oh, talk sense."

"Further," I went on calmly, "my supposed engagement to you for several months is going to throw a large monkey wrench in amongst the dates I should otherwise have with the one or two other gents I know."

He stood up abruptly. "Damn your aunt!" he said. "Anyway, I'm not breaking the engagement right now."

"Neither am I," I said furiously. "And, what's more, I'm going to tell Aunt Isabelle that I'll be ready to marry you next week."

"You must please yourself, of course." I could see that he was quite as angry as I was. "But, remember—if you go to your aunt with any such suggestion I'll go through with it." He turned on his heel and left.

I got up and walked out of the solarium in a red haze of pure fury. Michael didn't give a damn about me, never had, never would, and yet he wanted to tie me up so that he could get more money out of Aunt Isabelle!

The dawn had broken, and I was so completely concerned with Michael and his general duplicity that I flounced straight into my old room, where Frances had been found, without noticing my mistake. The fact that the bed was made up did not penetrate my anger, either. But when I threw myself down on it and heard the loud squeak of the springs, I came to with a shock that brought

AN AMERICAN
FOTO FUNNY

Can you figure out what these two pups are saying to each other? For the five cleverest bits of dialogue, one for each picture, we will pay $25. Write your lines to fit the fotos, and keep them as brief as possible. Address Fotofunnies, The American Magazine, 250 Park Ave., New York, N. Y. No contributions will be considered later than August 5, 1940, and none will be returned.

PHOTOS BY LOUIS HOCHMAN

me to a sitting position. My eyes dropped to the floor between the two beds—and I saw a white hospital shoe. There was a foot in it, with a leg disappearing under the other bed.

I don't believe I moved for a full minute. I felt paralyzed, and my voice seemed to have gone. I managed to get off the bed, at last, and I sent a wild glance around the room. I realized my mistake, then, and I lurched toward the door and fell heavily against it. I clawed at the handle, and with failing strength pulled the door wide enough for my body to slip through. As soon as I got into the hall, my voice came back to me, and I screamed shrilly. I presently found myself at the door leading into the main hall, without knowing how I had got there. I screamed again. Then the floor rose up and hit me.

I was vaguely conscious of footsteps and voices, and after a while my vision cleared, and I recognized Vera and Michael, and, oddly, Trevis and Gregg.

Michael lifted me from the floor and carried me to my bed, and Vera immediately began to slap my hands and wrists about in a very irritating fashion. The pallid, rather dreamlike faces of Trevis and Gregg remained framed in the doorway.

I remember telling Vera, fretfully, to leave me alone, and then I whispered fearfully, "Did you see her?"

Vera stepped back, and Michael said sharply, "Who? Where?"

"It's Frances," I said, and began to cry. "She's still there—the next room."

Vera gave a little shriek, and I could see Trevis and Gregg staring at me—their eyes seemed enormous, somehow. Michael straightened up and, after looking at me steadily for a moment, turned and hurried out of the room. Vera followed him, and Trevis and Gregg disappeared behind them.

I COULD not stay there alone. I got to my feet unsteadily and made my way to the door of the next room just as Michael and Trevis were putting a still, white-clad figure onto one of the beds. I caught a glimpse of blond, blood-soaked hair—and then Vera saw me. She hurried over and bullied me back to my own room and made me lie down. But her face was gray and her hands were shaking.

"It's Olive Parsons," she said, in a sick voice. "The same way. I'm not going to stay on this floor. I'm going."

I looked at her, and felt peal after peal of shrill laughter bubbling behind a thin veil of control. "Don't worry, stupid," I said loudly. "They won't touch you. You have to be blond, to qualify."

She stared at me, and said, with a noticeable quaver, "What are you talking about? Pull yourself together, and be quiet!"

I felt the horrid desire to laugh die away, and I drew a couple of long breaths. Vera sat down heavily on the side of my bed and put an unsteady hand to her head.

"When did the two Bakers come in?" I asked after a moment.

She gave her head a little shake and dropped her hand into her lap. "I don't know—I was having trouble with thirty-two and wasn't at the desk."

"You didn't see Olive come up here?"

She shivered, and said, "No, I didn't."

"Did you see anyone go into the guest suite?"

She shook her head. "No, but I've hardly been at the desk for the last two hours."

She lapsed into silence and stared at the

wall, and I looked out the window and tried vainly to interest myself in the fact that it was going to be a nice day.

AFTER a while I became aware of people out in the hall, footsteps going back and forth, and a subdued murmur of voices. I listened apathetically for a time, and then William Forrest came in. He peremptorily ordered Vera back to her post. As she left the room she announced over her shoulder that she had spent her last night on the sixth floor.

William Forrest started in on me quite pleasantly and considerately. He prefaced it with some remarks about the brutal murder of two blond nurses.

"Then, Olive—? She was murdered, too?" I stammered.

He nodded, and asked, "Did you know her?"

"Why, yes. Not intimately, of course, but I know lots of the nurses by their first names." I told him all about Aunt Isabelle, by way of explanation.

He made me go over the entire evening for him, and anything else that might have happened since Frances' death. I even told him about the "thing" Sheila saw. After that, to my horror, I found myself telling him all about how we had lost Aunt Isabelle.

He showed an intense interest in that, and the only explanation that I could offer was that she was searching for Edith and me. I could see, by the look in his chilly eyes, that I had practically put my aunt behind bars.

I made a feeble effort, then, to clear Aunt Isabelle's good name, but he stood up abruptly and changed the subject: "As far as you know, then, the black wallet has not been found by any of those who seem to be looking for it?"

"That's right," I said.

"Well, thank you very much. I'll be back later in the day. You'll be here?"

"Oh, yes," I said wearily.

He hesitated at the door. "Can you think of anything that might have been used as a weapon?"

I shook my head, and he went out.

Weapon, my brain repeated tiredly. Weapon! Those handles that were used to wind the beds up. That one I had seen lying on the floor—here, in my own room!

I got up slowly, and walked around the end of the beds. I went past the handle that had been lying on the floor, and looked first at the other one. The end was sticky with blood, and there were two blond hairs clinging to it.

I dropped the thing onto the floor, and ran out of the room. I went to the solarium, but neither Forrest nor Michael was there. I went out into the main corridor, and found Vera at the desk. "Where's that man, Forrest?" I gasped.

"He's gone," she said indifferently. "They've all gone." She shivered and added, "They took her—Olive—away some time ago. And when I go off duty, here, I am not coming back ever."

I told her we'd all miss her, and then asked her to phone downstairs and get them to contact Forrest, because I had something to tell him.

She put the message through, and wanted to know immediately afterward what it was I had to tell Forrest.

I explained, and she gasped once or twice. "Where is it?" she asked, exhibiting all the signs of morbid curiosity.

I told her to go and see for herself, and she went, finally.

Edith came up the hall, yawning all the way. She blinked at me, and asked, "What are you doing out of bed at this hour? And where's Vera—and Olive? The old man needs some attention, and Olive isn't there."

I sat down at the desk, heavily. "Didn't you hear it?" I asked, after a moment. "All the racket?"

She stared at me, and repeated, "Racket?"

I told her, then—hating the necessity for having to go over it all again, and I saw her face go gray.

She steadied herself, with one hand on the edge of the desk, and said in a low voice, "My God! I'm going to get your aunt out of here today."

"I hope you succeed," I said wearily.

"If I don't," she muttered, "I'll cut my throat before someone does it for me." She turned away. "I'll go and fix Mr. Baker up, I guess."

I just sat there for a while, shaking, and telling myself at intervals to snap out of it.

FOOTSTEPS on the stairway beside the elevator materialized into William Forrest and Michael, deep in conversation. I hailed them hysterically, and jabbered out an explanation about the handle. They turned, and made for the guest suite. Forrest paused and said something to Michael, who shrugged and returned to the desk.

"He doesn't want me," he said, sitting down and pulling out a cigarette.

I was afraid to try to say anything, for

Mrs. C. F. Meanwell, Detroit housemaker, asks this question of Mr. G. W. Mason, President of Nash-Kelvinator Corp., because, like so many consumers all over the country, she is eager for facts instead of hearsay. The following interview took place at the Kelvinator factory in Detroit.

"SOME PEOPLE INSIST THAT ADVERTISING IS AN ECONOMIC WASTE . . .

What are the facts, Mr. Mason?"

Mr. Mason: "Of course, that's not correct. That's like saying that mass-production is also an economic waste, Mrs. Meanwell."

Mrs. Meanwell: **"Why no, Mr. Mason. After all, mass-production makes goods cheaper . . ."**

Mr. Mason: "Yes, but if manufacturers couldn't depend on advertising their products and prices to the public, how many would dare take the risk of mass-production?"

Mrs. Meanwell: **"Risk of mass-production? What do you mean by that?"**

Mr. Mason: "I mean that manufacturers take a risk because they set their low, mass-production prices before they sell a single item. They depend on future sales to bring down their average costs. It's the same as if you bought a new electric range. If you intended to cook only one meal on that range, how much would that one meal cost you?"

Mrs. Meanwell: **"Oh, I see your point. Since I can spread the cost of the range over thousands of meals, the cost for each is very small."**

Mr. Mason: "Exactly. And that electric range is like the machinery and equipment a manufacturer has to buy in order to produce large quantities of goods. If he had to cover his costs by selling a few hundred of his product, the price would be very high. But the point is, he can take the risk of distributing his costs over hundreds of thousands of units, because advertising will help him sell what he makes.

"This year for example, we built new, improved Kelvinator refrigerators. To reduce manufacturing costs, we standardized on 6 and 8 cubic foot sizes and concentrated 96% of our production on them. We doubled our normal output. Then we offered the new Kelvinator for as much as thirty to sixty dollars less than last year. We could actually give the consumer the benefits of mass-production before we had sold a single new refrigerator, because we could depend on advertising to spread the word to millions of families."

Mrs. Meanwell: **"Does that kind of thing happen often?"**

Mr. Mason: "Perhaps not as dramatically, but it is happening constantly in one form or another in many, many industries. Advertising helps win quick acceptance for improved products. That increases enterprise, and creates better and better values for consumers."

* * *

To give you the truth about advertising, and its influence on the welfare and prosperity of the American people, we have gone to those who are in the best position to know the facts. Interviews with these business leaders, about advertising's social and economic benefits to you, are appearing in Collier's, Woman's Home Companion, and The American Magazine—published by The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company.

fear I'd start screaming instead, so I sat quietly and listened to my teeth banging together.

I was conscious after a while of Michael's blue eyes on my face. He said, "I'm going to give you something to make you sleep."

"I'm afraid to go to sleep," I said.

He closed his eyes for a moment as though he were tired. "I'll go and get Lenore, if you like, and let you go home."

I shook my head. "She wouldn't come. But I'm going to speak to Aunt Isabelle and try to get her to go home. If she refuses I'll go anyway."

He nodded. "Only, you must get some sleep, in the meantime. You'll be safe enough in your room, now. Forrest and his gang will be milling around in there all day."

I said, "All right."

Vera came back, at that point, muttering angrily to herself. "I don't care," she said, when she saw us, "if he is a city official. He has no right to call me names."

"None whatever," Michael agreed. "What name did he call you?"

"It was behind my back," Vera admitted. "He didn't know I was listening, and he called me an interfering old witch."

"Witch?" Michael repeated, smiling.

She nodded innocently, and made a vexed sound with her tongue.

Michael allowed the smile to die away, and then spoke to her in a businesslike undertone. She trotted off, and presently returned with a pill of some sort and a glass of water.

I swallowed the pill, and went straight off to my room, got into bed, and went out like a light.

MUCH later I struggled up through deep, black layers of sleep to the sound of a persistent knocking on the door. I got out of bed, pulled on a negligee, and opened the door, with drowsiness still floating around me like a gray fog.

Miss Gould was there. "Your aunt thinks you have slept enough," she said, "and would like to see you."

I said, "What time is it?"

"Twenty past six."

I went out into the hall, where Vera was just coming on for night duty.

"I thought you were never coming here again," I called to her.

"And I thought you were going home this morning," she snapped back.

"Both wrong," I said, and passed on, but I saw her taking in every detail of my chiffon negligee.

Aunt Isabelle looked me up and down when I got to her room. "Does your mother allow you to wear that thing in public?"

"Not on Broadway," I said, "or in the subway. But—"

"Don't you exercise your sarcasm on me, my good girl," said Aunt Isabelle. "I know as well as the next one that you're walking around practically in your nightgown in order to give those Baker boys a thrill."

"Aunt Isabelle!"

"Hush your silly chatter," she said. "I want to hear all about last night."

I settled myself in the armchair, and told her the whole tale from start to finish.

She considered it for a while, frowning thoughtfully. "Every time I hear the story," she said presently, "it changes. Nobody told me about your seeing that handle lying on the floor."

"I guess nobody knew," I explained. "I told Forrest, and then only after I had found the—the horrid one."

Unexpectedly, Edith walked in, and my aunt eyed her narrowly. "What are you doing here, at this time?"

"The police wanted to question me on a few points, so I had my dinner when they had finished with me, and came around."

"Send Miss Gould home, then," said Aunt Isabelle.

"Why should I?" Edith asked, with spirit. "I'm only visiting until eleven o'clock."

"Honored, I'm sure," my aunt said coldly.

Edith settled herself comfortably, and observed to no one in particular, "If you ask me, those Bakers are all cracked."

"I didn't ask you," said Aunt Isabelle, "but I admit your ability to recognize your own kind." She thought that was pretty good and lay chuckling over it for some time.

"The three of them," Edith said, after a while, "hanging around, waiting for the old man to die so that they can get his money."

"You're living in a glass house and throwing stones," my aunt said significantly.

Edith said, "Well—if you don't have me down in your will for about ten thousand I think it's pretty darned mean of you. But I don't expect to outlive you."

"No," said my aunt acidly. "You'll die of fatty degeneration of the heart."

Edith made no comment, and I rested my head against the back of the chair and drowsed comfortably. A discreet tap on the door roused me, and Michael and a smell of ether came in together.

My aunt sniffed enviously, for a moment, and then turned her mind to other things. "Get out, Edith," she said. "I want to talk to these two alone."

Edith retired, and closed the door behind her, but I knew that she would stay directly outside with her ear glued to the crack.

MICHAEL frowned, and studied his shoe. Aunt Isabelle pulled her purse from under the pillow, extracted a handkerchief from it, closed it firmly, and said, "Now! I want to know what plans you people have made."

Michael was still absorbed in his shoe, so I said, "Plans, Aunt Isabelle?"

"When do you intend to get married?"

"Next week," I said promptly, and added, "On Tuesday."

She looked at me with slightly narrowed eyes, and asked, "Why Tuesday?"

"Oh, I don't know," I said idiotically. "Michael goes to church on Sunday, and Monday's washday—"

"That will do!" she said coldly. "As for Tuesday, it's too soon."

"Well, how about Wednesday?"

"You watch your tongue with me, girl, or you'll be sorry," she barked.

I sat up, and threw back my shoulders. "I am serious. When the time comes I shall go through with it."

Michael abandoned his shoe. "You can stop clowning, Jessie," he said slowly. "I'll draw out." He raised his head and looked at Aunt Isabelle. "I'm sorry to disappoint you, but Jessie and I have decided not to marry, after all."

I could see fury leap and sparkle in her eyes, but for a moment she said nothing. When she did speak, her voice was surprisingly quiet: "We'll discuss it in the morning, Michael. Go on home, now."

He said good night, looking a bit surprised, and winked at me on his way out.

I waited for the torrent of abuse, and it started immediately—*sotto voce*, at first, so that Michael would not hear, but working, at last, into a full, strong bass. Edith came back in the middle of it to get in on the fun.

Aunt Isabelle put the entire blame on me, and accused me of inciting Michael to make the break. I sat and admired the storm.

Finally, in emphasizing a point, she banged her purse down onto her knee. She let out a howl of pain, and at the same time the purse flew open and a cascade of small objects poured onto the bedspread and from there to the floor. I stooped to recover them, and felt my eyes pop. One of the things was a leather wallet, engraved with a gilt B.

I made a dive for the wallet, and at the same

Reamer Keller

"They say they want it for Exhibit A in a breach of promise suit, Maw"

time Aunt Isabelle shouted, "Give that back to me at once!"

I looked at the thing, and Edith came and peered over my shoulder. "Where did you get it, Aunt Isabelle?" I asked.

"Give it to me!" she yelled.

She was getting impatient and heading toward the explosion point, but I figured that I was in the doghouse, anyway, and I wanted to examine the contents at my leisure. "I'm not going to give it to you," I said firmly. "If you haven't sense enough to keep out of jail yourself, I'll do what I can to help."

I turned and left the room, holding the wallet firmly in my hand and trying to close my ears to the bellows that followed me. I went straight into the empty room across the hall and switched on the light—and found that Edith was close at my heels.

"You're a prize snoop," I told her.

"What about you?"

"I'm just as bad, and some day we'll both get into trouble."

"Hurry up and open the thing," she said. "I've got to get back and stop her infernal yelling."

I EMPTIED the wallet and spread the contents on the counterpane of the bed. There was no money at all, and apparently nothing of value. There was a collection of newspaper clippings about activities of the Baker family. I read an account of Mr. Baker's wedding, Mrs. Baker's obituary, the marriage of Sheila and Gregg, Trevis's golfing triumphs. There were a few stamps, and two pieces of paper. One was blank, and on the other, written in a cramped hand, were the words, "Please meet me on Tuesday."

We looked that over very carefully, but the only deduction we were able to make was that it was not as old as most of the newspaper clippings.

"Seems pretty innocuous to have created such a furor," I said, disappointed. "I'll give it to the police and see if they can make anything out of it."

Edith yawned, and made for the door. "I'll have to go and shut her up, somehow. I wish I could just stuff a sponge in her mouth and be done with it."

She hurried across the hall, and I replaced the things in the wallet and took it along to the desk.

Vera told me that William Forrest had gone, and after a moment's indecision I made up my mind to give the wallet straight to the Bakers.

I went along to the guest suite, and found that it was in complete darkness. I felt my way to my room and turned the light on, and tried to ignore the fact that my knees were shaking. I mentally cursed the person who was always turning lights off in the guest suite. I looked under the beds, then, and in the bathroom. While I was in the bathroom I heard someone come in from the hall, and I whirled around in a panic.

A nurse stood at the bureau with her back to me. She was slender and blond, and I could have sworn that it was Frances Hoffman.

She must have heard me gasp, for she turned around—and of course it wasn't Frances. She said, "Oh, I'm sorry. I didn't know this room was occupied."

"You—look familiar," I stammered.

"I'm Louise Hoffman. Frances' sister. I'm taking Olive's place."

I said instantly, and without thinking, "Oh, no! You mustn't!"

She gave me a curious look, but explained quietly enough, "I had to take the job. I have to live, and I have to pay for Frances' funeral. We never saved any money, you know. We always spent every last nickel." She dabbed at her eyes with her handkerchief, straightened her cap, and after another apology for her intrusion walked briskly away. I watched her go, wondering what she had been doing in the guest suite, and senselessly wishing that she were not a blonde.

I stirred, after a while, and glanced at the bureau and the door. High time to barricade myself in. I stood up—and, at the same time, the door swung slowly inward.

I think I must have expected the "thing" Sheila saw to walk in. I know I was stiff with fear. But it was only Trevis. He appeared to be considerably startled when he saw me. "Oh—I beg your pardon," he stammered. "I—didn't you hear me knock?"

He hadn't knocked, and my expression must have told him that I knew it. He smiled suddenly, and with all his charm. "You're almost never here, you know, and your door is usually open. I hope you'll forgive me."

"We live an informal life, here," I said.

He said pleasantly, but with a certain tenseness, "I heard that you had found my uncle's wallet."

"Oh, yes," I said, in some confusion.

"I see that you still have it," he observed pointedly.

I glanced down at the wallet in my hand. "Yes, I—"

"May I have it?" he asked.

I handed it over, because I did not see what else I could do about it.

"How's your uncle?" I asked inanely and for the sake of saying something.

"Just about the same," Trevis said cheerfully. He bowed himself out.

I shrugged, moved the bureau in front of the door, and prepared to go to bed. I had just finished cleaning my face off, when there was a bang on the door, and Michael called, "Come on out. Vera's getting coffee."

I groaned, put my face back on, and moved the bureau. Michael was in the solarium.

"DON'T you ever go home?" I asked.

"I was not only at home," he said, eying my hair, "but tucked snugly in my bed. I came back on an emergency call."

I said, "Oh, yes. The spaniel belonging to one of the ambulance drivers. I heard she was due to whelp."

"You'll have me in stitches," Michael said, lighting a cigarette. "The call was from your aunt. Edith put it through, and said she'd been told to say that if I did not come at once I could consider myself dismissed from the case."

"Give me a cigarette, too," I said. "What was the emergency? Had she lost a nickel?"

"Your aunt," said Michael, dropping his head onto the back of his chair and staring at the ceiling, "is a very fine woman. She cares more for you than you think. She figures it won't be easy for you to snaffle a husband, with that hair of yours, so she's taking the time and money to arrange for your happiness."

Vera came in with the coffee, and we were silent until she had left.

"I'd like to see that wallet," Michael said then. "Your aunt told me she'd found it in her pocketbook and how you got hold of it. Quite a long tale it was, too."

"I can imagine," I said shortly. "Why should I hand it over to you?"

THE ANIMAL FAIR

★

Above-par golfers get the horselaugh when they play on the 9-hole golf course owned by Mr. and Mrs. Roy Crippin, of Ramona, Calif., for the Crippins have trained riderless horses to serve as caddies. Toting the customers' clubs, the horses take their pay in nibbling grass along the fairways.

John Hanes, of Raleigh, N. C., has a pet crow, Hoppie, which is doing its bit to further the AAA's program of restricted planting. Allowed to roam at will, Hoppie delights to fly into a field where a farmer is plowing and to shout, "Whoa!" The more the farmer yells, "Giddap!" the louder Hoppie comes back with raucous "Whoa's."

W. J. Connelly, of Parma, Ohio, has trained a pair of Chinese walking fish to race on a wooden race track, completely out of water. The fish start at one end of the track, and when they reach the other end they dive back into their tank.

Butch, a 10-month-old rabbit owned by Julie Carter, of Hollywood, Calif., shows what a change of diet does for the disposition of a bunny. Normally a vegetarian, Butch was offered some meat when an infant and promptly forsook his green diet. Today he's about twice the size of an ordinary rabbit and chases dogs as a pastime.

Impy, a cat owned by Janet M. Little, of Cumberland, Md., recently suffered a broken foreleg in an automobile accident. With his leg in a cast, Impy fretted because he could not wash his face thoroughly. Tom, his feline pal that lives next door, sensed his discomfiture and washed his face for him every morning until he was well again.

When one of his milk cows began failing in her milk, Charlie Isgitt, of Normangee, Texas, investigated. He was astonished to find the cow comfortably reclining in the pasture nursing one of the neighbor's pigs.

Ernest Thierstein's Belgian police dog serves as a waiter in his tavern at New Clarus, Wis. The dog, Mr. Thierstein reports, has learned to clear empty beer bottles off the tables, run errands for the customers, bring back their change, close up the tavern at night by turning the key in the lock, and prevent fires by stamping out burning cigar and cigarette butts!

Do you know any unusual facts or original stories about animals? We will pay $1 for each acceptable anecdote accompanied by corroborative proof. Address ANIMALS, The American Magazine, 250 Park Ave., New York, N. Y. No entries returned.

"Curiosity," he said mildly. "Also, I have an idea that it's dynamite, and I don't think you should keep it in your possession."

"You can relax, then. Trevis has it."

He seemed quite upset by that, and asked irritably, "Couldn't you have kept it?"

I TOLD him how Trevis had got it, and he said, "Didn't you look through it, first?"

"Of course." I told him about the clippings and the stamps and the two pieces of paper. "So, you see, there really wasn't anything in it, after all."

"Why all the frantic searching, then?"

I shrugged, and at that moment Trevis appeared at the door.

"Miss Warren, are you sure there was nothing else in that wallet of my uncle's? It was only a slip of paper, and it could have fallen out quite easily. I wonder—could you tell me where you found it, so that I can go and look?"

"I found it in my aunt's purse," I said, "and if you can figure out a way to look there I'll pin a medal on you. I'm sure, though, that nothing dropped out of it."

He thanked me, said good night to both of us, and backed out.

"I'd like to hear Aunt Isabelle when he asks if he may search her purse," I said.

Michael grinned, and stood up. "That fellow, Forrest, is going to be disappointed when he hears that the Bakers got the wallet before he did."

"I don't see why," I said, as we moved out into the hall together. "It's pretty evident that the dynamite has been removed from the thing."

"I suppose so," he said. He came to a stop at my door, and stood looking down at me. "You know," he said slowly, "I feel like kissing you."

"You and about twelve others," I murmured, boasting a little.

He kissed me, appeared to consider it for a moment, and then kissed me again. The second interval was shorter, and when the third kiss drew to a conclusion I had to admit to myself that I was enjoying it.

Finally, he said, "It's a good thing I did that. I hadn't realized that the pleasure would be so intense."

The fourth kiss was long, and decidedly breath-taking—and by the time I came up for air he had gone.

I leaned against the wall, and realized for the first time that I was in love with him. I didn't want to be; I wanted to turn him down coldly. But, instead, I decided to telephone Lenore and get her to bring some hats over, so that I could hide my hair.

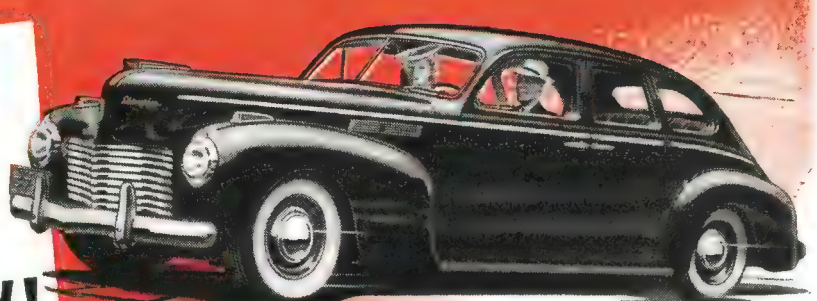
I WENT into the bedroom and stood staring at the floor. After a while it came to me that I was staring at something. The police, of course, had taken possession of the blood-stained handle from the one bed. I saw, now, that the handle from the other bed was lying on the floor.

I fairly flew out to the desk and sat down on Vera's chair. My body was shaking and my teeth were chattering, and I kept thinking, over and over again, "It means another murder, and I must stop it somehow."

Vera came back, and I told her to phone

Fluid-Drive

A CHRYSLER First THEY'LL ALL FOLLOW!



WHY SHIFT GEARS ?

GREAT SUCCESSES are always imitated. *Fluid Drive* is certain to be. It's the biggest success in years.

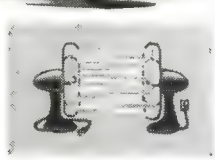
Now in its second triumphant year, *Fluid Drive* is firmly established as the smoothest, quietest, simplest drive ever put in a motor car.

Why shift gears . . . or have them shifted automatically? Why de-clutch and push levers . . . when *Fluid Drive* takes all the work out of driving, in city traffic or in country driving.

With Chrysler development work at least two years ahead of the field, and still forging ahead, *Fluid Drive's* future is brilliant indeed.

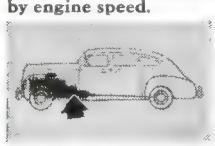
You get the good things first from Chrysler. See your Chrysler dealer and try this new and better way of driving. It's the most fun you ever had in a car. Why shift gears?

★Tune in on Major Bowes, CBS., Thurs., 9-10 P.M., E. D. S.T.



SIMPLE AS THIS
A current of air from the running fan will set the idle fan in motion, just as a breeze turns a windmill. That's the simple principle of *Fluid Drive*.

ONLY 2 MOVING PARTS
One fan-like wheel drives the other by directing a current of oil against it, fast or slow as governed by engine speed.



MIRACLE HAPPENS HERE
No rigid metal connections. Driving wheel is fastened to the engine, driven wheel to the transmission system.

Be Modern BUY CHRYSLER!

the police and get William Forrest to come at once. She balked a bit and demanded a lot of explaining before she gave in and lifted the telephone. And then she merely called the office, downstairs. I had only her word for it that they were going to do their part.

I could see that she thought I was being silly and hysterical. "That handle probably fell out," she said. "You've been fooling around with them so much. You'd be better off if you'd mind your own affairs."

"It didn't fall out," I said desperately.

She said, "Tch, tch," and went off again.

I sat there for a while, still shivering, and calling myself a fool because I could not help feeling glad that I was not a blonde. I thought of Louise Hoffman and her pretty fair hair, and felt I couldn't stand it.

Vera presently returned and sat down at the desk. I noticed that the clock showed ten minutes to five, and I rumpled my hair fretfully and muttered, "It ought to be getting light. Why is it still so dark?"

"There's a storm coming," Vera said, glancing at the window. "Well, maybe it will cool things off a bit."

She plodded briskly down the corridor, and I was left alone again. I was very tired and very frightened.

LOUISE appeared, after a while, walking toward me up the hall, and I got up to meet her. She gave me a brief nod, went past me, and made straight for the guest suite!

I ran after her and caught at her arm. "Louise, you can't go in there!"

"Why not?" she said, and pulled herself free.

"Oh, don't," I begged, blinking back a sudden film of tears. "Don't go in there, yet. Wait until it's light—until morning."

Her forehead wrinkled in a little frown, and she started on again without a word.

"Wait, please!" I cried. "I'll—tell you something."

I explained about the handle, but Louise didn't seem to be listening. Her eyes were fixed over my shoulder and down the corridor. I swung around, but the corridor stretched empty behind me.

Louise said, "Listen—I have a little errand in the guest suite. You go on back and sit down. I won't be long."

"No," I said hysterically, "I won't. I'm going with you."

"Oh, for heaven's sake, no! It isn't necessary. Look here—if you're worried about that handle, I put it there, myself." She turned away and hurried through the door of the guest suite.

I walked slowly back to the desk and looked at the clock. Half past five.

The storm broke, then—wild and violent and noisy—but I hardly noticed it. I kept thinking of Louise, and wondering what possible reason she could have for taking that handle out and putting it on the floor. I had felt sure that the handle and the murderer were intimately connected, but I could not picture Louise murdering anyone.

I sat there, shivering in the sticky heat, and vaguely conscious of the vivid display of lightning and the crash of thunder.

Vera was still absent, and after a while I realized that Louise had not come back, either. I sat with my eyes glued to the door of the guest suite, but it remained closed. I looked at the clock again, after what seemed hours. Ten to six.

And then, the door to the guest suite opened slowly. I held my breath, and waited, but it was not Louise who came out. It was Sheila Baker.

She wore a negligee, which she clutched around her, and her hair was untidy and her face blotchy. She came straight up to me and stood in front of me. "I am not drunk, this time," she said steadily, "but I simply cannot stay in that place any longer. There is something horrible going on in there."

"What do you mean?" I gasped.

She sat down and helped herself to one of my cigarettes. "I don't know—I keep hearing things. I could have sworn I heard a girl crying, in between the thunderclaps, a while ago. And then someone opened a window. But those are only the latest—I've been hearing noises all night."

"Maybe the window was being closed. I know one of the nurses is in there, and it's pouring rain."

She shook her head. "When those windows are closed, you can hear the bump when they come down. It was being opened." She slumped back in her chair, and closed her eyes for a moment. "I could die when I think of how I lay on that horrible bed, the night I was drunk."

I STARED at her while it dawned on me that it must have been Sheila I had heard in the room where Frances and Olive had died. "You were lying on the bed in that dreadful room?" I said huskily.

She shivered. "I was plastered, and I didn't know what I was doing. I went in there and flopped on the bed, and then I realized where I was, so I got over to Trevis's room."

"You ought to go back to bed," I said, watching her face. "You haven't been well."

She didn't answer me.

I got up and moved about restlessly. I

It's the LAW!

BY DICK HYMAN

ILLUSTRATED BY O. SOGLOW

Centralia, Wash., requires all male residents to grow beards between the dates of June 28th and August 4th

A Kansas law forbids candidates for public office to give away cigars on Election Day

An old ordinance in Suffolk, Va., states that autos may not be driven under their own power within the city limits

Private ownership of squirrels is forbidden by law in Arkansas except during October, November, and December

felt that I should go and look for Louise, but I was afraid. Vera was nowhere to be seen, and I knew Sheila would not come with me. Finally I pulled the remnants of my courage about me and, facing the guest suite door, I took a deep breath and plunged through.

It was not so bad, after all. It was getting light, and I could see things. I glanced into my room, and noticed that the handle was back in its place in the bed. I supposed it was Louise's handiwork, and went straight on to the solarium.

Louise was there. She lay on the chaise longue, her head thrown back and her eyes closed. There was no one else about, and she appeared to be sleeping peacefully. I started to back out quietly.

I saw the pot, just before it fell. It was a rubber plant in a china bowl, and it rested on a tall iron stand. The plant was too heavy for the bowl, and the wind caught at the leaves and tipped it. I strangled a scream, as it fell, and saw it land squarely on Louise's hand.

But Louise didn't mind. She did not move. I knew what it meant, of course. If I looked at the back of her I would find blood.

I began to scream, shrilly and without much expression. Nobody came to help me, and Louise lay there, with her eyes closed and the blond hair blowing about her forehead.

I WOKE up in bed, with Michael's face suspended eerily above me.

I blinked at it, and said, "Look at the handle. It must be covered with blood."

"It's all right," Michael said soothingly. "We're not in the guest suite. This room is right across the hall from your aunt's."

Miss Gould materialized at my side with a glass of water and some sort of pill. I swallowed the thing indifferently, and raised my eyes to Michael's face. "She's dead, isn't she?"

He nodded. "Don't concentrate on it." He leaned over and kissed my forehead and said, "I do love you, darling, even if you have red hair and a fearful aunt."

He appeared to fade away after that, and I went off to sleep, wondering contentedly how I happened to be floating on a cloud.

It was almost dark when I woke up and found William Forrest sitting patiently by my bedside. He said mildly, "May I have your attention?"

I told him all about it. He asked innumerable questions, which I answered as well as I could. After about an hour of it he left me, thanking me politely. I looked at my watch and found that it was nine o'clock. I stretched, yawned, and then got out of bed and went across to my aunt's room.

"Miss Gould," I said, "I'm starving. Do you think—?"

"Go and get her something to eat," said Aunt Isabelle. "Jessie, I hope you're feeling better—although why you must needs throw a fit just because you see a bit of life in the raw, I can't think."

I asked her about Louise.

"Dead," she said, her eyes snapping. "Killed in the same way. And that handle in your bedroom covered with blood."

"How do you know?" I asked, feeling as though I were going to be sick.

"I sent Miss Gould to find out."

I rested my head against the back of my chair, and wondered drearily if I could somehow have saved Louise. But I could not have stopped her bodily from going into the guest suite, and then she had put me off by

Old-Time Saturday Night Baked-Bean Suppers—

all ready to eat and cheer for!

RIGHT now—in a few minutes—you can set on your table a crock of beans—steamy, tempting beans like the kind that came out of the old bake oven years ago. Heinz Oven-Baked Beans are baked in hot, dry ovens till tender, digestible. And they're drenched in a spicy molasses sauce flavored with rich young pork. These are Heinz Boston-style Baked Beans! There are three other kinds—Heinz Oven-Baked Beans with Tomato Sauce and Pork; Vegetarian-style, Red Kidney Beans. All are ready to heat on top the stove, or set in the oven till the heavy sauce whispers—*Let's Eat.*

WHEN YOU ATTEND the New York World's Fair, H. J. Heinz Co. invites you to visit the Heinz Dome with its beautiful display walls and sampling booths.

Heinz 57

OVEN-BAKED **Beans**

TASTE JUST LIKE THE HOME-BAKED KIND

saying that she had dropped that handle on the floor herself. She had been lying, of course, in order to get rid of me. And she had gone straight in to her death.

Miss Gould came back with my tray, and fussed around a bit, hoping I would like it.

The meal consisted of jelly, junket, broth, toast, and coffee. I sighed. "It's all right," I said politely. "All I wanted was steak and French fried potatoes, but this will do."

I ate the stuff and, when I had finished, Aunt Isabelle ordered me back to bed.

I met Edith just outside, and her eyes were popping. "What happened here, this morning? The girls are all talking, downstairs. I swear I'm not going to stay here! I'm scared stiff."

Aunt Isabelle called her, at that point, and she went into the room.

I took a walk up the hall. I did not want to go back to bed, and I was battling a strong desire to pack my things and go home.

Halfway to the desk, I noticed a piece of paper lying on the floor, and I stooped idly and picked it up. It was folded, and I opened it out and looked at it. I stopped dead, and stared at the thing. It was the last will and testament of Ames Baker, written in red ink. It left everything of which he died possessed to Olive Parsons.

I MUST have read that will through a dozen times. It was a short, legal-sounding document, and it had been witnessed by Agnes Gaffney and Frances Hoffman! I refolded it again, at last, and after a frightened glance up and down the empty corridor I went quickly back to my third bedroom, the one directly across the hall from Aunt Isabelle's room. I put the will carefully under my pillow, and got into bed.

I had slept all day and was wide awake, so I lit a cigarette. I began to get nervous after a while. Aunt Isabelle and Edith were probably sleeping and I was lying all alone, with a piece of dynamite under my pillow. I was just about to get up, when I heard quiet footsteps crossing the hall to my door. I waited, with my heart in my mouth, and then the door opened noiselessly, and Edith looked in.

She said, "Oh—you're awake. I can't sleep. I'm too nervous."

"Come on in," I said, feeling weak with relief. "I can't sleep, either."

We talked for a while, and I asked her about Olive Parsons. "Had she been with the Bakers for very long?"

"About two years, I think," Edith said. "He's had a nurse for at least five years."

"Do you know who he had before Olive?"

She said, "Sure. Frances Hoffman."

"Frances Hoffman!" I said stupidly. "But why didn't you tell me?"

"Why should I?" said Edith. "You never asked me."

"Well, but—but you knew I'd be interested. Why didn't she keep on with private nursing, then? Instead of doing floor work here?"

"Don't ask me," said Edith.

"It's tied up together some way," I said. "Frances and Olive both worked for Mr. Baker, and they both get killed. And then, Louise, too."

"In that case," said Edith, "it's my turn next, or Vera's. We've worked for him."

I said, "For heaven's sake, what *is* this? Has he had all the nurses working for him?"

"Darn' near," Edith said. "There were several before me, and I lasted a year. Then Vera—she hung on for seven months. After she left there were several, one after another, and then came Frances, who was there for two months. Then Olive took him over. She was able to manage him better than anyone."

I was quiet for a while, thinking it over. The old man had left everything to Olive, so he must have been in love with her. And probably the other Bakers had known something of it. They must have known about the will—hence the frantic search. Olive, the beneficiary, and Frances, one of the witnesses, had both been murdered. Then Louise, who was very likely in Frances' confidence. It looked bad for the younger Bakers—and yet somebody else had been playing hide and seek with the will.

"What are you thinking about?" Edith asked.

"Just thinking it over."

"Young girl solves hospital murders, and embarrasses police," she said derisively.

"You can laugh, but I know something that the police don't."

"What's that?"

"I must ask you to be quiet," Vera's voice said suddenly, from the door. "Miss Quinn, your patient wants you."

"Okay," said Edith, and got to her feet. She went out, and Vera advanced to my bedside. "I should try and sleep, if I were you."

"Thanks for the advice," I said shortly.

SHE went out, and I settled down to try and sleep, after first making sure that the will was under my pillow. It was no use, though. I was wide awake, and I could not stop thinking about the whole thing.

I turned restlessly, and at last got out of bed and pinned the will to the inside of my nightgown. I went along to the chart-room, and found that Vera was not there. At that moment Sheila came out of the guest suite. She wore a pretty and expensive-looking negligee, but her face was desperately tired.

"Have you got a cigarette?" she demanded

I supplied her, and lighted one myself. "What's the matter?" I asked curiously.

"Nothing," she said. "I can't sleep."

A short, uncomfortable silence was broken by the footsteps of a colored orderly, dressed in his blue-and-white hospital suit. He shuffled across the main corridor in front of us, and went into the service elevator. Something about him struck a chord in my mind, and suddenly I grabbed Sheila's arm. "There goes your 'thing,'" I cried.

Sheila got slowly to her feet and stared. The man was still in the elevator, fussing around with some pails.

"Why, I—you're right," Sheila whispered finally. "It is! It's that thing. He must have been in there." She gave a sudden, shrill giggle. "Squashy body, and no face. His face was so black, I couldn't see it."

Vera appeared then and gave Sheila a professional glance. "Now, now, what's all this about?" she demanded.

I gestured toward the orderly, and asked,

LIFE'S LITTLE TEMPTATIONS

by Philip Hummerstone

Ring toss

In the zoo

Watering the lawn

"What business has he in the guest suite?"

"None whatever," Vera said, in some surprise. "He never goes there."

"You have your neck out, sweetheart," I said coldly. "He does go there—and often."

Vera's bosom swelled and her eyes began to snap. "I beg your pardon," she said formally, "but that orderly never sets foot in the guest suite at any time." She got up and walked stiffly down the corridor.

THE bone of contention glanced at us, at this point, and I beckoned to him imperiously. He shuffled over and stood in front of us, his eyes shifting uneasily.

"What have you been doing in the guest suite?" I asked.

Fear showed at once in his dark face. "Ah ain't bin there," he said earnestly. "Ah ain't supposed—it ain't mah place—"

"I know it ain't," I said impatiently, and getting a bit mixed in my anxiety to dig the truth out of him. "But you've been there several times, just the same."

He rolled his eyes, and suddenly poured out a jumble of words: "Fifty dollars he say he give me if I find it. And he tell me, look in the guest soot."

"Who told you?"

"Mr. Baker."

"Which Mr. Baker?"

"That little ole sick Mr. Baker. He tell me, you go find it."

"Find what?" I asked breathlessly.

"Black wallet—and—"

"And what?"

"Piece of paper with red writin'!"

A piece of paper with red writing! That was the will, and evidently the old man knew it might have become separated from the wallet. "Did he say that the paper with red writing was not in the wallet?" I asked.

"No'm. He say maybe so, maybe not. But he give me fifty dollars if I find one or other."

Vera padded up to us and, after giving me a dirty look, sent the orderly on his way.

I followed him down the corridor. "What did you see," I asked, "those nights you were in the guest suite?"

"Nothin'!" he declared promptly.

I let him go.

I turned around, and practically stumbled over William Forrest. I clutched at him thankfully, and gave him the will and told him about the orderly. I kept my voice low, so that Sheila and Vera could not hear me, but I noticed that Sheila was looking at me suspiciously, and after a while she got up abruptly and went into the guest suite.

Forrest thanked me and went off again.

I sat down, beside Vera, and, on an inspiration, I asked, "Who is Agnes Gaffney?"

"Cook at the Baker place," she said. "Half-witted sort of creature. Why?"

I thought it over, and after Vera had said "Why" three more times, she gave up, and announced abruptly, "Dr. Rand phoned."

"When?"

"While you were talking to that Forrest. He said he would be over here in about an hour, and he wants you to stay awake until he gets here."

"Was he trying to be funny?" I asked bitterly. "What does he want, anyway?"

But I was frightened. I wondered whether Michael had discovered anything, and if he thought I was in danger.

I walked slowly down the corridor to my third room. Once or twice I looked over my shoulder uneasily, and when I got there I switched on the light and made a hasty

ATHLETE'S FOOT ATTACKS Hot, Steaming Feet

CRACKS between your toes

WARN of DANGER!

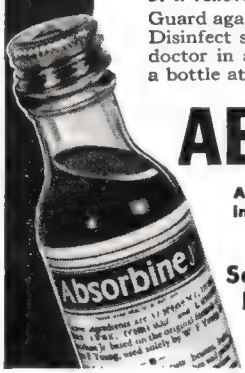
The fungi that cause painful Athlete's Foot thrive in hot summer weather. Laboratory tests show they grow twice as fast when your feet perspire excessively. Actually, they feed on this extra amount of perspiration and dead skin. Then, when cracks appear between the toes, they strike—*through those cracks*—spreading beneath the tissues. Your toes redden and itch. Skin flakes off in whitish patches—it's Athlete's Foot you've got!

DRENCH those cracks at Once!

Drench the entire foot with Absorbine Jr. at the first sign of a crack! Unchecked, Athlete's Foot can cause great pain and agony.

1. Absorbine Jr. is a powerful fungicide. It *kills* the Athlete's Foot fungi *on contact.*
2. It dissolves the perspiration products on which Athlete's Foot fungi thrive.
3. It dries the skin between the toes.
4. It soothes and helps heal the broken tissues.
5. It relieves the itching and pain of Athlete's Foot.

Guard against reinfection. Boil socks 15 minutes. Disinfect shoes. In advanced cases consult your doctor in addition to using Absorbine Jr. $1.25 a bottle at all druggists.



ABSORBINE Jr. *Kills Athlete's Foot Fungi on Contact!*

ALSO QUICK RELIEF FOR: Sore, aching muscles, tired, burning feet, sunburn, bites of mosquitoes and other small insects

Sample Bottle Free

W. F. Young, Inc., 301P Lyman St., Springfield, Mass.
Please send me sample bottle of Absorbine Jr. FREE.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____

search. The room was empty. I began to repair my face, but I was nervous and presently dropped the powder puff. I stooped to pick it up—and let out a subdued scream.

The bed crank was lying on the floor!

It was meant for me, this time—I was sure of that. I wondered wildly what I had done. I wasn't really mixed up in the thing. I wasn't even a blonde.

I looked fearfully around the room, and then crept to the door and peered out, but the hall was empty. I decided to make a dash for the chart-room and demand a bodyguard for myself for the rest of the night.

I eased out the door, and at that moment Edith's head appeared, and she said, "Ps-st." I went over to her. "The old pest's sleeping," she whispered, "but I can't, any more."

"Come on with me," I said. "I don't want to stay here."

She said "Oke," and we walked up the corridor to where Vera sat at the desk.

I asked if Forrest or any of his assistants were around, but Vera shook her head. "No. They all left."

I could feel the hair rising on my scalp. I was alone, then, and at the mercy of this murderous unknown.

Vera looked at me curiously, and asked, "What's the matter with you? Have you seen a ghost?"

"Yes," I said hysterically. "My own."

Edith laughed, and Vera clicked her tongue, and said, "What a way to talk."

SHE had to go, then, and I sat down and wondered helplessly what I ought to do. I was glad that Michael was coming, but I didn't expect him for at least half an hour.

I glanced at Edith, who was snooping through some charts that didn't concern her. She suddenly yawned, and said, "Listen, Jessie; I'll have to go back and take a look at your aunt. The old war horse might have wakened—and I'll be out on a limb."

I went back with her, because I didn't want to be left alone. Aunt Isabelle was sleeping loudly, and Edith said, "Let's go into your room and have a cigarette."

We went into my room and closed the door, and Edith pushed the bureau in front of it. "Better be safe than sorry," she said.

My head was whirling with a kaleidoscope of all the bits and pieces of knowledge that I had gathered together.

Suddenly, as I stood there, the pieces fell into place, and I knew who the killer was And at the same instant I looked into the mirror, and saw Edith stoop and pick up the bed crank.

I whirled around, and heard my voice, high and shrill, saying, "Put that thing down!"

Her eyes, hot and vindictive, blazed in her head like coals. "You damned busybody," she said, and threw the crank, with horrifying swiftness and strength.

I twisted sideways, and the thing grazed my shoulder and crashed into the mirror behind me. I screamed, and screamed again, and began to push frantically at the bureau, while I kept my eyes on her face.

She flew at me, and her hands fastened on my throat. I was helpless against her strength, but I could hear people outside the door, and the bureau began to move crazily into the room. . . .

Darkness, troubled by a confused noise of shouting, and shot through with vivid flashes of lightning, gave way to Michael's face bending over me. I was stretched on the bed, and William Forrest and his assistant seemed to be talking to Edith.

But Edith was staring at me. "Why did you want to kill me?" I croaked.

"You were getting too damn' nosy," she said coldly. "I was afraid you might stumble onto something that would be really dangerous to me."

Forrest murmured politely, "You were about to tell us—?"

She sank back into an armchair and said indifferently, "There's nothing much to tell. The old man took a shine to me, when I was nursing him, and made a will, leaving me all his money. Everything was fine, for a while, and then he booted me out—said it was more romantic to see me only occasionally.

"I got a job with the Daniel woman, and I wasn't worried until old Baker employed Olive Parsons, and then I was plenty worried. I knew Olive was making a play for him, and when he began to make excuses, and finally stopped taking me out, I was frantic. He wouldn't see me, and I wrote him some notes—there was one in that damned wallet—but he never answered them.

"When I discovered that he was in the hospital, here, I sneaked in to him and tried to patch things up. But he barely recognized me, and all he would say was, 'Go away.'

"I found the wallet wedged in behind the bureau in Miss Daniel's room shortly after he was moved out of it. I looked through it, and was nearly crazy when I found the will leaving everything to Olive—and that little Hoffman cat had witnessed it. I decided to kill both Olive and Frances, and to destroy the will. The other witness, Agnes Gaffney, was a moron cook, and didn't matter. I figured the earlier will, leaving everything to me, would stand up. I hid the wallet in the toe of old Daniel's shoe.

"I WAS coming up from supper, just before twelve, on the night I killed Frances, when I saw her disappearing into the guest suite. I followed her into Jessie's room. She had her head in the closet, snooping, and I tiptoed up behind her. It was easy.

"Nobody saw or heard anything, and I went back and took the wallet out of Miss Daniel's shoe. Just in time, too, because Jessie had caught on. I took the will out of it, and kept it next to my skin, and I put the wallet in Miss Daniel's pocketbook. She didn't find it until just before Jessie got it, so that she never had a chance to snoop through it.

"Getting Olive was more difficult. I twice pulled a crank out, to have it ready, but no opportunity came, and each time somebody replaced it. I had given up, and was dozing in my chair, when I heard Olive leave the old man's room. I followed her, and she went straight to the guest suite and began to search Jessie's room. She finished that, and went on into the next room.

"I took a crank from Jessie's room, crept into that other room, and got Olive while she was looking under the pillow on the bed.

"I didn't want to be bothered with Louise, but I was afraid she had guessed. Frances had told her about the will, and she spoke to me about it in a way that had me scared.

"I told her to meet me in the guest suite, and I'd help her search for the will. When it came time to meet her, I worked my way up the hall by sliding in and out of the empty rooms. At the last room I got out onto the fire escape, and crawled through the small window that gives on the main corridor. I had to risk a dash across the main corridor. I crawled through the companion window on the other side, onto the other fire escape, and then in through the solarium window.

"Louise was in Jessie's room. She was looking at the crank, and crying. I flattened myself against the wall, and she came out and went to the solarium without seeing me. I got the crank, followed her quietly, and got her without any fuss at all.

"Then I lost the will, and saw Jessie find it—and I figured she'd better go, too. I botched that. I should have kept my temper, and bided my time." . . .

MICHAEL and I had to help Aunt Isabelle back to bed. She looked really ill, for the first time in her life. "I never thought of suspecting her," she said feebly.

I glanced at Michael, and said, "It came to me just before she attacked me. You see, I found the will in our corridor, and no one was using it except Vera and Edith at that time. It could not have been on the floor for long, so I figured it had to be one of those two. Vera seemed too stupid for such intrigue, and anyway she could never have done all that and kept it off her face and out of her speech. But I knew Edith was an accomplished liar."

Aunt Isabelle opened her mouth, but I cut in ahead of her. "What were you doing in the guest suite, that night?" I asked.

She frowned, and explained reluctantly, "I was looking for that wallet."

"But it was in your purse."

"How was I to know that?" she snapped impatiently. "The woman didn't confide in me."

There was a moment of silence; then I asked Michael, "Why did you phone tonight?"

"I wasn't quite sure of anything," he said slowly, "except that I should be sticking close to my girl—and her financial expectations."

I stood up. "I hope," I said coldly, "that all our children have bright red hair."

Aunt Isabelle roared with laughter.

WORD MAZE

★

Answers to word maze on page 92

★

BAY	LAKE
BAYOU	OCEAN
COVE	POND
CREEK	POOL
LAGOON	SEA

NEXT MONTH: A swift and thrilling short mystery novel, complete in the issue . . . "She'll Be Dead by Morning," by Dana Chambers.

Rehearsal for death

(Continued from page 41)

later a heavy coupé came racing up the avenue, hurtled onto the platform, leaving a trail of splintered boards. Police found the charwoman's crushed and battered corpse sixty-nine feet from where the car had struck her. You can probably guess the driver's alibi: "I thought the street was deserted."

Rehearsals are trickier when the weather is bad. Streets were icy and snow was falling when police stopped a car for dangerous driving, a near-skid at the edge of a safety zone. Only a warning that time (it would be arrest now—and publicity), and the driver went on, after grumbling, "I can handle a car if it skids."

The streets were ice-coated again when Willis Grist stepped from a safety zone at Fifteenth and H Streets, Northeast. A car loomed suddenly through the falling snow, then its brakes went on, hard. A skid, an ugly thud, and Grist lay crumpled in the street. There's a blank in the death record, where the driver's story should be. A blank more eloquent than any stammered alibi. For the man who killed Willis Grist didn't bother to stop.

Cause of accident. . . . Two words might be written there: Wheel madness. The strange disease that turns a quiet man into a snarling bully. The mysterious something that transforms average citizens into potential killers—Jekyll to Hyde—at a touch of the wheel And when they're challenged, they lie.

TEN veteran policemen were recently asked what they thought of the average driver. One officer summed it up: "Most drivers gamble with other people's lives, kidding themselves into thinking 'It can't happen to me.' Not one in a thousand will take his medicine without a squawk."

A little too strong? Take a look for yourself. Climb into the unmarked police car of Officer George Patton, out to catch "smart" drivers. Patton has made almost 4,000 arrests, losing only 6 cases in court.

Patton keeps at the limit, 25, though traffic flows by, four to five miles faster. Then a big car shoots past. Patton speeds up, swings in behind. As the police car draws even, he presses a button on his special speedometer. The hand instantly locks. Then the siren wails, and the driver stops.

"I wasn't speeding, Officer." The driver looks Patton squarely in the eye.

"I paced you at 42," says Patton.

Abruptly, the driver changes his tone:

For Great Occasions

An Even Finer Schlitz

One glance at the new cream, gold and brown label on the famous Schlitz Brown Bottle will tell you that there's news inside. And there is: It's an *even finer* Schlitz—a beer brewed for the great occasions of life . . . a beer that's dry and brilliant and buoyant, without a trace of bitterness. Try it—discover for yourself how good a bottle of beer can be!

Copyright 1940, Jos. Schlitz Brewing Company, *Milwaukee, Wis.*

"Look, old man, this is my first day on a new job. I'll lose it if I'm late."

"Sorry," says Patton. "You'll have to come with me."

At the precinct station the driver looks embarrassed when asked the routine questions. The reason is soon apparent: He owns his own business!

Back on the job, Patton halts a car with a physician's emblem above the tags. The doctor says crisply, "Sure I was speeding. Emergency call."

Patton lets him go, follows unobtrusively. The doctor speeds on downtown, cruises to find a parking place, enters a restaurant. Evidently the "emergency call" can wait. There isn't any. There is plenty of time for a court hearing and a sentence. The doctor has found a new way to save a life.

On the stubs of more than 3,800 tickets for speeding and reckless driving, Patton has written almost every conceivable alibi. Only *three* drivers made no excuse.

The average driver never sees the ghastly finale. But traffic police get the brutal picture, year after year: a mangled body being lifted into the black morgue-car; a mother's sobs as a child is carried away; the limp, crushed form of a hit-and-run driver's victim, lying in the rain. Out on the dark-stained pavements police hear the death-car drivers, pale and shaken, tell their familiar, futile stories. It's easier, after that, to turn a deaf ear to the alibis. . . .

In the safety program at Washington the driver remains the focal point—as in all the scores of cities surveyed by the Washington traffic experts. Underpasses, safety islands, modern street-lighting, car inspection—all these will help. But wheel madness can nullify all of them—wheel madness justified by a white lie.

PLANS being considered for even stricter control of drivers include re-examination every three years, instead of automatic permit-renewal; photographs on permits, to end illegal use; probation driving, with "sentences" to a police safe-driving school; more careful tests to weed out mentally unfit drivers.

But enforcement of speed laws remains the most difficult problem. One method suggested in Washington is the use of a self-registering, sealed speedometer. A policeman could tell at a glance if the driver had exceeded the limit within a certain period. A more practical method may be the adoption of colored-light signals at front and rear, to flash on at speeds of 30, 40, 50 miles an hour. Speed lights would make it easy for police to spot a violator. Witnesses on the street could also give convincing testimony in court, with this system. A blasting alarm signal, tripped at a maximum speed, would be an even greater deterrent.

If all these methods fail, there remains the speed governor—sluggish in pickup, with endless complications, delays at city limits, state borders. But it may come—unless wheel madness is stamped out soon. A stiff penalty for you to pay, when you're always careful? Take a look at the speedometer next time you're rolling.

Nine miles over the limit. That child up ahead—if he ran out now, could you think of an alibi the police haven't heard? Or would you find yourself down in the coroner's court, hearing the grim words:

"We believe the said ——— is responsible for this death, and hold him for the Grand Jury."

Don't fool yourself, Driver. It *can* happen to you.

Herald Angel

(*Continued from page 29*)

drink and a talk with the No. 1 gangster that made a competent, entertaining interview.

When unemployment was running high in Washington, Mrs. Patterson disguised herself as "Maude Martin," a penniless woman in search of food, shelter, and a job. She slept three nights in the mission houses and haunted the employment agencies by day. Her stories about the experience helped to wake up Washington to existing conditions.

LARGE theories of reform do not interest her, but when she sees trouble with her own eyes she tries to do something about it. Once she noticed how many Washington school children were pale and spindling. She went to the school officials, who said, "You don't understand. There have always been undernourished school children."

This made her blazing mad. She contributed $5,000 to start the ball rolling, and became a leader in the campaign to provide hot lunches for needy school children.

Sometimes her reportorial exposures are considered shocking, but she plows ahead. "I won't be frightened off my subject," she wrote once. "After all, I'm a red-haired woman editor, and I have something to say." And on another occasion she said, "One can't be a good reporter and a lady at the same time. I'd rather be a reporter."

She came by her enthusiasm for newspapering honestly. Her Great-Grandfather Patrick was publishing a newspaper in Ohio 100 years ago. Her grandfather, Joseph Medill, founded the *Chicago Tribune*, and helped put Abe Lincoln across in the convention of 1860. Her father, Robert Patterson, succeeded Medill as editor of the *Tribune*. Her brother, Joseph Medill Patterson, founded and publishes the tabloid *New York Daily News*.

Her mother, naturally enough, had planned a brilliant social career for her tall, slim, spirited daughter. A fashionable finishing school in Boston, a debut both in Chicago and in Washington—where Cissie and another lively girl, Alice Roosevelt, were rival belles—and then abroad for a bit of final polish in her uncle's embassy in the St. Petersburg of the Czars. What she acquired, however, turned out to be not polish but Polish—in the person of Count Josef Gizycki, who radiated old-world charm and talked of his ancient estates and his castle with 70 servants.

After Cissy married the count she discovered the castle was a tumble-down affair, heavily encrusted with mortgages and old customs—one of which was that the wife ranks higher than the livestock, but not much. After three years of this the young countess fled with her little daughter, Felicia, to England. The count followed, abducted the child, and hid her in a convent in Austria.

Count Gizycki had reckoned without the power of the Patterson-Medill-McCormick clan. President Taft dictated a letter to the Czar. Cissy went to St. Petersburg and pleaded personally with the empress dowager. American banknotes flowed freely, and agents swarmed over Central Europe searching for the missing Felicia. The mother recovered her child, and hurried back with her to the safety of America.

Her second marriage, to Elmer Schlesinger, a successful New York lawyer, in the mid-1920's, was cut short by Mr. Schlesinger's sudden death on the golf course.

During most of the years between 1910 and 1930 she drifted aimlessly. She shot wild animals on her remote ranch in Wyoming, and entertained tame social lions at her mansion in Washington. She traveled about in her private railway car, "The Ranger." She had everything that money could buy, and nothing that seemed to satisfy her—no direction and outlet for her restless energy.

IN 1930 she thrust aside the names of Countess Gizycka and Mrs. Schlesinger by having her name legally changed to Mrs. Eleanor Patterson. This was a symbol of her desire to be herself and make a new start. She then persuaded William Randolph Hearst to let her try her hand at editing his groggy *Washington Herald*. He humored her, possibly thinking the publicity of her name would be worth the salary.

So Cissy Patterson walked into a newspaper city room one steaming August day. The flabbergasted reporters had buttoned themselves into their coats out of politeness to the new lady editor. Her dark eyes roamed over the sweating news hounds. "I suppose you think this is just a stunt," she said. "Even if you do, let's all try to put it over. And you don't need to wear coats when I'm around, either."

A few days later the lady editor showed her stuff in an innocent-appearing, signed item on the front page.

At that time Cissy's cousin, Ruth Hanna McCormick, aspired to the Senate. There was a report that Alice Roosevelt Longworth would campaign for Mrs. McCormick. Cissy's little item said:

"Mrs. McCormick takes no advice, political or otherwise, from Mrs. Longworth.

"Mrs. Longworth gives no interviews to the press.

"Mrs. Longworth cannot utter in public.

"Her assistance, therefore, will resolve itself, as usual, into posing for photographs."

This revival of an old feud made gossipy Washington shudder with delight, and added thousands of readers to the *Herald's* circulation. Such sharp forays have continued through the years. She has backed parts of the New Deal, but slashes out at New Dealers up to and including the President.

Mrs. Patterson grew more and more absorbed in the newspaper business. In 1937 she leased from Mr. Hearst not only the *Herald*, but also his afternoon paper, the *Times*. Though she had doubled the circulation of the *Herald*, the two papers ran at a heavy loss. In 1939 Mr. Hearst was glad enough to sell them to her.

Mrs. Patterson then combined the morning and the afternoon papers into one newspaper, the *Times Herald*, which is published all around the clock. The first edition appears at 9 P. M., the last at about six on the following afternoon. She took heavy losses at first, but during the last year, she tells me, she has been cutting the deficit at a rate of from $7,000 to $9,000 a week, and dashes of black ink are appearing on the ledgers.

"It's no fun to run a losing property," she told me. "My ambition is to carry on, make the paper soundly profitable, and then divide up some of the shares with the employees."

Washington newspapermen are divided on the question of whether Mrs. Patterson is a good boss to work for. Some say she plays favorites, hiring and firing according to the whim of the moment. Others cite examples of her loyalty and generosity to employees who are in trouble. One able managing editor was dismissed and given a full year's salary; five weeks later she rehired him, thus leaving him nearly eleven months' salary to the good. With experience, she is becoming more steady in her dealings with employees than she used to be, although a rumpus still flares up occasionally.

SOCIETY news is Mrs. Patterson's specialty. She was quick to recognize that Washington, for all its 650,000 population, is just a huge small town where everybody is related to everybody else through connection with the government pay roll. It is avid for personal mentions, for gossip with a sting in it.

Where other papers had run columns of society news, she began publishing pages of it. Where others had been content with one society columnist, she installed four or five, operating at different social levels.

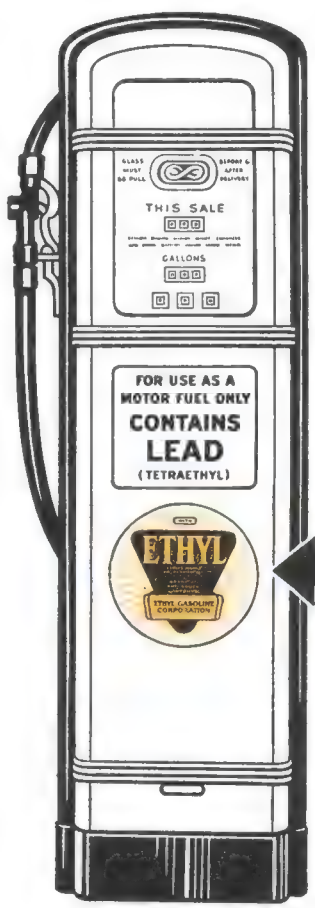
At fifty-five she still has the slim, athletic figure of a girl. She takes a half-mile swim or a ten-mile walk in her stride. At night she stays up until all hours, telephoning her editors suggestions for changes of make-up or headline emphasis. She can cuss powerfully and also persuade. "Sometimes," she says, "I have to take advantage of the fact that I am a woman to get things done."

In resigning from the idle rich and making a job for herself, Cissy has affected the jobs of some 2,500 other people. It is probable that the *Times* and *Herald*, employing 1,000 persons directly and 1,500 indirectly in distribution, would have folded up if she had not intervened. That counts for something.

A personality as strong as hers generates emotion of every shade, from detestation to heroine-worship. You can think what you please about the ex-poor-little-rich-girl, but you can't ignore her. She is not only the leading lady publisher, but one of the most picturesque characters in America.

✣ ✣ ✣ ✣ ✣

WHAT NAME MEANS BEST IN GASOLINE?



THE NAME "ETHYL" on a pump or its globe means that: 1. The gasoline contains enough lead (tetraethyl) for highest anti-knock. 2. It is your gasoline dealer's finest grade of motor fuel. 3. It permits you to have your engine's spark advanced closest to the point of maximum power and economy, without "knock" or "ping."

AND

The better the gas — the better your car!

Danger Zone

(*Continued from page 13*)

a face flitting by in a dream. Her voice came to him: "Tom, you must be loving this."

Traynor had gone aft. Holladay thought, "Come, now. Pick it up light and gay." He told her, "I *am* loving it. We don't fly formation on a gorgeous gal every day."

"Ah, Tom, you've changed! You're gallant. I liked you better sharp and biting."

"Did you? I seem to remember you walked out on my best advice."

"It was the only way I could prove you were wrong. Tell me, hasn't it been a disappointment to you that I've been able to get along all this time on just my luck?"

That touched him. That made him mad. It was true; so far she'd gone along very well in spite of his dire prophecies. He said, "Your luck has been good, but you ought to know better than to boast about it."

THEY swung in an arc over Isla Grande with Limon Bay ahead. Tom examined the Seademon with interest. The lines were good, trim and clean for a sports plane, but a little light, he thought, for open sea work. The paint job, however, in wavy lines of maroon, black, and silver, was asinine. Distinctive, no doubt, but, with half the world at war and several belligerent warships in the Caribbean, not so smart. From a distance, to an excited antiaircraft gun crew, it might look exactly like the camouflaged plane of some other belligerent.

Should he tell Sabina? And be laughed at for a Nervous Nellie? That was no part of his resolution. "Binny," he called, "there's your anchorage, off the ramp up Folks' River. The yellow buoy. Be sure you have someone extinguish your anchor lights during the black-out tonight."

"Black-out?"

"Yes. Local custom since the war. It's quite a feeling—an American black-out. We'll have dinner and do it together."

"I don't know, Tom. I've a record to break tomorrow and I haven't seen my manager since Rio."

"Then tonight is all we'll have. I'll call for you at the ramp at seven."

"The voice of authority along with your oak leaves?" But that was a stall. She said, also, "All right. I'll be ready." . . .

As soon as he saw Binny he knew that she still held the same magic for him. She was thinner, but lovelier. She had violet shadows under her eyes, but she had not become hard and leathery like some of the lady stunt pilots he remembered with a shudder. She smiled and said, "Hello, Tom." She introduced him to her manager, Ernest Druett, who was small and smooth. How and where had Binny hooked up with him?

The Seademon was on the ramp, and under the floodlight mechanics were installing two auxiliary fuel tanks. The plane's wing fabric was slack and the pontoons sadly in need of treatment for corrosion. Also, Tom saw that the engine had tossed lubricating oil liberally over the fuselage. "Engine check?" he asked hopefully.

Binny shook her head. "Not for another thirty hours."

Druett looked annoyed. "We could take her anywhere," he proclaimed.

Tom wondered whether he'd ever been up in *any* plane. It was obvious that the Seademon was in shabby condition, and a mental calculation proved to him that even with the auxiliary tanks Binny would be cutting her gas fairly close by the time she reached Miami.

"I'm going now," Binny told Druett. "You can handle the loading, can't you?"

Druett scowled. "Yes, I can take care of everything here, but that doesn't mean you can afford to go on a binge. You have work to do tomorrow."

Holladay stifled an impulse to poke the little man, but Binny merely shrugged. "Calm yourself, Ernie. Your meal ticket will get her beauty sleep."

"Well, it's too bad you didn't get this partying streak in B. A. or Rio, where it might have done us some good."

Binny's eyes flashed. She said quickly and angrily, too quickly, "We *did* do all right in B. A. and Rio." . . .

SITTING at a table in the Strangers' Club, Binny was very gay. She chattered. She rattled on about flights at Montevideo, at Florianopolis. It sounded off key to Tom. Normally she didn't chatter. One of the holds she'd had on his heart had been her voice, her way of speaking in the low, slow drawl of the Sabine River country, with the Texas talent for few words.

Once, in that brief, happy long ago, he had warned her that the day of the glamorous ladybirds was about ended. Aviation was big business now, not adventure. Secure in her records and her victories, she hadn't believed him. Suddenly, now, he had a great fear for her. He leaned forward toward her, interrupting her flow of chat, and pleaded, "Look, Binny; call off your flight tomorrow."

Startled, she asked, "Why?"

"Because, even with the auxiliary tanks, you can't make it if you get off your course the slightest bit. What's the compass variation for this locality?" He might as well find out about her preparations.

"How should I know the variation?"

He might have expected it. The night before a big flight, and her plans not made yet. Laconically he summed up the situation: "If you don't get off your course more than two degrees you may make it. But the dry season has started and you'll have head winds. Remember this: *Head due north.*"

"I must depend on my luck, again, eh, Doubting Thomas?"

HE LET that go. "Why can't you at least stay over for an engine check?"

"Because by leaving tomorrow I can get in on the money for a seaplane arriving at the Miami races from the farthest distance."

That completed the picture. Once, such a prize would have been peanuts to Sabina. He felt, then, a curious regret for that shining, triumphant child who had been carried on the shoulders of the crowd at Cleveland. In spite of what it had done to their love, it moved him to realize that Sabina's star was setting.

She wasn't gay, now. She put her hand on his. "Tom, don't let's talk aviation. Not tonight. We always fight."

He saw his chance. "Agreed, provided you'll let me lay your course out for you tomorrow. Come out early, because my outfit is leaving on Neutrality Patrol at noon."

"All right . . . you win."

After that she was very quiet. She sensed that her gaiety had failed, and he could feel her pride shutting her away from him like a cloak. They drove back, the long way, by the sea wall. They were on a point overlooking the bay toward the Naval Air Station, when the black-out caught them. The siren screamed its warning, and Tom drove to the side of the road and turned his lights off. Even with the warning, there was something ugly and breath-taking about the way the lights blanked out.

At first, all sound seemed to have stopped, too, except the lonely beat of the waves on the rocks. Then they could hear the hum of the Army bombing planes coming closer. Beside him, Holladay could feel Binny shiver. "It's horrible. Horrible," she whispered, "even when you know the planes are your own."

It was horrible. This was his third black-out, and Tom had to admit it could still get him. It was always the same. You thought of the poor devils across the sea to whom these were no mere rehearsals. Then you were brought up short by the realization that this black, pregnant hush could ever be necessary here. Here in the Americas!

Binny was crying. He'd thought she didn't know how. She didn't make a sound, but he knew it as well as if she'd had a flashlight turned on her face. She said, "We didn't reach out a hand to save our love, did we?"

"No. I guess we didn't."

He saw that now. His pride. Her stubbornness. No shock absorbers in either of their make-ups. But the old resentment flared up in him. "You didn't come back when you walked out. You made it final."

"I know. But for a while I used to make up a dream. A crazy sort of a dream."

One of the Army planes had dropped an amber landing flare on the bay. Its golden light touched her face. Tears still clung to her lashes. "What was the dream?" Tom asked gently.

"That I'd met you when you were a mid-

shipman and that we'd married as soon as you were allowed to. That I didn't even like to drive a car very much . . . particularly when the youngest baby was on the seat beside me."

The flare died out and they were in each other's arms. They tasted again the rapture of old, the delight. It was a futile, heart-tearing, hopeless heaven. It was all he'd really wanted for five lonely years.

She drew away finally, to warn him, "I could tell you that in this darkness, Tom. But now forget it. Forget me."

He reached out for her again, but the siren sounded "Secure." The lights went on all about them. The black-out was over. Binny was fiddling with a cigarette, all wrapped up in the cool assuredness of Sabina Pharr.

Tom left her at the ramp with Druett and went home to bed, but not to sleep. Where was he now? True, tonight had wiped out the scorching bitterness he'd had with the thought of her, but in its place was a far more dangerous emotion. He felt a desire to protect her, which had been no part of his love before. He gave up thinking, finally, and lay staring through the screen, watching the Southern Cross wheel down the sky, feeling again those dark, precious moments when, for the first time, he had seen Binny with her defenses down. . . .

IN THE morning he dressed early and went over to the wardroom in Officers' Quarters and picked up the morning paper. His picture, the one for his Department of Commerce license, the one that made him look like an Alcatraz lifer, stared up at him beside the smiling picture of Binny. The accompanying write-up was pretty bad. It dripped romance, heartthrobs. There was the secret marriage, and the conflict of two noble careers. There was the parting of the ways and a coy hint of reunion in Panama. It promoted Tom to the grade of full commander and, what was worse, announced that he was technical adviser for Miss Pharr's phenomenal flight across the Caribbean.

He felt as if his fury would consume him. He didn't know whom he hated the more, Binny for this trick, or himself for being a fool. So he'd thought she needed looking after! It all summed up neatly enough. When she was on the crest of fortune she didn't want to use his name for fear it would stand in her way. Now that she was slipping it was useful. And he, poor sap, had thought she couldn't hurt him any more!

He sent a mess attendant for a cup of coffee, noticed that his hand shook as he drank it. He went on down to the hangar. No. 8 plane needed an engine test hop. It was the Engineering Officer's job, but Holladay decided to do it himself, so that the Engineering Officer could escort Binny out. He was running away, and he knew it, and he didn't care.

From the air he noticed the Seademon at anchor, but when he came back two hours later it was gone. To save him he couldn't help asking whether he had had any calls. He hadn't, but the Marine sentry at the gate had a Mr. Druett waiting who wanted to see him urgently. Mr. Druett, according to the sentry, was in quite a state. Something about somebody in a plane in trouble.

"All right," said Tom to one of his men; "go fetch him in." It might be amusing to hear the little weasel's alibis. Or would they be Binny's alibis delivered by her manager?

Druett had shrunk even smaller than he looked the night before, and he was neither smooth nor handsome. It was evident that he was recovering from a monumental drunk, and it appeared that he was no longer Binny's manager. He said, "She saw the first edition of the paper about eleven last night and she fired me. There's gratitude for you! . . . Sure, I gave the story to a newspaper wren. Sabina was feeling blue one night in Belém and she to'd me about being married to you once. I knew you were here, so it made a good story. I can tell you, Commander, she needs to make headlines again. Nowadays, with everything that's going on, a girl could do a strip tease on the wing of a plane and nobody'd scorch a tonsil."

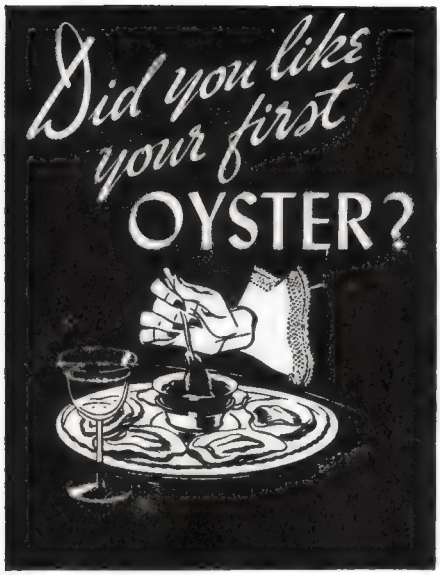
IN SPITE of the load off his heart, Holladay regarded Druett with strong distaste. "Is that all you have to tell me?"

"No." Druett gulped and went on, "The oil company wouldn't honor our credit card any more. I paid cash for as much gasoline as I could last night, but it only half filled each auxiliary tank."

"And Miss Pharr went off that way?"

"She didn't know. There's no gauge on either of the auxiliary tanks. I was mad last night. Awfully mad. I didn't tell her at the time. I went out and got drunk, and slept it off until about an hour ago."

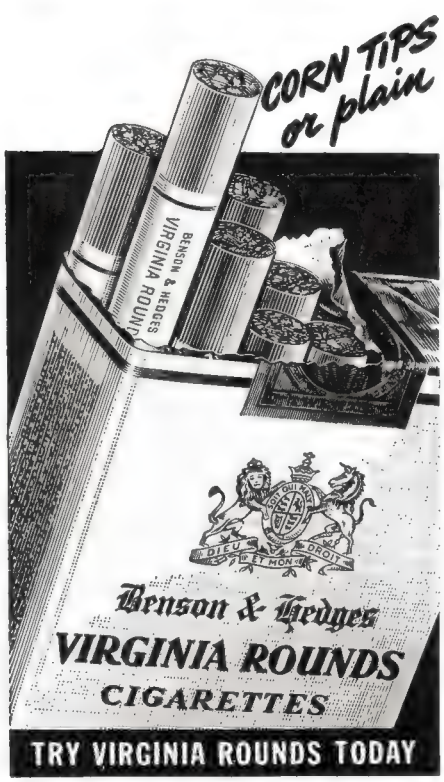
Tom's fingers itched, but he realized he had more important things to do than laying Druett out. Besides, it's hard to hit a man



SOME people have a natural taste for oysters. Others acquire it. Yet they may become lifelong enthusiasts.

When you change from cigarettes of mixed blends and smoke Virginia Rounds you may or may not like the first few you smoke. Then the true, undiluted taste—the fragrant mildness of all-Virginia tobaccos—wins your enthusiastic and lasting appreciation.

Try Virginia Rounds with a mind open to true smoking pleasure.



who has tears, even alcoholic tears, running down his cheeks.

The Wing Commander listened to Tom's story sympathetically, but he couldn't help much. "Get going, Tom, and pray she'll follow the course you told her. I can't send you out on a problematical rescue for somebody who hasn't come down yet. You know that."

"I know. But inside my Patrol area?"

"Use your best judgment."

BUT the hell of it was, Tom realized, as he drove his plane into the air, according to his calculations, with the gas she had, she'd probably come down just outside his area. He had his crew stationed at all hatches, their binoculars sweeping the Caribbean, whose waters were torn to turmoil by the strong northeasterly trades. He, himself, huddled over his drift sight until his eyes ached. He always navigated with accuracy, but now his desire to make a good course exactly magnetic north beat in the anxious pulse at his temples. He pulled up to 10,000 feet because, not knowing Binny's altitude, he figured that, looking downward, they'd be more apt to spot the mottled Seademon.

They'd done it again, he and Binny. They'd come together with all the strength of their love and parted with all the weight of their stubborn pride. He'd been especially smart sitting last night, pompously, figuring out her fallen fortunes. Why hadn't he gone all the way and realized that she was broke? Estimated her pride and known she'd never tell him?

But those were might-have-beens. There were enough present factors to devil him. From what the Engineering Officer had told him Binny had two hours' start on them. By opening his throttles a bit more he could gain on her, but it would take a long time before he could catch up with her. Why hadn't he insisted on going over her navigation with her last night? About all she knew of navigation over water was to fly a straight course. If wind conditions changed she wouldn't be able to estimate a new course.

There came back to him one of the old arguments they'd had. She'd told him that to check her course she would fly over a ship and follow down its wake. He'd pointed out to her that you might get away with it over a well-traversed sea lane, but it was a sloppy method at best. But last night he'd urged her on the course of north magnetic because of her gas situation, and that was just lovely, because it would keep her well clear of merchantmen. So he'd removed even that feeble prop from her.

Trying to keep the ferment out of his voice, he called to Traynor, "How about another inch of manifold pressure? We're creeping."

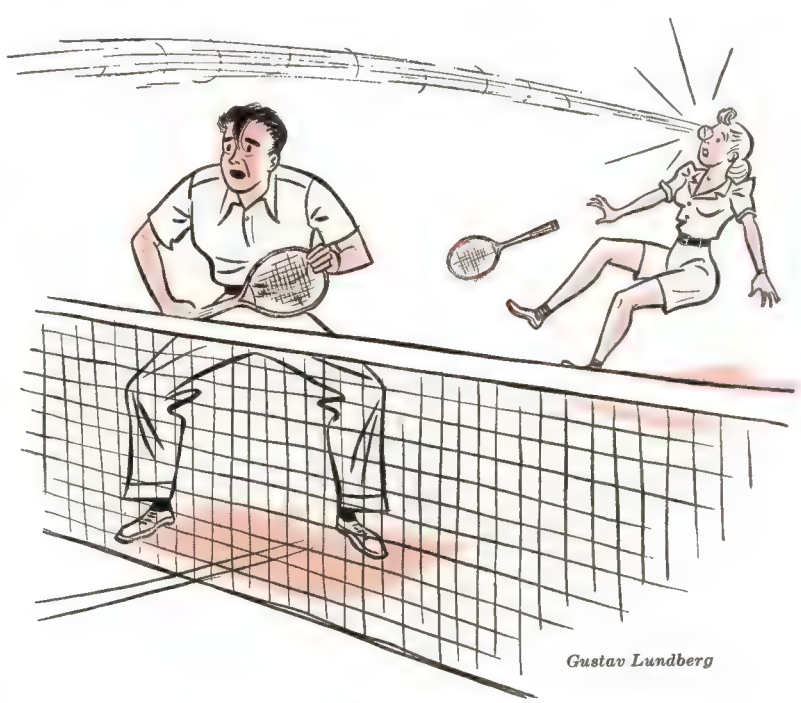
The props speeded up with the extra power, the new burst became a constant rhythm. A few fat, fleecy clouds drifted below. Suppose Binny should be down under one of them? Suppose they passed over her?

Back to his drift sight. Check and double check. The wind was shifting slightly. It always backed around as distance was made to the northward. He'd have mentioned that little matter to Binny this morning if he'd seen her. But she hadn't called, out of pride, knowing how he'd feel about that show in the newspaper. Even if she'd brought herself to it, he wouldn't have been there. He was off nursing his pride.

He instructed Lawrence, his radioman, "Get bearings on Kingston and Port-au-Prince." He plotted in the two corrected radio bearings handed him. The two lines crossed exactly on the track laid out on the chart. He looked at their intersection for a moment, realizing that it meant so much more than just a dot on a piece of paper. It stood for the end of venturesome, dramatic, by-guess-and-by-God aviation, to which Binny had lent a golden splendor in its dying day. That cold, precise meeting of two lines—his plane's accurate position—represented all he had failed to inculcate in her of scientific modern aviation.

Something had to happen in the next two hours. If they didn't have a break by then he'd have to turn back or do some tall explaining to the Wing Commander. To all his urgent inquiries the crew had but one reply: "Nothing yet, Mr. Holladay."

It was Traynor who broke through the



Gustav Lundberg

"You take it, dear"

blank wall: "Mr. Holladay, there's something going on in the voice radio. I can't make it out, but it isn't the usual type of Spanish stuff we get around here."

Tom jumped forward, glanced at the dial, and pulled on the headphones. "You're tuned off Miss Pharr's frequency."

"I know, sir, but I didn't get anything there, so I began to fiddle around and this came in finally."

At first Holladay couldn't get much, but there was an urgency about the voice which made his heart tighten up. He tuned the receiver closely, varied the volume, clamped his hands hard on the earphones to try and make sense out of the static which poured through. He was listening, not for SOS, which is the wireless call for help, but for the voice radio code word adapted to the same purpose. Suddenly, the static cleared for an instant and he had it distinctly three times: "Mayday! Mayday! Mayday!" followed by Binny's call number. The international signal for aircraft in dire and immediate distress!

"That's it," cried Traynor, wildly excited.

Tom swung around to shout to the radio compartment, "Lawrence, tune in on this voice frequency with your direction finder. Distress call!"

The radioman manipulated switches and began to swing his loop around to catch the faint signal. The minimum was broad, but three tries gave the same reading, "Bears forty-five degrees on our port bow!"

"That can't be right," shouted Holladay, aft now at the navigation board. "Try it again."

Lawrence reported doggedly, "It's still forty-five degrees, Captain."

"Okay." She had veered way off her course. He prayed that she'd keep on talking, so that the bearings on her would continue to come in and then he could head for her. There was no use trying to talk to her at this distance. Their more powerful Navy set could pick up her voice, but she couldn't hear them, he knew.

He issued orders sharply: "Traynor, steer three four zero and 'home' on Miss Pharr's signal."

HE WAS mad with restlessness. Time, time, time. He glanced at his watch for the hundredth time, his mind on Binny's gas supply. Anyway, she couldn't be down, or she wouldn't be sending. He directed, "Jump that manifold pressure up to thirty inches."

He had to move. Aft to peer from the open hatch. Back to the pilot's seat to jam the headphones on. The signal came louder.

"Getting closer," said Traynor.

Tom nodded. It came to him that all their love, his and Binny's, had been a desperate call across a great gap of space which neither of them had been able to close.

Suddenly, the lookout in the bow called, "Ship about ten miles, broad on the starboard bow!"

Tom's heart sank. Could he possibly have been mistaken in that low voice? Had they been following a ship in distress?

But this was no merchantman. She was a gray vessel with raking masts and a distinctive air about her. A British cruiser of the County Class! He focused his binoculars on her, and as he did so the amidship's battery suddenly clouded his vision with a brown smoke. What was going on? Then he realized he was looking at an antiaircraft burst. The first was followed by another, a

Here's a deliciously different NEW FORM OF BRAN

Check its Advantages

- helps relieve constipation caused by too little bulk
- furnishes significant amounts of Phosphorus and Iron and is a rich source of Vitamin B_1
- double-milled — made by an improved process
- 100% Whole Bran
- accepted by the Council on Foods of the American Medical Association

ACCEPTED AMERICAN MEDICAL ASSN. Council on Foods

New DOUBLE-MILLING process refines texture of NATIONAL BISCUIT 100% BRAN

YOU may feel that bran can be helpful in relieving constipation which is due to lack of sufficient dietary bulk — yet you may have hesitated to eat it because it didn't please your taste — or because you considered it "harsh."

Now you will be glad to learn that the new National Biscuit 100% Bran, made by an *improved process* of Double-Milling, is delightfully different in both flavor and texture.

This *modern* Bran is the result of over two years' testing. The new process of Double-Milling to which it is subjected, further breaks down the bran fiber making it less likely to be irritating. National Biscuit 100% Bran is highly absorbent. It frequently assists in forming a large, soft mass in the intestines and aids elimination.

Eat National Biscuit 100% Bran regularly, as a cereal and in delicious bran muffins (there's a wonderful recipe on the package!) If your constipation is not helped in this simple manner, consult a competent physician.

PRODUCT OF NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY

succession of tiny black spots which grew into shapeless clouds.

Then Tom knew, with a sudden, sickening fear. Binny! That damned paint job! He pulled the big patrol plane around in a sharp turn and opened the throttle wide. No wonder Binny was sending out distress calls! But the limeys, tuned to some frequency important to themselves, hadn't heard her.

"Lawrence, take a look at this receiving frequency and tune our voice transmitter to it."

As they swept around, well clear of the trail of smoke, Tom's eyes lighted on the Seademon. He kept on, rapidly overtaking her. He pulled the microphone to his lips: "Binny, Binny! Tom calling."

"Ah-h-h. . . . Where are you?"

"Right behind you, girl. Make a right turn and join up on me."

THE twin-float job came around, headed directly for the patrol plane, the wings rocking as though Binny feared the Navy plane might fail to see her. Holladay heard her voice with the ghost of a sob in it: "Oh, Tom, this is it. This is the day my luck ran out."

He found he didn't like it. For all he'd felt about her flying, he didn't like it. It hurt. "How much gas have you left?" he asked briskly, to cover all feeling.

"I'm good for just an hour more. I don't understand what has happened to my fuel."

"I'll tell you later. What were you trying to do to the British cruiser?"

"Do to it? Nothing. I was trying to get a course from her, but as soon as I started down on her wake, the fireworks began. Why couldn't they have asked me what I wanted before they opened up?"

"And give their position away? Britishers aren't doing any unnecessary communicating these days. You're flying a strange job that looks as if it had been camouflaged, so they shoot first and ask questions later. Why did you hang around?"

"Because the gas ran out of my auxiliary tanks suddenly and I knew I didn't have enough to go *any* place. I kept hoping they'd get the word about me before they hit me. What do we do now, Admiral?"

"We can't come down here; it's too rough. We're going to fly over to the leeward side of Roncador Cay, a coral reef you can just make from here. I'll land, then you come on down beside me. I'll send a rubber lifeboat over to you. Binny—"

"Yes?"

"You'll have to abandon your plane."

He was proud of her, then. She said quietly, "I figured that."

He was proud, too, of the way she did it, when they came down at Roncador. Holladay had given instructions to stave in the pontoons of the Seademon so that she couldn't float around, a menace to small craft. But Binny didn't look back. She sat in the little rubber boat as it made its slow way through the choppy swells over to the giant patrol plane, her golden head shining in the sun, her chin lifted. He had, for a moment, an absurd desire to salute her. One of those dramatic gestures which he disliked heartily when he saw them in the movies. But when he took her hand to help her aboard, it was the most natural thing in the world just to bring her into his arms.

Against his shoulder she said, in the old, slow, lovable drawl, "I was wrong, honey. This is a good day. This is our lucky day."

✣ ✣ ✣ ✣ ✣

"Silk Stockings in the Morning? Imagine!"

SILK stockings a luxury? Not today, but they were 25 years ago. So was an automobile, and a telephone. An incandescent lamp—not half so good as the one you get today for only 15 cents—then cost more than twice as much. And you couldn't buy a radio or an electric refrigerator for love or money.

These are only a few of the things we accept today as commonplace. We expect wide, smooth, well-lighted streets. We want automatic heat in our homes; we clean our rugs with vacuum cleaners. When we go to the dentist we expect him to use an electric drill; we accept without comment an X-ray examination as part of a medical check-up. Luxuries? Not at all; they're part of the American standard of living.

How did they become common in so short a time? Not by some sudden change in our wealth and habits. It was through years of steady work by American industry—scientists, engineers, and skilled workmen developing new products, improving them, learning to make them less expensive so that more millions of people could enjoy them. And so, imperceptibly, luxuries have changed to necessities.

More than any other one thing, the increasing use of electricity in industry has helped in this progress. For more than 60 years, General Electric men and women have pioneered in making electricity more useful to the American people—have led in creating More Goods for More People at Less Cost.

G-E research and engineering have saved the public from ten to one hundred dollars for every dollar they have earned for General Electric

GENERAL ELECTRIC

90-208M8

THE AMERICAN SCENE

PHOTOGRAPH BY ERIC SCHAAL—PIX

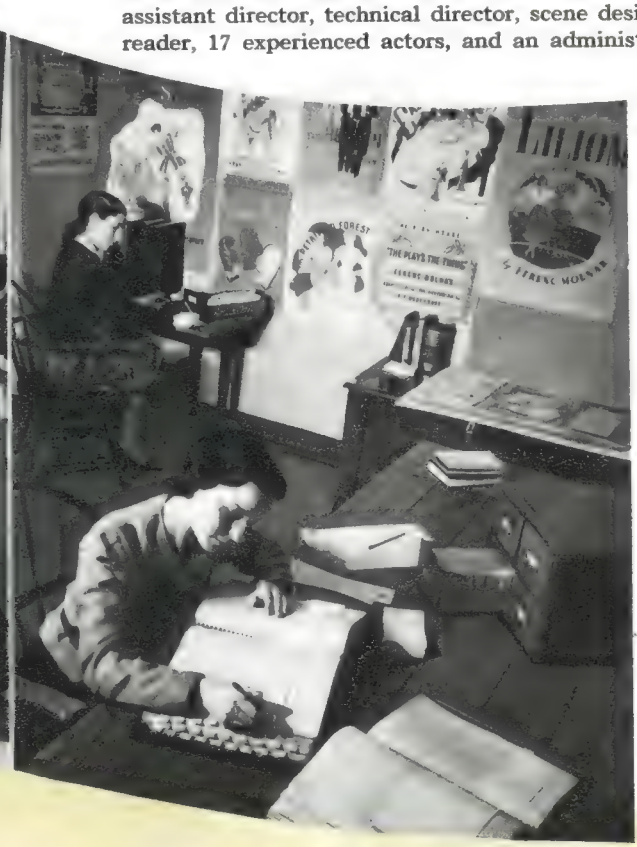
Jean Fisher, 10, daughter of a metal worker, and star "Curtain Puller," makes up at Cleveland's Play House

BY
WM. A. H. BIRNIE

CLEVELAND TAKES THE STAGE

YOU don't have to travel to Hollywood or New York to find stage-struck youngsters who would rather act than eat. Millions are scattered through every city and town from Maine to California, and every last one of them leaps into the seventh heaven if you hand him a make-up box and a part that reads: "Colonel Thorpelwaite, the countess wants you on the telleyphone." You find them declaiming lustily in high-school drama classes and amateur groups—in renovated cow barns with tin-can footlights and in fashionable summer theaters. Besides a genuine devotion to the legitimate stage, all these ventures display a cheerful willingness to run into the red, confident that some patient theater-lover will foot the bills. Shining exception is the venerable Cleveland (Ohio) Play House, a community project that mixes professional and amateur talent and always pays its *(Continued)*

own way. Cleveland seems to have hit on a plan that many other cities might adopt to supply the demand for flesh-and-blood shows, and to give youngsters a chance to appear with honest-to-goodness actors without wandering off to Broadway or the movie studios. Just 25 years old, the Play House has box-office appeal plus. More than 100,000 people pay real money to see its 20 plays every year. Its modern, two-stage plant cost $350,000 (all paid for), and its annual budget of $85,000 is met 100 per cent at the box office. Prominent Clevelanders love to serve as its trustees, because Play House never passes the hat. Headed by Director Frederic McConnell and Associate Director K. Elmo Lowe, the paid staff includes an assistant director, technical director, scene designer, costume head, play reader, 17 experienced actors, and an administrative staff. *(Continued)*



LEFT, ABOVE—*Associate Director Elmo Lowe gags with five students*

LEFT, BELOW—*Jean Saliers, 18, Fostoria, Ohio, shifts a grandfather's clock for a new set. Muriel Swayne (back) and Myrtle Raeder at work in the Play House publicity-subscription department*

RIGHT, ABOVE—*Children members, called "Curtain Pullers," get attendance cards punched at rehearsal*

RIGHT, BELOW—*Dr. Walter F. McCaleb, Cleveland businessman (arms folded at head of table), hears students read his play at monthly Playwrights' Clinic*

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ANDRÉ KERTESZ

CLEVELAND TAKES THE STAGE—Continued

ABOVE—*In the ornate Green Room, backstage, casts of two plays sing, play checkers and chess, listen to the radio, and dance between acts and curtain calls.* RIGHT—*Jean Bishop, Minoa, N. Y., and Bernard Mayer, Pittsburgh, Pa., paint a set*

Volunteer associates are Cleveland residents who appear over and over just for the fun of it. One of them, Ruth Feather (50 productions), explains: "Playing a new role is like going away on an exciting trip—except you have the fun of being home with your family." But the bulwark of Play House consists of the enthusiastic student-apprentices, selected from hundreds of applicants all over the country. Although they receive no pay for their hard work during the 10-month season, they aren't obliged to pay any tuition.

For the audiences, the appearances of these students are always exciting. Who knows but tonight—or tomorrow night—will witness the debut of a new Katharine Cornell or Alfred Lunt? Dozens of ex-students are prominent today in Hollywood, New York, in radio and community theaters in other cities. Not all of them act. Some learn writing, directing, designing sets and costumes, managing and producing. But all come to Cleveland to work in the theater, not to play in it. Youngsters with prima- *(Continued)*

LEFT PAGE—PHOTOGRAPHS BY ANDRÉ KERTESZ
THIS PAGE TOP—PHOTOGRAPH BY ANDRÉ KERTESZ
THIS PAGE BOTTOM—PHOTOGRAPH BY ERIC SCHAAL—PIX

ABOVE—*Pro meets amateur. John Rowe, veteran actor (left) on stage with Apprentice Jean Saliers.* BELOW—*"Curtain Pullers"—Jean Fisher (in front) and, left to right, Joan Spencer, 10, Deborah Cooper, 9, and Joanne Miller, 8*

donna trouble can't stand the pace, soon drop out for less strenuous careers. Olivia Russell, striking Cleveland girl, lives a typical student's life, as illustrated from left to right in the strip of pictures that cuts across this text. She takes a last-minute glance at her role as she bolts her breakfast at home. In the property-room she blows dust off a tea-pot needed for the set of "For Services Rendered." (Helping with props is sound theatrical experience.) Like a Broadway veteran she decorates her make-up mirror with cards from opening-night

well-wishers. In Play House's ballet-room she limbers up before going on stage. (To move gracefully, she has learned, an actress must have well-developed, well-co-ordinated muscles.) Time out for lunch—at the corner restaurant Olivia downs sandwich and coffee with Sanford Oscar, first-year apprentice. Both are going over their lines so intently they have little time for small talk. Students are generally between 18 and 23 years, and boast some acting experience—parts in high-school and little-theater plays, or training in accredited dramatic schools. If your preliminary letters or interviews are promising, you get a *(Continued)*

BELOW—*Play House produces Clifford Goldsmith's high-school comedy, "What a Life." Left to Right—(1) Shows principal, who (2) bawls out Henry Aldrich (John Simpson) in class. (3) Henry's girl, Barbara, gets elocution tips. A policeman accuses Henry (4) of stealing school's band instruments as teacher grows indignant (5) over high jinks. Henry sells contents of his locker (6) to junkman and fights (7) with a tough classmate. Although confronted with evidence from his locker (8), Henry is finally vindicated and (9) yells for Barbara to come along to school dance*

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ERIC SCHAAL—PIX

LEFT—*Janet Bayly, first-year student, experiments with a hoop skirt worn in "The Rivals."* BELOW—*Backstage, Star Sarah Luce meets Thomas L. Sidlo, Cleveland attorney and Play House president, and Mrs. Sidlo*

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ANDRÉ KERTESZ

nerve-racking tryout on the bare stage. If accepted, you start working with stage crews immediately, sometimes don't land your first role for months, sometimes in the first week. It all depends. But you're learning theater all the time—from backdrop to box office. With road companies scarce these days, I don't see why almost any city couldn't develop a drama project similar to Cleveland's Play House. It started out modestly enough in an old remodeled church with a top seating capacity of 200. About all the original sponsors boasted was enthusiasm, a determination to succeed, and a conviction that Americans would pay a little more than movie prices to see legitimate plays, provided they are good plays, well staged, well directed, and well acted.

THE LADY forgot

(*Continued from page 45*)

but Peter and the Italians knew. It had sawdust on the floor and what Peter called "open-hearth cooking." Then they'd walked over to Central Park.

She'd told him about her life then. About her desperate fight to make a living after her parents died when she was eighteen. About her stubborn determination to be a successful industrial designer. He'd promised that she could have anything she really wished for hard enough, and said suddenly, "Please wish for me so hard it hurts." So she said, "I'm wishing, Peter," and closed her eyes tightly.

"It's like a movie," she'd said wonderingly after their first kiss. "They meet somewhere and find they love each other—just like that."

THAT first year they were engaged had been such perfect fun. She was twenty-three then. Perhaps if they'd been less logi cal about their future and married straight off . . .

She was so gay all that year, and Peter hadn't minded too much when she burst out of his arms with a hoot of excitement to sketch an idea that had come to her.

"Just my luck to fall in love with a girl who always has something else on her mind," he'd grumble pleasantly.

"You ought to be thankful you're my inspiration, darling," she'd say.

There was one night when she turned back from her drawing board to find him prowling restlessly around the little studio. "Peter was unhappy because her career kept popping up," she quoted to him from the scenario they were always spinning.

"Peter said she was the most beautiful woman in the world," he told her adoringly.

"So she kissed him, and they went out to dinner."

He held her very longingly. "The characters in this movie go too many places," he complained. "Couldn't this be the sequence where they stay home and live on love?"

"But she was a pig. She was hungry."

It was all very intimate and very lovely—and utterly silly, Cicely said firmly to herself as she stood now, watching the traffic snarl on Fifth Avenue. She hadn't meant to let her business tie her so. But it was Peter's fault that the picture had ended. And it was easier to be angry with Peter when she remembered Blyth Shipley. She turned back resolutely from the window and slapped a block of sketching paper on her desk. "This is the sequence where she works like hell on

THREE KINDS OF MONEY NO MAN SHOULD BE WITHOUT

EVERY man who faces reality finds—eventually—that he really needs not one, but three kinds of money.

Sudden misfortunes such as illness can deal special punishment to the man who is not prepared for emergencies. So, he needs a kind of money that is always ready to his hand—cash in the bank.

For the sake of his family, he needs still another kind of money . . . money that can shoulder his responsibilities in case of death.

The need for both of these types of money is well recognized. One out of every 3 families in the country has a savings account. One out of every 2 has life insurance.

But today, many, many people are awake to the urgent need for a third kind of money . . . money which will be accumulated persistently step-by-step during the years of a man's best earning power to take care of the years that follow. *This* kind of money is, truly, a kind no man should be without.

The First Step

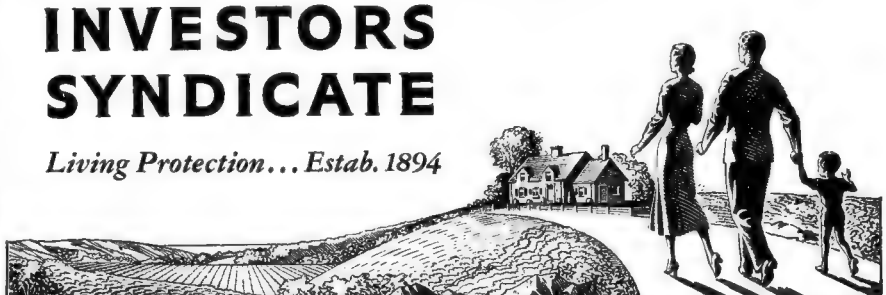
If you make a regular and adequate income, yet you still find yourself unable to accumulate money, the first step is to find out *where your money goes* Keeping a record of what you spend is essential if you want to make the most of your income.

To help you take this first, important step, Investors Syndicate offers, without obligation, a booklet, "Living" Expenses . . . a simple, easy way to find out where your money goes. This is *not* a budget book. For your copy, mail the coupon immediately to Investors Syndicate. Enclose 10c in coin or stamps to cover handling and postage. Do it *now!*

Home Office, Minneapolis, Minn. Affiliates: Investors Syndicate Title & Guaranty Co., New York; Investors Syndicate, Limited, Canada.

INVESTORS SYNDICATE

Living Protection . . . Estab. 1894



INVESTORS SYNDICATE
Dept. A-80, Minneapolis, Minn.

Please send me your new booklet "Living" Expenses. Enclosed is 10c to cover cost of handling and mailing.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ *State* _____

that cosmetics line," she said grimly. . . .

It wasn't too satisfying going out with George Patterson that night. Or with Henry Tanner two nights later. She liked them both, and it was fun to be admired, but she was pretty sure now that just men weren't the answer. She wondered if Laurie were.

She tried fiercely to concentrate on her work during the days that followed, but the design she evolved out of her desperation pleased neither her nor her staff. She had to have something to show, though, so she turned the perspectives over to her draftsmen for detailed drawings and sent them out for estimates.

All through the pounding hours of work the wisp of a question kept floating before her eyes. It said, "What are you going to do about Laurie?" It had nothing to do with cosmetics. . . .

It was Monday night, and there were orchids waiting when she got home. They were the pale-green cypripediums she loved, and she made a note that Laurie had a taste in flowers. She decided on her new evening dress, and then went humming into her bath. Lying in the steaming tub, everything seemed ridiculously easy. Tonight she'd let herself drift, not holding back but accepting anything her emotions told her was fun.

She dressed slowly, with a nice sense of luxuriant anticipation. When Laurie's ring came, a nervous undercurrent of suspense fluttered beneath her soft gown. She was excited at seeing him. Now she knew why she liked him. He came eagerly and he was handsome and boyish. He made her feel young and fresh.

They dined in a smart little snack bar, because it was an eight-thirty musical, and trooped into the theater through a plantation of orchids. They were fourth row, two in from the aisle, next to one of the critics. Cicely wondered how much *that* had cost Laurie. Not that he had to worry.

THEY struggled through the crush at the entr'acte and reached the sidewalk just as the bell was ringing. But they didn't turn back soon enough. Peter and Blyth were standing in front of the theater. Cicely would have hurried in, but Blyth dragged Peter over. Predatory little beast, Cicely thought savagely. She can't keep her hands off a new man. There had to be introductions, and Blyth immediately barraged Laurie with chatter. Cicely found herself facing Peter uncomfortably.

"Like the show?" he inquired, looking at her steadily.

"M-m—so-so," she replied.

"You're very beautiful tonight," he said.

She didn't speak, but her heart answered for a beat or two. Her eyes met his briefly, and then she turned away. "We really must be getting in," she said to Laurie.

Blyth faced them. "Mr. Wilson and I have a party organized," she said brightly. "We're all going on to the Trocadero."

A wave of panic swept over Cicely, and Peter took a step forward. "Miss Shipley tells me you're all old friends," Laurie said doubtfully.

"It would be lovely," Cicely snapped, and swept into the theater. She didn't see much of the second act. She was furious with Blyth and furious with Laurie. She thought of developing a headache. She thought of telling Laurie she wanted to be alone with him. And she thought finally, "Very well, we'll go, and I'll show Peter I'm not the cold shoulder he thinks I am."

Cicely's eyes were burning brightly when the four of them met on the sidewalk. She fired before Blyth could get her guns out. "This is so gay," she said. "Such a lovely idea of yours, Blyth. I haven't seen you and Peter in perfect ages."

Cicely's flood of conversation rolled on during the ride to the night club and engulfed the table for two which became one for four by the simple addition of two chairs. Her shoulders were set belligerently and the animation never left her face. She cut into Blyth's comments with rapier thrusts.

"I heard the most amusing story about Jim Staples," Blyth began.

"You surely don't mean his passion for the Peruvian?" Cicely demanded. "But that's old, Blyth."

"She's not a Peruvian. She's a Colombian," Blyth protested. "It seems Jim—"

"Does it really matter?" Cicely interrupted innocently. "You know the story, Peter, of course. It's this way . . ." And then she finished Blyth's narrative and smiled brightly at them all.

PETER retired into his champagne. Laurie sat in silent admiration of Cicely. And Blyth, after a few more attempts at gaiety, turned crossly to Peter. "Let's dance."

"Let's don't dance," Cicely said contentedly. "Let's just sit and watch them, Laurie."

"I'd much rather," he said, and she smiled blandly into the adoring glance he gave her.

They came back presently. "Peter says it's too crowded," Blyth explained, "and I'm dying to rumba. Please, Mr. Wilson?"

Cicely smiled. Blyth was a fool to dance with Laurie, she thought pleasantly as she watched them. The girl was so tiny that it couldn't possibly be fun for him.

Peter's somber voice recalled her attention. "Illustrating a little lesson in natural history?" he asked.

"I don't know what you mean," Cicely said stiffly.

"That the mother bear will fight for her cub," Peter said. "But you aren't really in love with the boy."

"He's not a boy," Cicely snapped indignantly.

Peter shrugged. "Whatever he is." She didn't reply, and they were both silent.

"You hate Shipley, don't you?" he said. "Because you think she broke us up."

"Don't be conceited, Peter," she said.

He ignored the interruption. "She didn't, Cicely. You did it all yourself."

"I'm not interested in recriminations," she said. "Let's dance."

HE STOPPED her as she started to rise. "Remember when we were first engaged and we were both so dreadfully strapped for chips, and we said we wouldn't get married till we had stacks of the blue ones?" She sat looking straight ahead. "And then you told me about that little town up in Vermont where you'd spent a summer when you were fourteen and had been so happy. And you said we'd wait till we could take three months away from business and go up to Granville for our honeymoon. And we were always shooting for that. Remember?"

"Yes," she said tightly, still not looking at him.

"We'd stay in that lovely old Greek Revival inn you showed me pictures of," he went on dreamily. "We'd swim in the lake, with the mountains green around us, and take long walks and never worry, because we'd have those blue chips. Remember?"

"Yes," she said again.

"So that's where we made our mistake," he said sadly. "Because we were both fighting for one kind of security and forgetting that the chips only count when you're happy. I tried to make you see that, but you wouldn't. You got so interested in business that you forgot to fight for happiness."

The tears misted Cicely's eyes. "I didn't, I didn't," she insisted tensely, facing him across the table. "It was *you* and your playing around with that silly beast, Shipley."

He shook his head. "I'd never have gone out with Shipley if you'd had time for me," he said earnestly.

"You're being hateful, Peter. Perfectly hateful!" she cried. "If you think I could ever care for you again after the way you've humiliated me—after tonight—"

"After tonight I'll never believe anyone could humiliate you," he said, as the others came back. "You've already won the Duncan-Shipley bout on points."

She made Laurie keep the taxi when they got home. "It's too late to come up," she said. She left him bewildered and fled into the elevator. . . .

Laurie called her at the office next morning. "Blyth tells me Peter Kingston's the brightest promotion man in New York," he said. "I thought if you agreed we'd take him on to promote the new line."

Cicely's thoughts tumbled into confusion as she let the phone slide into its cradle. Damn Shipley, she thought. It would mean conferences with Peter. That was bad enough without having him discover she'd fallen down on this cosmetics line. She picked up the renderings in color which showed the design for the containers. They were well-proportioned, attractive. But they didn't show a spark of originality. Just another jar of cosmetics. And it would have to do. The conference with the executives of Wilson & Company was only three days off. Laurie's father was coming on from the West.

Peter was waiting in her office when she came back from lunch that day. "Honestly, I'm sorry about this," he began.

"Is it going to be such a dreadful ordeal working with me?" she retorted.

Peter smiled a little. "Let's see the designs," he said.

She handed them to him without a word and walked to the window. She couldn't watch his face. After a while, she heard him put the drawings back on the desk. Finally she could stand the silence no longer, and without looking around she said, "Well?"

"They just miss having an idea somewhere," he said slowly.

She whirled on him hotly. "That's helpful, isn't it?" she flared. "Peter says they're nice but they just miss an idea!"

"Don't interrupt," he ordered, absorbed. "They're simple, cylindrical containers. Good. Flowers on the labels. Maybe good. 'Garden Fresh' for a slogan. Not so good."

"I suppose you'd like to see one of those all-spent-for-passion names," she suggested irritably. "Something spicy."

"Hold on to that!" Peter interrupted. He jumped up from his chair and started pacing the floor. "Something spicy. Little cylindrical jars. Like spice jars." He rushed over to her. "Sure! That's got it. You know those rows of spice jars in kitchens? Little businesslike canisters?"

The anger reluctantly left Cicely. "On a wooden rack," she cried. "With a handle, maybe. Spices for your complexion."

"'Spice of Life' cosmetics!" Peter shouted. "How about it, lady? Has that got something?"

CICELY was already at her desk with a block of sketching paper and a visualizing pencil. "We'll make these flush tops," she murmured. "That'll carry out the idea. All white, I think. And white labels with an old-fashioned cartouche of spices surrounding the name of the cosmetic. In red, maybe. Or blue." She looked up, her face flushed with excitement. "Peter, you've saved me from worse than death," she cried. "Wait till I give these to my artists."

She was back in a moment, sitting at her desk and smiling at him gratefully. Peter was already deep in the promotional ideas he had begun to develop from the new theme, making notes on a pad. They talked eagerly, and it was like those other times, so many other times. Finally he rose to go, and for the first time his eyes seemed to see her personally.

"You're tired, lady," he said, with real concern. "When this thing goes through you ought to get away for a while."

Her heart skipped a beat. But she could say evenly, "Thanks, Peter. I intend to."

It wasn't until he had gone that she acknowledged to herself what she should have known all along. She was in love with Peter. She had loved him all through these unhappy, restless weeks. She was certain now that Blyth had never meant anything in his life. And Cicely didn't care, anyway. It was Peter's arms she knew and Peter's arms she wanted around her. She felt happy suddenly, the restlessness gone. Because now she knew. . . .

The next two days were frantic. Fresh estimates had to be rushed through, and a firm found to bid on the white-enameled wooden rack. She saw Peter in snatches, but she didn't play with the thought of having him back. Not yet. Not until this strain was over, she told herself. She drove her design staff to finish new color renderings, and the night before the conference she was up till three supervising their arrangement. She was exhausted when she got home.

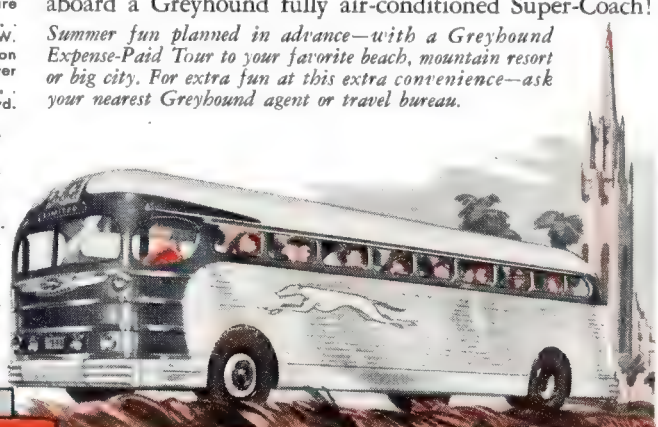
Cicely Duncan believed in showmanship when she presented her ideas. Peter had taught her that. There was a certain for-

PRINCIPAL GREYHOUND INFORMATION OFFICES:

New York City . 245 W. 50th St.
Cleveland, O. . E. 9th & Superior
Philadelphia, Pa. . Broad St. Sta.
Chicago, Ill. . . . 12th & Wabash
Boston, Mass. . . 60 Park Square
Washington, D. C. . . . . 1110 New York Ave., N. W.
Detroit, Mich. . . . . Washington Boulevard at Grand River
St. Louis, Mo. . . . . Broadway & Delmar Blvd.
Charleston, W. Va. . . . . 155 Summers Street
San Francisco, Cal. . . . . Pine & Battery Streets
Cincinnati, O., 630 Walnut St
Richmond, Va., 412 E. Broad St.
Ft. Worth, Tex., 905 Commerce St.
Minneapolis, Minn. . . . . 509 Sixth Ave., N.
Memphis, Tenn., 527 N. Main St.
New Orleans, La. . . . . 400 N. Rampart Street
Lexington, Ky., 801 N. Limestone
Windsor, Ont., 44 London St., E.

"I wanted to go to the Fair—Walt wanted to go fishing up in the mountains—so we went *both places*, at no greater cost than *either* vacation we'd planned." Fantastic? Not at all. Greyhound's extremely low fares make your money travel so much farther—and you ride in so much greater comfort aboard a Greyhound fully air-conditioned Super-Coach!

Summer fun planned in advance—with a Greyhound Expense-Paid Tour to your favorite beach, mountain resort or big city. For extra fun at this extra convenience—ask your nearest Greyhound agent or travel bureau.



The GREYHOUND LINES

—for pictorial booklet, full facts on summer trips

Mail this for an attractive pictorial booklet all about: NEW YORK WORLD'S FAIR ☐, SAN FRANCISCO'S GOLDEN GATE EXPOSITION ☐, NEW ENGLAND VACATIONS ☐, MICHIGAN VACATIONS ☐, CALIFORNIA AND THE WEST ☐, COOL NORTHWEST ☐, GREAT SMOKIES AND SOUTHERN BEACHES ☐, CANADIAN VACATIONS ☐.
EXPENSE-PAID TOURS to _____
Please check the one you desire.

Name _____

Address _____ AM-8

mality when the executives of Wilson & Company assembled in her office at eleven next morning. There was Laurie's father, a big, shrewd man. There were a brace of vice-presidents and the heads of the sales and advertising departments. Laurie came in with his father, beaming confidently and a little possessively. Peter prowled nervously on the fringe.

There was always a flutter of suspense in these moments, like the hush in a theater when the footlights glow and the house lights dim down, and you know the curtain is about to rise. Cicely made a crisp, introductory speech when they were all seated, outlining the problem as she had approached it. She saw Peter watching her from a seat on the window sill, and shot a little knowing smile in his direction as she finished her remarks and invited them into the gallery.

The renderings were hung on walls which had been darkened by closing the Venetian blinds. Now, in dramatic progression, Cicely snapped on lights which illuminated them individually. She talked as she did it, explaining each drawing, the thinking behind "Spice of Life" cosmetics, the cheapness of merchandising because of simple, functional design in the containers. She saw the approval long before old Rodney Wilson gripped her hand.

"It's splendid, Miss Duncan," he said enthusiastically. "I'm astonished at what you've worked out." And he went into a huddle over figures with one of the vice-presidents.

THE men stayed for over an hour discussing details, going over the estimates she had prepared, and talking among themselves. Laurie broke away long enough to give her his congratulations, and once, when she was alone for a moment, Peter muttered in her ear, "Make it a good rest, lady. These last three days have been tough."

She nodded happily. She was beaming at them all, but it wasn't because they liked her designs. It was something very different, and if they'd only all go now, please, she could satisfy the trembling that she felt inside her. She could tell Peter she was sorry for what she'd said so long ago.

Laurie's father was coming back now, and the others had their coats and hats. "We've got some other things to talk over with you," he boomed. "Laurie wrote me what a person you were, but I'd never have believed anyone could put so much genius into a thing like face creams. Could you meet us all for luncheon tomorrow?"

She smiled, "Of course," and then she saw Peter's face. Surprise, despair, and anger were in his look, and she felt terror where her eagerness had been a moment before. There was confusion, and she was shaking hands with all of them, and Peter was leaving.

"Peter!" she called over their heads, and he turned. She watched the door close on the last of them, and then she said, "You're—you're not going?"

He stood across the room and his eyes were angry. "You can't give up, can you, Cicely?" he said harshly. "You told me you'd go away for a little while after this job was finished, and I thought—I thought— Oh, what the hell does it matter what I thought?"

"Peter!" she pleaded.

He jammed his hat on viciously. "It ought to be a sweet little commission restyling all of Wilson's products," he said bitterly. "Keep you tied up for months You and Laurie. Remember me to him at the luncheon tomorrow. And tell him I'm not taking this job, after all. I've changed my mind, see? Let me know if you marry him. I want to send you a travel folder!"

SHE stood looking after him when the door closed, leaning against her desk. Then she walked wearily to the window. It was June down there now, and the men were wearing straw hats. It was really summer, and her hands were cold as ice, all warmth drained from her. She looked down, and she hated New York. Suddenly she thought of Granville, and she wanted that.

She sat down listlessly at her desk, and Laurie came in. "I got away from the others," he said eagerly. "Dad's so excited he can't talk about anything but you. Made me lonesome. Could we have luncheon?"

She shook her head. "Would you tell your father I can't see him tomorrow, either?"

He came quickly to her, around the desk. "I know this isn't the moment, but I can't help it," he said quickly. "Would you—could you ever think of marrying a big oaf like me? I love you so terribly, Cicely."

She looked up at him and smiled. It seemed a little bizarre to think of loving anyone. "Don't ask me now," she said gently. "I'm fagged, Laurie. I've got to get away."

"You worked too hard on our cosmetic line," he accused.

"It wasn't that," she said. "It—it was something else. A sort of contract I lost because I thought I'd restyled myself, and I hadn't." . . .

She went home in the middle of the afternoon and got out her bags listlessly. She hadn't realized till now how desperately exhausted she was. Well, it would be peaceful and quiet in Granville. Peaceful and lonely, she corrected herself dully. She wouldn't even have business to worry about. Rodney Wilson and all the rest of them could wait. Or go to someone else. She didn't care. It was surprising how much relief there was in the thought.

Suddenly she straightened up from the suitcase she was packing. "But I *have* restyled myself," she whispered wonderingly. "I wouldn't be thinking this way if I hadn't. I'd be thinking—" But then she didn't trust herself to think any more. Except about the little hat which must be tilted just *so* before she left. Except to give the taxi driver the address of Peter's apartment.

She would always remember Peter's eyes when he opened the door. For just a moment they were dull, and then there was a second when something vital leaped into them, and then they went dull again as he turned away.

"It's too late," she thought swiftly. "Now he really doesn't care. Now—" But her chin was up defiantly as she followed him into his living-room. She had to go through with this. She had to fight for her happiness. Peter had told her that. She said, "I've got a ticket for Granville in my bag. The train leaves at nine o'clock."

HE WHIRLED and faced her angrily. "I suppose Laurie was crouched just outside the door waiting to spring in with a proposal the minute I left," he stormed.

"Peter, you stupid fool, stop jumping to conclusions," she snapped.

He looked at her in amazement. "But—but you're going to Granville," he faltered. "That was the honeymoon place. Remember?"

All the defiance fled from her. "It could still be the honeymoon place," she pleaded. "Can't you see I'm putting out Cicely Duncan in a new container? That I've let my business slide? I'm going to Granville all by myself. And, Peter . . . I don't want to go alone."

He didn't let her say any more. Her hand crept up his shoulder and held tightly around the curve of his neck. "I was so desperately miserable," he muttered, and she said, "Hush, Peter; hush.' She was triumphantly happy. Because these were the arms she wanted. Because she could never love anyone but Peter.

They were still in his apartment at eight-thirty, but he was throwing things into a bag. "You're sure there are ministers in Vermont?" he demanded, as he snapped it shut.

"I'm sure," she said, laughing, and she drew him over to the western window. Lights were coming on across the Park. "Oh, Peter darling. The movie's beginning all over again."

"They found they couldn't live without each other," he quoted gravely, and then he seized the bags. "Come on, lady. This is the sequence where they live happily ever after!"

✣ ✣ ✣ ✣ ✣

"Mind if I play through? I just heard that my house is on fire!"

The Count of Monte Cristo

By ALEXANDRE DUMAS, Sr., who never missed a fight

Condensed by Munro Leaf, creator of Ferdinand the Bull

THERE isn't anything fresh or new about dirty politics. All down the years plenty of honest citizens who mean well have taken the rap for the lugs in the back room.

Back in Marseilles, France, about the time that Napoleon was just getting ready to skip off Elba and stick his nose into Waterloo, three wiseguys framed a young seagoing lad named Edmond Dantès, and they had him tossed into the hoosegow for fourteen years.

The dumb, innocent young sea scout they jugged was something else again by the time he got out of the joint. He had put in the first four years just working himself up to a real mad-on and the next ten years studying up on plain and fancy ways of being mean to them if he ever did get out.

This Edmond Dantès really had a right to get sore. He had just got command of a fine ship, was all set to be married to a knockout brunette named Mercedes, who could win all the south-of-France beauty contests without straining a corpuscle, and everything for him was on the up, when, *Wham*, slap into jail he goes, and they wouldn't even tell him what's the charge.

Just to do a friend a favor he was toting a letter that was dynamite if it got to the wrong parties, and these three heels knew he had it.

One of them, named Danglars, just plain didn't like anything about our hero. The next one, Fernand, wanted his girl Mercedes bad, and the third party, named Villefort, was in the soup if the letter got to the right people. They fixed Edmond plenty when they had him cooped up out in the old gray prison, Château d'If, on an island.

Four years just zipped by with all the speed of an underweight snail crawling on its hands and knees to drag a broken-down cement mixer out of the mud.

Edmond got so he just about didn't give a darn whether he ate his cereal or no, when one day, "Scratch, scratch! Who's there?"

"It's just an old abbé," says a pip-squeaky voice under the cellar floor.

"Come on in or up or out or something," says Eddy, sociable-like.

"Give me four or five more days scratching and I will," pipes up the abbé; and that much later there he was.

"Shucks," he said as he shook the moles out of his hair, "I thought I was getting out of here, and all I did was change rooms. It's not fair."

"You dig too willy-nilly like a subway contractor," smirks Eddy, "but skip that. What do you know?"

"Plenty," said the old abbé, and he started talking. . . .

Ten years later the old boy stopped talking, 'cause he was dead, and our Edmond Dantès knew everything he knew: History, mathematics, languages, jujitsu, the match game, and, better yet, all about the supercolossal-spectacular fortune the old abbé had found on the deserted island of Monte Cristo.

Dantès swaps places with the stiff, and gets dumped into the sea and freedom. By and by he collects the fortune on Monte Cristo, and goes Café Society in Paris in a big way. He puts on an act as a playboy that has Parisians' eyes popping, but all the time he is throwing sand in the works of those three lugs, who have all been doing fine.

Danglars is a hot-shot banker, so Ed breaks his banks for him right down to the last china pig. Fernand, who is a highly honored warrior, comes next; so Ed tangles his wires up so messy that he blows his own brains out. Then he hauls out all of Villefort's dirty political laundry, and he goes stark, raving nuts.

So Edmond ticks them off one, two, three, jack pot, picks up his marbles, and goes home to live with a swell-looking dame Not bad for a sea scout with a record.

MORAL: Even a right guy can be pushed around one push too many, and when he is—back up your outfielders.

WHAT DO YOU KNOW?

A QUIZ BY OUR READERS

HERE'S something new in tests. It is composed entirely of questions sent in by readers of THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE. The 28 posers were selected from thousands we received in response to our recent invitation. We've tried them out on the members of our editorial staff, and find that our average score stands at 23 correct answers. See how high you can score. The correct answers appear on page 160.

QUESTIONS

1. What mode of transportation carries more passengers per day in the United States than any other?—*John Dennis Scouten, Seattle, Wash.*

2. Who coined the phrase "Almighty Dollar"?—*George J. Becker, Jr., New Orleans, La.*

3. The kings of what two countries are brothers?—*William Thompson, Dallas, Texas.*

4. What crowns the dome of the Capitol at Washington, D. C.?—*Mrs. Carlie H. Smith, Burlington, Vt.*

5. What two chapters in the Bible are exactly the same?—*Mrs. Arminda Boales, Akron, Ohio.*

6. If the animals entered Noah's Ark in alphabetical order, what animal would be first to enter?—*Clinton J. Muncie, Marietta, Okla.*

7. What man is said to have served as President of the United States for one day?—*Mrs. James Hamilton, San Jose, Calif.*

8. After what does the U. S. Navy name its battleships, cruisers, destroyers, and submarines?—*Paul Kaplan, Vineland, N. J.*

9. What is the most thickly populated island in America?—*Velva Woodward, Pueblo, Colo.*

10. The following were nicknames for what famous figures in the sporting world?
    (a) The Galloping Ghost
    (b) Big Bill
    (c) Big Red
    (d) The Bambino
    (e) The Iron Man of Baseball
    (f) Little Pokerface
    —*Chester Parker, St. Louis, Mo.*

11. What is the highest denomination of United States currency?—*Mrs. J. J. Solomon, Knoxville, Tenn.*

12. Stalin's official title is which of the four that follow?
    (a) Premier of Russia
    (b) President of the U. S. S. R.
    (c) General Secretary of the Communist Party
    (d) Membership Chairman of the Ogpu
    —*B. J. Coady, Toronto, Canada.*

13. On the death of any of our Presidents we know that the Vice-President steps in, and, if he should die, then the Secretary of State; but which of the following officials is next?
    (a) Attorney General
    (b) Speaker of the House
    (c) Postmaster General
    (d) Secretary of the Treasury
    —*Mrs. Louise Newman, Brooklyn, N. Y.*

14. Which of the following countries has the oldest-established flag in the world?
    (a) China (c) Italy
    (b) Japan (d) Denmark
    —*S. D. Dobbins, Mount Holly, N. J.*

15. Which one of the following shines in the sky only by reflected light?
    (a) North Star (c) Arcturus
    (b) Venus (d) Vega
    —*Anna E. Scudder, Farmington, Conn.*

16. Which of the following birds is the only one that can drink without throwing its head back to swallow?
    (a) Chicken (c) Pigeon
    (b) Robin (d) Swallow
    —*Mrs. Kenneth Loucks, Indianapolis, Ind.*

17. The direct cost of the World War to the United States was which one of the following amounts?
    (a) $12,000,000,000
    (b) $800,000,000
    (c) $900,000
    (d) $22,000,000,000
    —*Hazen Lindsley, Seattle, Wash.*

18. Is a pound of feathers (heavier than) (of the same weight as) (lighter than) a pound of gold?—*J. Herman Harper, Hanford, Calif.*

19. Which of the following was originally the tune of our national anthem, *The Star-Spangled Banner?*
    (a) A hymn
    (b) An old English drinking song
    (c) A Negro spiritual
    (d) A Western ballad
    —*J. J. Lichman, Keene, N. H.*

20. By which of the following terms is a male mouse called?
    (a) A stag (c) A bull
    (b) A buck (d) A boar
    —*Mrs. Paul Garzot, Sacramento, Calif.*

21. "Dry ice" is composed of one of the following four substances. Can you pick the right one?
    (a) Fresh water
    (b) Carbon dioxide
    (c) Sea water
    (d) Sulphur dioxide
    —*Kenneth E. Bruner, Mason City, Iowa.*

22. Which of these animals gives birth to the smallest young?
    (a) House cat (c) Kangaroo
    (b) Black bear (d) Beaver
    —*Martha D. Sinnickson, Salem, N. J.*

23. Which of the following was the last state to be admitted to the Union?
    (a) Oklahoma (c) Utah
    (b) New Mexico (d) Arizona
    —*Mrs. E. L. Clayton, Amarillo, Texas.*

TRUE OR FALSE?

24. A Clipper plane must carry all mail given it by the Post Office Department, even if it has to cancel all passenger bookings.—*Mrs. W. H. Swartzleonard, Elk City, Kans.*

25. The height of the highest mountain is greater than the depth of the sea.—*G. E. Carlson, Chicago, Ill.*

26. Ours is the only country having the initials U. S. A.—*Nathan Rothberg, Marcus Hook, Pa.*

27. The only state in the Union bordering on but one other state is Washington.
    —*Ruth R. Auker, Walla Walla, Wash.*

28. Football has the largest attendance of any sport in the U. S.—*Victor Wilson, Austin, Texas.*

TRY IT AGAIN

★

Readers have proved themselves to be such able quiz-masters, that we're going to publish another quiz made up of questions you raise. Here's a chance to make money by baffling others. Just put the most unusual or amusing bit of information you know into question form, and send it in with the correct answer. We will pay $1 for each question and answer we publish. Address "Questions," The American Magazine, 250 Park Ave., New York, N. Y. This offer is good only until August 5, 1940. No contributions will be returned.

QUICKSAND

(*Continued from page 56*)

like gray steel, Mark suddenly caught her up and carried her over the threshold of his house.

Alixe noted a simple grandeur of spaces beyond her.

Mark shook hands with a red-cheeked footman. "This is my wife, Henry. It's good to be home again!"

"And a great pleasure to welcome you, madam. Everything's in readiness. Mrs. Farnham telephoned from the city. What time do you wish dinner, madam?"

Alixe smiled abstractedly. "Whatever Mr Farnham . . ."

Mark gave her a stiff, amused bow. "Mrs. Farnham and I are so newly married, Henry, that it pleases her to please me. Have a table laid by the fire in the library. We'll help ourselves. Just cut us a cold bird and bring up some Pommard."

"Yes, sir." He turned to Alixe respectfully: "I'm Mr. Mark's groom, in off hours. You'll want to see the stables, too, madam. There's a new mare you'll like; she takes 'er fences like a queen."

"Thank you, Henry. I must try to take mine that way!" Her cool, feverish gaze locked with Mark's.

ALONE, she turned to Mark, stripping off her gloves. "It's strange to be plunked at a footman's feet like some kind of prize package lugged home from Nassau." Her smile was rueful. "Or perhaps I flatter myself."

"I suspect," Mark said amiably, "that the package contains some fireworks in need of an explosion. If you want to blow up, Alixe, I can recommend the view from the gunroom."

"I envy *your* self-control, Mark!"

"Oh. But I've trained in a hard school."

For a moment the frayed ends of temper snapped bare between them. Alixe stood flushed and trembling. "Have you had much practice with females reluctant to surrender their virtue on your doorstep?"

He thrust back a smoking log. "You needn't be concerned, Alixe. I'm smart enough not to ask for anything I don't want."

Her laughter spread its metallic brightness through the shadows. And the jangle grew between them, as it must, drifting and alone with each other for the first time. Alixe began a nervous stroll, among mellow rooms and flowers. Mark . . . in his own surroundings! *He* was resolute, unbeatable! But all else was shadow-play. She tried numbly to wrench another image from her mind, but these rooms were haunted by a figure that had once lounged by this table, flicked a riding crop, lifted a brandy glass, a cigarette! And Mark, gripping his knees by the fire, watched her quietly. . . . He must give her time. He must warm things, be kind.

"Mark, I'll do my best to run things for you as Julie would, as long as I'm here. And see that chimes ring, when things are wanted." She covered her face with her hands. "And sometimes not! Oh, Mark. . . . I'm sorry!" They listened to their emptiness.

She spread out her electric hands to the fire, her voice composed and smooth again. "What a lovely place for a honeymoon! If you knew how I detest myself for spoiling it! I suppose the bath's as big as the Coliseum! Hot and cold running water. Hot and cold running hostess! I hope all the 'old family retrievers' will like me! For I'm 'Young Master Mark's Bride' to them."

She was twisting the fawn-colored gloves before the fire, and he saw the blaze of the great, green ring, the fawn-colored hair, the burning green eyes. Mark got up and thrust a drink into her hand. "Here. You need a bracer. We've come a long way."

"Yes, a long way . . . home!"

Alone now, for months like this. Two places set. Two chairs before the wide, high fireplace with its granite hearthstone, and the massive lions' heads with wild stone eyes. And, across from him, a face so lovely that he wished himself far away from facing it.

Alixe drank her wine, got up, and went to the phonograph. She pressed the switch. "Let's dance, Mark." She said wistfully, "Perhaps if we tried awfully hard, it would be fun together."

"Nothing is fun if you have to try so hard."

The strange poignance of *Sophisticated Lady* played on to her. There was a thrill of stinging music under the crying trumpets, under the shopworn words that dreamed of regret and sang it away hotly, sweetly. Alixe sang it like that. Before he could stop himself, Mark snapped the switch off; something had been unbearable! And her singing broke in her throat, as if he had turned a key.

"Mark . . . you must loathe me!"

"No."

"But I'm being a very bad sport."

"No. When something's been winged with both barrels . . ."

"Oh!" she scoffed brightly. "My wings are only clipped. There's nothing pathetic about me! Nothing really beautiful. There are a lot of attractive arch-bitches in the animal kingdom. Tonight I think I must wear the crown!"

He said, "This is one place where you can help yourself to throne room."

TEARS sprang into her eyes. She dashed them away. "Such a gratuitous young man! God, if you knew how guilty I feel . . . just looking at you! You're gay and sweet and fine. You've got a pair of shoulders and a square brown jaw and a grit that held me when everything else cracked! You've got everything God ever poured into one male to make him strut the earth and women flutter! And I can't. Nothing beats in me, nothing leaps and bounds for you."

"Take it easy," Mark said whitely. "I don't particularly enjoy reminding you at every turn of someone else you wanted! We can't be friends, but we needn't be enemies! That's all." The flat, controlled mastery of his power comforted her.

She curled up on the lounge across from Mark. Fear spoke suddenly in her words:

Stomach distress from improper eating is a call for help—for something quieting to the stomach and soothing to the intestinal walls.

Pepto-Bismol helps young and old in the relief of common upsets due to over-indulgence, hasty eating, and improperly prepared or selected food.

Pepto-Bismol does not add to the upset of an upset stomach—but soothes it, helps it get back to normal.

This pleasant-tasting prescription is soothing to irritated intestinal walls as well as the stomach—and aids in relieving the distress of sickish, sour stomach, nervous indigestion, gas pains and simple diarrhea. It is not an antacid and has no laxative effect. *50¢ at all druggists.*

Norwich®

*Makers of *Unguentine*

PEPTO-BISMOL
FOR UPSET STOMACH

*REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

"*Who do you think shot Lannon?*" At that name the whole room grew cold.

"First I thought Father. Then I thought Juan."

"Juan?" she looked up, incredulous.

"Yes. You see, Alec picked him up in Granada when Juan had his back to an alley wall. Juan's loyal to the teeth. He knew what Lannon's game was; and he hated him. But, before we sailed, Father and I put the screws on Juan and he swears he never shot Lannon."

ALIXE leaned back with a troubled sigh. "We'd have been lost without Raffield. God, if only I could be worth his kindness! I shall never forget him chuckling and saying at the police office, 'Gentlemen, this young man has so happy an alibi as his own marriage!'"

"It was close sailing, Alixe! But for Raffield we'd have sunk. I had a bad moment when Raffield wondered 'who was dashed fool enough to risk hangin' by puttin' a gun in the right hand of a left-handed scoundrel!' I think that he knew all the time I'd done it."

"But still," Alixe stirred uneasily, "he got us off, scot-free. And no questions asked." She twisted the ring around nervously, hiding that nagging fear. "I wish we knew who cleaned out Lannon's desk!"

She got up with flaring whiteness and went to the window. "Because someone is still out there tonight with all our secrets! It's like a ghoul without a face! It can still strike at Julie through us. And blackmail her! Those photographs on the 'Dolphin.' Our weeks at sea. And where. And when! The spying eyes that might track us here!"

He saw her face set suddenly in a calm, bright mask. And, with a discreet tread, the footman stood there.

"Your rooms are ready, Mrs. Farnham. You'll ring, sir, in the morning?"

They stood smiling at him, arm in arm, with highballs shaking in their hands.

"Yes, thank you, Henry. Good night." . . .

At midnight Mark opened his casement windows and leaned out. A thick mist spread over the meadows, and the river sent its splashing swirl under the dripping oak trees. Down across the balcony he saw a faint shaded glow in Alixe's room; she too must be watching the night. Master and mistress in residence!

Mark drew a savage breath. He had a baffled sense of Nemesis, ugly and unshakable! Trailing its tentacles like magnets through a night longer than any other. And he wondered grimly when it would strike again. Presently it did, but with a peril that was bittersweet.

Alixe stood in his doorway, saying softly, "Mark, I can't go to sleep. May I come in? Do you mind?"

"No. I don't mind. Come on in." He saw the pale hair curling around her shoulders, and, in the soft, drifting negligee, a perfume he remembered from Nassau nights.

"What a lot of trappings you have!" Alixe looked curiously around his room, the row of boots. She opened the gun closet; her narrow, beautiful hands thumbed a studbook, touched a racing print. "You're rather a gentleman jock, Marko. If we were poor I suppose that's how you'd support me?"

"Yes. I make it pay, out here. I know horses, tracks, men . . "

"But not women, Mark?"

"The ones who wanted me. Not you."

"Ah. You don't know your luck!"

By the fire the beagle lifted its head, wrinkled a keen nose at a scent so gracious. Bright brown eyes regarded the intruder with suspicion, and then the beagle put its paws on her satin shoulders, its wet nose in her neck. "What do you call him, Mark?"

"Frolic. Would you like him, Alixe? He's built too small. He doesn't hunt close. But he sticks to your heels. I'll give Frolic to you."

She bent her head closer to the dog. Mark watched this single lonely moment of her tenderness. As if, all unconsciously, she wished herself as other women

Yet all the time the thought of Alec encroached on them like a far-off fire, still smoldering. And once more she reached out to touch it. Alixe looked at him, said very lightly, casually, "Julie and Alec will come out to us for week ends, I suppose? Perhaps this week end, Mark?" Her eyes asked him, like green lights gone begging, dancing, lost in a longing darkness she could not help.

Jealousy went jabbing at Mark's control. "I suppose if no one comes, and if he doesn't come here, Alixe, life will be just an endurance contest! A 'boredom-to-bedlam' time!"

Alixe came over to him. "Mark, if you knew what a beast I feel! To always be forgetting . . . not to remember." And then, with a breathless choke, "I think of your mother, too. Julie's got a heart. She took a charlatan into it. Mark's wife. Not I. That's what hurts me."

He said, not very steadily, "Why did you think Julie came to Nassau?"

"He was ill. I supposed that's why she came down."

"No. Julie knew there was a woman like you in his life."

"Mark!"

"She thinks she's got him back again! But that ghost is still around. You. We've violated every decent thing, we three!" Mark said angrily. "*Let her alone.*"

SHE took his hand and pressed it, whispered, "It's horrible to be suspected. But I deserved it! Julie, pursuing an 'adventuress,' and all unknowingly blessing the marriage of her son, to me. I don't know any other man who would have seen me through such a pitfall."

"Forget it. I'm the gent on that flying trapeze. You can sing about me in after years."

She bent toward him. "Mark . . . they're not coming, are they?"

"Not until fall."

"Not . . . until . . . fall." She tried not to say it. But Mark knew. "You try to be kind, Mark! What chance have you and I, shut up together for one year!"

"This chance!" He caught her in his arms. Sweetness went over him like wild wine, draining his senses of their constant guard against her. But the mouth he kissed was cold and forlorn. He could not be endured, nor could he endure it. And he thrust her away from him. He heard the rustle of her footsteps, and the door close.

Frolic padded over and laid his patient head on Mark's foot. Frolic, who would "stick to her heels," and press no more close than that. Nor would he again! Mark took an overcoat and, carrying the beagle, went down the stairs and let himself out. In the park the dew lay heavy, and the trees massed like black warriors thrusting their leafy spears at the stars. The fresh, wild scent of syringa clung to his cheeks. The light in Alixe's room burned like a warning beacon in the dark. When her light went out he made his way back through the park, with Frolic's shrill, bell-like call lifting to challenge the night-flying bats, the hooded note of owls, and river fowl.

"Mark! Is it you out there?" Alixe's voice came faint and frightened.

He saw the white blur of her face on the balcony. "Yes. I'm giving Frolic a run."

Alixe looked down at him. And then, with a sadness that wrung him through, "Mark . . . come back and say good night to me. I'm sorry."

He moved to the quince tree, reached up, and pulled himself into its branches. Level with the wistaria trellis he vaulted over to it; the quince branches sprang back. Mark pulled himself up over the balcony railing. He put his arm around her, feeling through the thin gown how she was trembling. He led her back into her bedroom. "Go to sleep, Alixe. Nothing can harm you here." He bit back the words, "Oh, darling, let me stay here."

"I heard footsteps, crunching on the gravel. It brought all that terror back! I've never been afraid before. Only, when you've been spied on . . . ! Then I heard the dog barking."

"Only at an owl."

"It sounded like a nightmare. Mark, come here." She was in bed and he went over and sat down by her.

"Mark." Her voice was softer, confused. "I keep thinking, it's as if we'd killed our youth together. If we'd met somewhere else we might have loved each other first. And no one else. We could have been tender. We've never even laughed together . . . do you know that, Mark?"

"Yes. I know that."

"Forgive me for being such a beast."

He looked down at her face on the pillow and its spreading hair like lace. "Well," he said, "it's not easy to give up what you wanted more than anything else in the world, and now will never have."

"I know how that can hurt!" she sighed. "Did *you* really love me, Mark? Did you?" she asked, with a catch in her voice.

But he knew that none of this nostalgic passion was for him. "Yes," he said casually. "Very much."

"Not any more, though?"

"No. How could I?" He held his indifference like a vise. "Good night."

Instinctively she put out her hand. But he had no use for a comfort so tardy, so secondhand. He went over to the door. Alixe watched his shadow, high and straight along the wall. As if this were all she would ever know of Alec's son, striding with his undentable nerve across the shadow-play of her heart. . . .

AFTER that parched, aching night to which they never referred, she tried to do things for Mark, as Julie would. But she was wary of not putting her roots down too deep at the farm, for in not many months they were to be disrupted, and she would be a divorcee in foreign embassies, seated at old Harry Scoville's right, once more, and pouring tea for Raffield.

Raffield was now traveling about South America, and occasionally he called her by radiotelephone to say, "How're you makin' out, darling? Countin' ducks' eggs and cuttin' flowers?"

She spun the web of fabrication tighter in her laughter. "'Making out' beautifully, thank you!" Marriage was "filling out both heart and figure!" And as for Mark . . .

"The Farm simply teems with abundance, Raffield!" . . . She would make her words happy, reassuring, for the benefit of that intuitive, listening old ear. "Was there anything more on that police inquiry at Nassau?"

"Hell, no, darling! Case closed an' finished an' buried. Good riddance!"

But his chuckle was thin. She would hang up with an icy tremor along her spine. Raffield was lying bravely, too! She knew it was not finished. And the mystery brooded with her hunger for Alec; she was famished for peace. And for one sight of his face. Yet for a little while longer she belonged here, and Mark was the anchor that held the keel.

She saw very little of him. He was out early in the dreaming summer mornings; barebacked on a steaming hunter, his face Indian-brown and quiet with a waiting, listening look, as if he, too, were pushing the days onward to freedom . . . or to chaos! If only they knew which! Alixe saw that a bought-and-paid-for gaiety occupied their nights. Janie and Bill came out from town and spent the holidays with them. Before Janie and Bill they practiced the puppetry of love, danced together as if on spearheads.

They would come out from their doors and meet on the stair, link arms, go down together, and greet their guests. The same fixed smile of brilliance sped its mechanical way from mouth to mouth.

But as prisoners know the worn color of stone when the sun moves around the wall, the same rivulet of rain making its tracery on the window, another day, another month, they read their bondage in each other's eyes. Waiting took its toll. Crisis crept nearer, told for them in the change of the sky colors, shorter days, the late deep crimson sunsets of the August months. Fall drew closer, and with it . . . Alec. Time went by in following his footsteps around Far West resorts. He never wrote. But she knew that Alec's eyes looked backward, three thousand miles away.

ALIXE went up to Mark's room to leave a boutonniere of cornflowers on his table, for they were giving a dinner for Janie and Bill tonight. If only flowers could be sweetly worn together, and have some mutual meaning! Slowly she picked up his muddy field boots, stood gripping them with an ache of emotion. Alec in summer exile! Mark to his barren marriage! He was working, driving himself, so as not to think. Never be alone together. And in her loneliness she thought of what might have been—to love as children, to have met again, as lovers.

Outside on the balcony Janie was swinging her heels joyously. "Alixe! Look . . Bill's fallen off his horse again! Ginger eased him into a geranium pot! Nice going!"

"Bill's fallen off the wagon so many times, I guess it was time he fell off the horse!" Alixe laughed.

"That's it! Yoo-hoo, Bill! You're all heel and no soul, my lad!" Janie shouted. "Look. Mark's going to jump. He sits like a prince. Alixe, don't you love him terribly!"

"Yes, Janie."

"You're holding his boots just like a pioneer wife. Women love to do things for their men, don't they?"

Alixe put Mark's boots down. "You and I understand that."

Janie roamed about Alixe's bedroom sniffing at perfumes, her laughter tinkling like goats' bells in a new pasture; bouncing out of closets, she held up frilly gowns and examined herself frankly in the mirror. "You're awfully beautiful, Alixe. I'm the kind that boys send funny post cards to. I'll be out in the back yard with my nightie and my memories. You'll always make men want to drink and die for you. Mark would die for you," Janie said.

Like a stabbing flash Alixe thought, "He almost did." And she remembered again the beauty of Mark's eyes pouring his love for her over Lannon's gun. And now . . . the disguised chivalry of a stranger.

ALIXE looked over at Janie. The heart-shaped face was artless and sincere. Janie believes the "show"! Loyal to Mark in a childlike "forever."

"Mark was so glittery and gay the night I drove him to Lord Raffield's." It was a detail dear to Janie; her freckles glowed. "'Wish me luck,' he laughed."

"But, Janie . . . what night was that?" Alixe smiled, with her lips stiff, immobile.

"That was the night Mark prophesied Bill and I'd dance at your wedding."

Alixe grew whiter, the smile strained and bright. So, Mark had wanted her that much, even on the night of the terrible "inquest" in Raffield's garden! She cut blindly at the dripping stems of blue delphinium and regal lilies. Like a prattling handmaiden, Janie carried watering cans and vases. She gazed at the portraits of Alec and Julie on the wall.

"Isn't Mark's father handsome, Alixe!"

"Mark and I are prejudiced. We think he is."

"I'm sure he knows the Grand Lama of Tibet and has an arrow scar on his chest. I like that kind of daring gaze thrilling you right down to your toes, don't you, Alixe?"

"It's hard to be romantic about one's father-in-law, Janie." The words seemed to burn holes in her throat. She bent over the flowers, feeling Alec's arms go around her, heard Mark's furious voice again, the hot contempt of a kiss so brutal. "There! That's twice! Farnham and Son!" Alixe looked away into the white sunlight. Time was a tracing of a name on a map. He would come back, believing that she had grown to love Mark. . . .

The night of Witches' Eve and sickle moons came down with a frosty dusk; wind and the swallows made a whirring noise in the chimneys, and outside in the courtyard Alixe heard Janie's laughter, elfin as a wood gamin, the frisking neigh of Mark's hunter, a chink of spurs against the mounting block. Head on her arm, she leaned in the window seat, quickening to autumn and its portent . . . of Alec's footsteps, returning; half dreaming, half afraid.

The houseman came in with tea things, siphon, and the papers. "Shall I light the fire, madam? It's an early frost tonight."

"If you will, Henry."

"This radiogram to Mr. Mark has just come, madam."

"A radiogram!" Alixe put out her hand, conscious of its tremor. A sudden fire had crept along her wrist, sent her pulses racing. The small envelope grew warm with portent in her hand. . . .

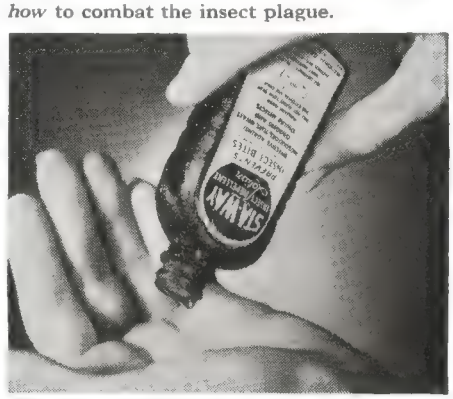
Janie pitched her hunting derby on the nose of a stuffed Siberian boar's head. "Every time I go out in the woods, Alixe, I feel like saying 'Don't look now, but there's a trapper hiding behind my left molar!'"

"Here," Mark laughed. "Sink your 'hiding places' into a caviar sandwich."

"Allow me!" Bill removed a twig from

Why some people never get "STUNG"

1. To Most People the "good old summertime" is simply dinner-time for mosquitoes, gnats and similar stinging pests. But some people *never* get "stung." They've learned *how* to combat the insect plague.



2. They've Found a New Insect Repellent that really repels! A bland, pleasantly scented lotion that's not greasy, messy or irritating. You just rub it on—and watch insects buzz off.

3. Its Name is "Sta-way" and it's the result of four years research by eminent entomologists. Tested and pronounced "perfect" by thousands of people. At drug, hardware and department stores—only 35¢.

INDOOR comfort OUTDOORS

STA-WAY

TRADE-MARK

INSECT REPELLENT LOTION

NATIONAL CARBON COMPANY, INC.
Unit of Union Carbide and Carbon Corporation
UCC
The word "STA-WAY" is a registered trade-mark of National Carbon Co., Inc.

Janie's curls. "I keep a signpost on my love: 'Busy. Man at Work.'"

"Alixe, can I spike my tea with some rum? It takes the chill off my young man. . . . Oh, there's a moon tonight. Let's wish on it."

Alixe heard her own voice, softened, strange and afraid. "I've made my wish," she said. "Mark . . ."

And he, in a voice as strange and troubled as hers, "What is your wish, Alixe?"

"This radiogram came for you," was all she answered.

He took it quickly and ripped it open.

"Wires scare me," Janie chirped. "On account of Daddy. He has a frozen appendix. Because he collects antiques, Alixe. The dust gets all clogged up in him."

"Full of Duncan Phyfe dirt?" suggested Bill.

"Or bird's-eye maple spasm! . . . Alixe, you're not listening."

"Oh, yes, Janie, I . . . What is it, Mark!"

"*What you've been waiting for!*" he said. There was a whipping rush of coldness in his voice which startled her. And she read: "Sailing tonight. Raffield with us. Alec."

Janie flicked Bill's neck with her riding crop. "Boot me and spur me early, William. You and I must clear out. The Old Homestead's going to be spawning relatives all over the place."

Bill sighed. "We might try a little of that, ourselves!"

"Frost," said Janie, "always gives Bill a heated conception of his obligations as a male."

But they weren't listening; they were looking at each other. Such a look as seemed to Janie to writhe and smoke across the fire. . . .

MAKING her way across the spaces of the upper hall, Janie heard three o'clock strike; and down in the library the ominous sound of Mark's voice, angered and disturbing. White maribou and fluffy hair pressed with a quiver of alarm against the clock. It was late, and Alixe's voice below . . . tragically shaken! And it occurred to Janie that all evening it had been like that. Through Alixe's nervous vivacity; the flints in Mark's eyes over a highball! Peril and sadness . . . very unfamiliar . . . grew through her immense adoration for Mark. In those helpless, listening minutes on the stair, she saw clear to the end of his heart.

"You lived for that radiogram to arrive, Alixe! That was your wish, wasn't it?"

"Yes."

"Look at yourself now, in that mirror! At your color, the sparkle in your eyes! You've come to life now, haven't you?"

Something unmasked in his voice stunned Janie. And that grinding, smothered "My God!"

"Mark, is it wrong . . . just to want to see him again, look in his eyes now and then? I made a pact with you; I've kept it! But I can't kill the desire to see him again! That's the truth. Make what you like of it."

"It makes a hideous jest!"

"Oh, Mark! Be reasonable! Please! I beg you."

"Don't beg! There's nothing left to give you but myself! And, by God, I'm my own best company these days."

Black quarrel on a Witches' Eve! Janie tasted salt on her lips, tears dropped on the maribou, her heart beneath it hammered, wilted. Mark's footsteps hit the hearthstone, thrust back and forth.

"Raffield, too! He's coming here! Alec and Julie met him in Panama on their way around from the coast, and he wants to see us. If we only knew what for!" Mark ground between his teeth: "Why can't we fight our way out of this? Something must have turned up! They know you and I were there. That we found Lannon dead . . ."

"No. *No!*" Janie's legs shook her; she tried to run, sank in a woeful heap by the clock.

"Mark . . . believe me! Whatever happens, I'll stick to you till the sunset gun until our divorce. Trust me! If you can trust a woman you hate!"

"I've arranged that divorce, Alixe. For 'desertion.' *I'm* supposed to desert *you*. By God, what a laugh that is!"

"All right; laugh if you can. I can't! You'll be well rid of me, Mark."

In a blind way, not knowing any words to say it, Janie prayed for them.

THE library lights snapped out. Mark's footsteps mounted. He came up on the landing, saw the wet, feathered maribou, and two eyes over it, strange with shock.

"Hullo," he said hoarsely. "You look like a baby owl fallen out of a clock." He bent down and picked her up in his arms. He felt Janie's mouth leave futile imprints like a bird's beak pecking a block of stone. He carried her in to her room and dumped her on the bed.

"Are you drunk, Mark?"

"I wish I were!"

"Can I help?"

"No. How much did you hear?"

"Nothing."

"Cut it, Janie. Everything!"

"I couldn't help myself, Mark."

"Neither can we!"

"I understand that now." She waited; his back was long, hard, brown, and the moon burned like a penny's rim, over his head. Not promising anything new. "I can't bear her not to love you!"

"Shut up, will you, Janie?"

"Where's your sense of humor?"

"Kind friends always yell for that, like saying 'Is there a doctor in the house?'"

"Hang on! Get it back."

"It's a scarecrow in a field of fat harvest, Janie. Meat for the crows. . . . But I could have got away with this," he said thickly, "if I wasn't so mad for her."

"Why didn't you tell me in Nassau! I'm your best receiving set."

"We never tell things until they bust us wide open and sock us on the jaw."

"I could sock Alixe's jaw," Janie said.

"Cut it out, Janie. You were her maid of honor." He stopped, then words ripped out: "I wish I could talk with her as I talk with you! Go in and put my arms around her! Touch her, sleep when she sleeps. I love her voice and the sound it makes in rooms, the way she is with Frolic and with flowers. To live with her and not love her. It's like a body without its heart! She's my heart, and I haven't got any. We've had a lousy, bitter war on, had to give each other rotten jests that stung . . . tempers like whips, nerves that can't rest in the same places. Every day that goes by I love what she never was to me. More and more, until tonight, when the radiogram came, I lost my head. I thought what heaven and hell would be like, all shining and spinning together, in just the minute she might say, 'I love you, Mark.'"

When he went to his room Alixe was standing by the window, waiting for him. The upbeat of his passionate hope left Mark breathless; the wind blew in on them, whipped back her honey-colored hair, wound her gown against the rich-limbed body, its vivid, plastic line. Without a sound he drank her in.

"Mark . . ."

"Alixe!" He loved her terribly.

She flicked away a cigarette, and came toward him as if through a blind mist. And now he saw that there was nothing soft in her face, but that it suffered.

"I'm a very bad debt, Mark, but I want you to know how grateful I am. And if once, out here, you had really wanted me, I'd have paid up."

Mark looked at her. The color stained her cheeks. "That sounds hard, but you've been good to me." And still against that silence, and his eyes, she stammered, "I know beauty is supposed to be a cold proposition . . . unless the giving warms it."

She saw Mark's lips twist bitterly by the firelight. "So now you're to be 'possessed,' Alixe, *if you choose?*"

"Don't be scornful of me." Her low voice shivered. "I would give you anything you wanted, if only to ease my heart . . . and yours, Mark, if you have one now."

"Thanks, but I can't eat my fill and chuck it away when the taste goes stale! I never was any woman's cage or whipping post."

Tears and laughter tore at her throat; all her scorn was for herself now. "I wonder what your next wife will be like, Marko! Red hair . . . a way of waltzing? Blue negligees on summer nights? A glad hand for your friends, steaks and ginger beer when the club is closed?"

He saw that she still gripped the cable envelope, with its fatal infatuated name written inside like her own blood.

CANDOR and control left him; she felt his hands grip her, burn through her gown. "What are you made of . . . stone?" Mark's face was suffused, darkened like compressed thunder. The hot coals of his eyes burnt into hers; his will forced her back, lifted up against him. He said in a low, strange voice, "She was tall as my chin. Green eyes. A mouth too pretty to trust." He clenched her shoulders, stared straight into her eyes. "Somewhere . . . lost inside of you . . . is a warm, compassionate girl! Wanting to love, and be loved! But still clinging to an old infatuation because it makes you dramatic to yourself! Still a back-to-the-wall and be-damned air about you! That's my wife. That's you, Alixe. I've hated you! I've loved you! And there's no one like you on the face of this earth."

Leaning over her, his mouth inches from hers, their bodies became a sudden column, frozen limb to limb. Alixe tore herself from his arms; for a minute more she stood looking up at him with trembling, impassioned stillness; then she turned and left the room. The radiogram lay on the floor, crushed from her palm. Mark picked it up and read it again. No dead, malicious eyes that they had left behind in Nassau seemed as dangerous as tomorrow. It was all ahead of them still, a merciless, onrushing wave.

He took that fatal message over to the fireplace, and burned it. The name of "Alec" blackened last, like a friend he had lost, to find an enemy. And with his heel he ground the ashes on his hearth.

(*To be Continued*)

Confessions IN BED

(Continued from page 57)

in their case, except that they may be self-indulgent.

Perhaps you sleep on your back. If you lie relaxed, legs stretched out apart and arms and face uncovered, you have courage and are using it. You are facing your problems squarely, without compromise. No inner strains are preying on you as you sleep. You are emotionally stable—a bit indifferent.

But if you lie on your back in a rigid or semirigid condition, you are probably facing your problems angrily or contentiously. You are lying there, brooding about them. You are "holding the bed," instead of letting the bed hold you. And you will awake fatigued and less prepared to cope with your difficulties.

If you sleep diagonally across your bed, you may be expressing a subconscious desire to occupy the entire bed so there won't be room for anyone to lie beside you. Of course, if you are merely too tall for the bed, that doesn't apply.

A person who sleeps naturally with his arms outside the covers, even on cold nights, is generally the possessor of a generous, trusting nature. The posture is the opposite of the attitude of retreat.

The "retreat-from-reality" posture has interested investigators perhaps more than any other. It is called the prenatal posture, and is common among highly sensitive types and those in middle or later life who feel defeated or frustrated. It represents a flight from the world, from facing the music, back to the dimly remembered, effortless existence within the womb. The knees are drawn up, the arms are held against the chest, often crossed there, the head sinks downward. You are curled into a snug ball, with the covers drawn well over your head. You are tempted to burrow 'way down beneath them, to make yourself a warm, secluded, secure little world.

IF YOU sleep in a ball or cuddled up beneath the comforts, you probably hate to get up in the morning, which is all part and parcel of the same flight from reality. You simply don't want to face the duties of your waking hours.

Also, if you have an inordinate need of taking naps or of sleeping ten or twelve hours, you are probably trying to run out on your daytime problems. You assure yourself that you need this added rest, but, unless you are ill or nervously exhausted, you are actually using sleep to escape from effort.

Arms held close to the body, legs held rigidly and tensed, and head turned into the pillow are often evidences of fear. Fear can pull you into taut, defensive postures. Even in the waking state, like the turtle, we draw in our arms and legs in fear.

Do you put your arm around your pillow or hug your blankets? If you do you may not be getting enough affection—enough for someone else, perhaps, but not enough for you. We all vary in our capacity for giving and receiving affection. If you pillow-hug regularly, you are a pretty lonely person inside. But perhaps you use no pillow at all. Something within you is resisting comfort and imposing self-discipline. Perhaps you are self-indulgent and want to punish yourself that way?

Do you put your hands to your face during sleep? Go to sleep with your cheek on one or both hands? If so, you are probably depending on your family for affection or are cherishing the memory of family affection. Awake, we put our hands to our faces when we are sad and lonely. Do you bite the bed linen, chew on the corner of your pillowcase or sheet? This is a clear throwback to your thumb-sucking stage. As you nibble, some childhood emotion has revisited you.

INCIDENTALLY, if you are lonely, try putting a pillow beneath your knees to support them in the form of a tent. That often removes tension and provides solace. If you make a tent with your knees and then clasp your hands behind your head, you are probably romantic, the great-lover type. Movie lovers are often photographed in this position to suggest their amatory aspirations.

If you wake up with your head hanging over the edge of the bed, take warning. You have probably been threshing about under some severe nervous stress and have so exhausted yourself that your head rolled over and you were too tired to pull it back.

What do you do with your head during sleep? If you keep it bent to one side of the body or the other, and not in the center of your body, you probably are harboring some feeling of inferiority, at least temporarily. It's as though your head were bent in a mute apology.

Do you talk in your sleep? You may be expressing some thought that was repressed during your waking hours and had to "come out." Or, if you are naturally overexpressive, it may merely indicate continued mental activity. But what you say at night may be more important; how you say it may be very important. Do you scream out with fear? Does your voice tremble? Do you speak in dulcet tones?

Suppose you decide you should sleep in a certain way and you set up a sleep pattern for yourself. In that case you are almost sure to select the right side. And you will sleep conventionally and without enthusiasm, and that is not good for you. Your sleep positions should be spontaneous. You should be sufficiently relaxed to adopt any position that comes along. The more you sprawl the more contented you will be.

People often ask me how an average healthy person sleeps. Aside from occasional bad posture habits, the average person sleeps on his side, with hips, knees, and arms slightly bent and relaxed. He often moves from one side to the other side. He flexes his legs, arms, or hands or moves his head slightly at least once every fifteen minutes. If you sleep that way, easily and relaxed, you'll have very little need of concern. It's better than an apple a day to keep the doctor away.

✣ ✣ ✣ ✣ ✣

DAY AND NIGHT I WAS WRACKED WITH PAIN!

THE AFFLICTION OF THOUSANDS!

Simple Piles may sound like a light thing, but they are an awful agony.

They make your every move a torment. They even hurt or itch while you are sitting or lying down. The torture drags you down and makes you look old and worn.

Both men and women suffer from simple Piles. But, during pregnancy and after childbirth, *women* especially are subject to this trouble.

TO RELIEVE THE PAIN AND ITCHING

What you want to do to relieve the pain and itching of simple Piles is use Pazo Ointment.

Pazo Ointment really alleviates the torment of simple Piles. Its very touch is relief. It quickly eases the pain; quickly relieves the itching.

Many call Pazo a blessing and say it is one thing that gives them relief from the distress of simple Piles.

AH! WHAT COMFORT!

Pazo does a good job for several reasons.

First, it *soothes* simple Piles. This relieves the pain, soreness and itching. Second, it *lubricates* the affected parts. This tends to keep the parts from drying and cracking and also makes passage easier. Third, it tends to *shrink* or *reduce* the swelling which occurs in the case of simple Piles.

Yes, you get grateful effects in the use of Pazo!

Pazo comes in collapsible tubes, with a small perforated Pile Pipe attached. This tiny Pile Pipe, easily inserted in the rectum, makes application neat, easy and thorough. (Pazo also comes in suppository form for those who prefer suppositories.)

TRY IT FREE!

Give Pazo a trial and see the relief it affords in many cases of simple Piles. Get Pazo at any drug store or write for a free trial tube. A liberal trial tube will be sent you postpaid and free upon request.

Just mail the coupon or postcard today.

CROVE LABORATORIES, INC.
Dept. 121-A, St. Louis, Mo.

FREE!

Gentlemen: Please send me free PAZO.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ *State* _____

This offer is good only in U. S.

BLUE GRASS
FLOWER
MIST

4 oz.
Bottle
$1.25

The very happy combination of Elizabeth Arden's inimitable BLUE GRASS fragrance and her delightful after-bath preparation, FLOWER MIST. Cover yourself lavishly with this cooling, refreshing *friction* . . . the delightful fragrance lasts and lasts! 4 oz. bottle . . . $1.25. Larger size $2.25

Blue Grass Perfume, $6 to $60. Blue Grass Dusting Powder, in a shaker-box with puff, $1.50. Cameo Face Powder scented with Blue Grass, $2, $3. Blue Grass Soap, $1, 3 for $2.50

Elizabeth Arden

691 FIFTH AVENUE • NEW YORK

Copyright 1940, Elizabeth Arden

Inferno

(*Continued from page 38*)

it was torture to be surrounded by it.

From Ranger, with the craziest and wildest boom of them all, that first year after he came back from the War, to Mexia, where three miles of New Town and "Juarez" shacks sprang up almost overnight; to roaring Richland; to Kilgore and Gladewater and Longview; Smackover and Talco and Rodessa; Wink and Odessa and Hobbs—Joe had seen them all.

HE WANTED to be in it, while he recoiled from it. Out there men were working, matter-of-factly, as if a slipping pinch slide couldn't take a man's hand off in a second; as if the great rotary drive-chain never broke and slapped a man, mutilated, to the derrick floor, as if a gasser never blew in with an explosion that obliterated everything.

He was reminded of his gnawing hunger, and presently picked out the yellow lights of a low, sheet-iron lunchstand, near by.

As he opened the greasy screen door a bell jangled overhead, startling him. Looking straight ahead, he climbed on a stool at the counter. At the end of the low, narrow room four or five men lounged, engrossed in talk. With them was the proprietor. He glanced at Joe and went on talking.

Joe waited, clearing his throat. A sign read: "Chile with Beans, 15c."

His reflection peered at him from the smoke-stained mirror. He never liked what he saw in a mirror. He was forty-five, and he appeared sixty-five. His eyes were shadowed, and something shameful and hesitant was in his whole manner. His gray face was spread with a network of fine purple veins. Liquor had done that. For a whole year after that nightmarish night six years ago, he had soaked it up by the quart, trying to forget. It didn't help, and he went off of the stuff, hardly taking a drink since. It was during that first awful year that the Kid had left him.

The fat proprietor came and leaned his thick arms on the counter. "What's-for-you?" he demanded gruffly.

"Bowl of chile with beans," Joe answered.

The man turned and ladled smoking chile from a deep vat, filling a thick crockery bowl with it. He held it up as he turned back, looking Joe over suspiciously. "You broke—and tryin' to panhandle me?"

Joe dug deep into his pocket for his lone quarter and displayed it in his palm.

Mollified, the other set the bowl before Joe, along with a plate of little round crackers, catsup, salt, and pepper. "Okay," he growled. "No offense. I ain't feedin' any more vags, that's all."

Joe sloshed catsup into the chile, crumbled in crackers, stirred it intently with a brassy-looking spoon.

With an effort, he finally blurted, "Know a young fellow working in this field, name of Ranier—Matt Ranier?"

"Matt Rainer?" the proprietor exclaimed so loudly that Joe choked a little. "Sure, I know him. Fine boy, Matt. Everybody likes him. You a friend of his?"

"Uh—used to know him pretty well several years ago."

"Well, now—if you're a friend of Matt's he'll be glad to see you. Matt's built that way. Heard him say he was going from here down to the Star Recreation Club to play a game or two of pool. If you want, I'll send my flunky over after him for you."

"Oh—no—" Joe stammered hastily. "Thanks—I'll look him up soon as I've finished."

Joe ate on in silence, a chill creeping over him in spite of the peppery food he was taking into himself. He half-turned his back to the group of lounging men. Someone there was watching him. Anyway, he'd know now where to look for the Kid. . . .

Joe couldn't hold back the rush of memories. . . . Always the Kid had seemed like a funny little miracle in his life. He'd been born just after the World War, while Joe was still in France. He was nearly two years old when Joe saw him for the first time. Two years old and a husky youngster, strong as a mule colt. He had looked wide-eyed at Joe and called him "Sojer-man." And how clumsy the Kid had been with his feet, always stumbling. But he'd laugh and pick himself up and go on. Joe wondered now if the Kid had ever outgrown getting his feet tangled up.

A HUNDRED little pictures of the Kid haunted him. The Kid had come to think Joe was a kind of god, and dogged his footsteps. After he'd got big enough he'd been with Joe and watched him work on lots of jobs. Nellie, while she'd lived, had never liked that, because of the danger. Joe just laughed at her.

Killing oil-well fires hadn't seemed so dangerous after mopping up machine-gun nests in France. It had come sort of naturally to Joe. You just walked straight up to the rolling black-and-red hell—or the great blue-white column of flame, if it was a gasser—carrying the cylinder of nitro. The streams of water from half a dozen fire hoses played around you and against your hot asbestos suit until you were a walking cloud of steam. You went on, peering through the peep-glass of the hood, seeking a rift in the wall of flame; on until you were at the edge of the crater and could see the red hole from which the fire spouted. And then you threw, and whirled and ran back, falling flat to the ground before the explosion hurled you there. It seemed plain idiocy now to think he'd ever done those things; but in those days, before that hideous night in the Kilgore field, he had never thought to be afraid.

He hurriedly finished his bowl of chile, slid from the stool, and made for the door. But a man came from the group at the end of the room, an oil-field worker in khakis and

leather jacket. Joe knew he was the one who had been watching him.

"Say, you're Joe Ranier, ain't you? I was sure you was when I heard you askin' for Matt. I saw you put out that heller they had at Hog Creek in 1925. Man, I never seen anything like it—that was the purtiest—!"

"You—you're mistaken, mister," Joe cut in desperately. "I'm—my name's Smith."

"Don't try to kid me," the man said, sticking out his hand. "I want to shake with you. Joe Ranier—!"

Joe backed away, groping behind him for the handle of the screen door. "I—I tell you you've made a mistake. I never was in Hog Creek in my life. My name's Smith—"

The squat man looked incredulously at Joe's face. "Well, I'll be damned. I would of swore—"

The jangling bell cut off the words as Joe jerked open the door and bolted through. But Joe could not help hearing what came out of the open window after him.

"No wonder he wouldn't admit it," said one of the men contemptuously. "Ain't you ever heard about Joe Ranier, Bill? In Kilgore in '34 he went yellow as a—"

Joe fled, mercifully saved the obscene comparison. His heart pumped furiously again. That was a narrow squeak. He hoped word wouldn't get around, and the Kid hear about it. He'd get out of town quick—just as soon as he got a look at the Kid.

He pushed and jostled among oil-field crowds that milled up and down the main street, his head down and his hat pulled low to hide his face. He shrank now from accosting anyone and asking where the Star Recreation Club was located. He'd have to find it unaided. The hectic scene was one long familiar to him.

Beer parlors and abstract offices, domino halls and notaries public, hamburger stands with their smell of onions and hot grease, dance halls with radios and coin music machines blaring harshly into the night. New neon signs flashed, "Eat," "Dine—Dance," "Beer," "Whisky." Hastily built frame buildings jammed against one another endlessly, broken only by the half-dozen old brick houses that had comprised Dunway before oil was discovered there.

THEN directly ahead Joe saw the crude board sign, "Star Recreation Club." And he began to tremble, his senses racing.

By some miracle there was a narrow space between the pool hall and the next building, and Joe shuffled into the passage. He found a window and peered in.

Three pool tables were jammed into the small room. Men sat along the walls or stood crowded around the players, watching the games. A man with a green eyeshade bustled among them, racking balls, ringing the cash register. The voices were loud and good-natured; smoke filled the place, making a haze around the lights and the rafters.

Then Joe saw the Kid. He was leaning over the middle table, sighting along his cue, making a careful shot. Joe's fingers tightened on the sill as he stared in.

The Kid looked even taller than six feet. Maybe six-feet-two, Joe guessed. And he had filled out amazingly. He had on good clothes and they fit him right, and he knew how to wear them. And his mouth still quirked up at one corner when he grinned. The Kid had Nellie's eyes and funny grin. But the rest of his face was Joe's—Joe's as it had been six years ago.

Joe concentrated on listening, and the Kid's voice came to him, plainly as though those other men in there were silent.

"Seven ball in the side pocket!" the Kid cried.

"Dollar you don't make it," one of his opponents challenged promptly.

The Kid called the bet and bent to make the shot. Joe saw the ball roll home, and the Kid came up grinning again, his eyes kind of dancing.

"Ten ball in the corner," he cried. Again the Kid made his shot, then boasted, "Watch me clear the table!"

Two more balls rolled into pockets. The Kid always was a marvel with his hands. Hands like that would make an ace driller some day before long. But when the Kid started around to the other side of the table his feet seemed to tangle, and he stumbled, nearly falling. He laughed, and the Kid's partner said, "Good thing you don't play this game with your feet, Matt."

They finished their game and the Kid racked his cue. A waiting quartet of new players took their places around the pool table, while the Kid and his friends shoved through the crowd and out the front door into the peopled street.

Slowly Joe turned, trudging along the narrow passage. Tense inner excitement was giving way to an empty sadness. But he was glad he'd got to see the Kid. He'd get out of town now, soon as a freight ran. He pushed again out into the surging crowds, turning to head up the street.

AND then—between two ticks of a watch, while time seemed to halt—things happened in a swift and unreal avalanche of sensations that momentarily stunned Joe out of all feeling. First, there was a dull and tremendous and cosmic-seeming detonation that shook and vibrated the air, while windows rattled and crashed out. The roar that followed shocked and dulled the eardrums—a roar that never stopped, nor rose higher, nor waned, but kept up a monotonous volume of sound, which the senses could scarcely bear. Cutting through and above the roar, sirens wailed to a frenzied crescendo. And on the southeast edge of town a weird light rose up, and the town became as bright as though a morning sun had suddenly burst from the black night sky.

Simultaneously a thousand people went mad. Men yelled themselves hoarse, women screamed. The dread word went up: "Fire!" And voice after voice caught it and flung it up and down the street.

Joe could not quell his sick and panicky feeling. His one impulse was to get as far from the fire as he could. He ran, struggling against the stream of humanity. Out of the wild hysteria of sound a man's words came coherently to him: "—Number Four Casey—burning—blew in with gas and oil—exploded—whole crew killed—"

No one paid any heed to Joe, and after a while he drew up in the doorway of a closed building.

The mob hysteria around him began to wane. Curiously, all the mad exodus still had not emptied the streets; and now the crowd backed and filled. News from the burning well ran through them like a fire in dry grass. All other sounds, in the awful roar, seemed tiny, like voices in a gale.

Whatever forces constituted the law in Dunway were turning back the milling crowd and putting a wide cordon around the blaze. Joe Ranier knew exactly what was

IT WAS A FINE IDEA at the time (four hundred years ago) that De Soto did it the hard way.

IT'S A BETTER IDEA today when you can do it with comfort and pleasure the easiest way.

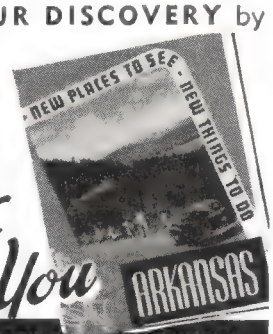
YOU WILL DISCOVER the same

beauties of Nature—the natural hot springs (now Hot Springs National Park), mountains and streams, gorgeous scenery—which awed the Spanish explorers. You will also find—

MODERN IMPROVEMENTS such

as paved highways, developed areas for recreation, cool, comfortable lodgings, luxurious or plain.

BEGIN YOUR DISCOVERY by sending for the free 48-page booklet that tells the story with maps and pictures.



Free to You

ARKANSAS PUBLICITY ADVISORY COMMISSION
Room 175, State Capitol, Little Rock, Ark.
Please send me FREE 48-page booklet and vacation map.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ *State* _____

happening there, just as though he stood on the scene. Galvanized iron shields would be quickly erected, from behind which firemen would direct streams of water on the fire. Draglines would be rushed in to pull away the wrecked derrick and every scrap of metal which could be hooked onto. Red-hot metal had re-ignited many a well fire after it had been snuffed out. The capper, that bunglesome block of steel, with diverting pipes and remote-controlled choke valves, would be lowered over the casing head on its long crane, in an attempt to choke down the column of flame.

All these would be done quickly. Oil towns were now equipped and organized to fight a well fire, unlike the early days, when every fire caught them unprepared.

Finally Joe moved uncertainly out of the doorway and started making his way down the street. He walked warily. He heard other news. The Number Four Casey was jam against the town and the wind was out of the south. A tank farm with thousands of gallons of stored oil was just east of the well. Unless the blaze was killed quick, that tank farm and this booming town of pine shacks would go—and go like tinder, once they caught.

AND now a peculiar, crushed silence was on the crowd, and the look on men's faces changed from excitement to despair. Joe read it plainly. And he strained his ears to learn what new ill tidings there were. Words passed along the crowd, and Joe heard: "She's cratered!"

They had cause for despair. When a well craters it spreads from one great, upspouting jet of flame to a boiling, rolling pit of it, perhaps twenty or thirty feet wide. No hope of a capper subduing it now—or of water, or steam, or of chemical foam. Shooting with nitroglycerin was the only hope.

And then, from down the street, like an overtaking nemesis, a shout went up and out, and Joe heard his own name yelled: "Joe Ranier! Joe Ranier's in town!"

He fled, almost numb with terror. His mind raced back to the squat, red-whiskered man who had recognized him in the lunch-stand. Of course he had reported it. And now men were yelling for him. Hadn't Joe Ranier once been the man everyone called for when a well had to be shot? He had to get away. He had to hide. How could he stand up to men's faces and tell them he would not go into that fire, when their whole town, their congested field was threatened?

The shouting overtook him and passed over him and went up and down the street: "Calling Joe Ranier! Calling Joe Ranier!"

A narrow, black space between two buildings yawned beside him, and he dodged into it. He ran its length and came out into an alley, a foul and littered oil-town alley, stinking wetly of refuse and garbage. The voices came fainter, but still pursued him, and he could not stop. He stumbled over broken bottles and tin cans, going to his knees. He knelt there, panting, listening. Near by, out on the street, the loud-speaker of one of the doorway radios had been cut in, and a voice was blaring over and over:

"Joe Ranier! Joe Ranier—two thousand dollars to shoot the Number Four Casey—calling Joe Ranier!"

They'd never find him here. Let them call him. Let them plead, and curse him. They thought they could goad him into that job. But they didn't know. They'd never been through what he had. Did they think he could forget that well in Kilgore in '34—and the slip he had made there?

He tried to drive the picture out of his mind, but it came back and came back. Three times he'd shot the Kilgore well, and three times it had caught again from the red-hot lip of the casing head. And then . . . Sam Fields had gone in with him. Sam Fields was a good man. He had worked with Joe before. Sam had to carry a water line right up to the crater, while Joe carried the nitro. Joe was to give Sam time to get the stream right on the hot casing head, to cool it down before the explosion. In the great gusts of steam they couldn't see each other. They were to time themselves by counting seconds. But when Joe saw the red flames about the nitro cylinder in his hands a thought flashed in his mind: *This stuff goes off at three hundred and sixty degrees!* And he had thrown—*without counting.* The explosion had come while Sam still stood at the edge of the crater with the nozzle in his hands.

People hadn't thought Joe was the one who had failed. Joe Ranier had never failed. They thought Sam Fields had died by his own mistake. But Joe knew. And he'd never been able to shoot another well. He'd gone yellow.

And then, out on the street, the tenor of the voices changed. Men were shouting again, but this time they were cheering. It was a long time before Joe could make out any of the words and piece them together.

"Matt Ranier!" he heard finally. "Matt's gonna shoot the well!"

Joe couldn't believe it. *Not the Kid.* Not the Kid walking into that wall of flame. But he knew it was so. The Kid knew how, from the many times he'd watched Joe. And it was like him to volunteer for the job that his father hid from.

Joe cried out in his anguish. The Kid's feet! Those stumbling feet that couldn't walk ten yards without tangling. The Kid on those feet with that cylinder of nitro in his hands!

He was running down the alley, stumbling over litter, getting up, running on again, while the roar of the well grew louder and louder in his ears.

THE space around the well for two hundred yards back was roped off and guarded, but the crowd thronged against the ropes. Joe pushed his way ruthlessly through them, and brought up panting against the cordon.

It was a scene he'd looked upon many times before. The heat was like a furnace blast, even at this distance, and the light was bright as noonday and hurt the eyes.

Four or five sheet-iron shields had been thrown up, and behind these men huddled, working the water lines until a dozen or more streams laid down a barrage of water that instantly turned to steam all around the inferno's base.

Joe ducked under the rope. Instantly a hand grasped his shoulder and yanked him roughly back. "Here, you!" a voice snarled, and Joe looked into the thick face of a man with a badge on his vest.

"Let go!" Joe cried. "I'm Joe Ranier!"

The officer swore, and Joe twisted away. He ran across the hot area, making his way behind shields, stepping over swollen water lines, his eyes searching ahead of him.

He saw them, huddled behind a shield. The Kid had pulled on the floppy asbestos pants, and men were helping him to buckle on the asbestos overboots. The Kid looked up and saw Joe. Joe read a moment of bewilderment in his face, and then the Kid grinned. "Hello, Dad!"

"Get out of 'em," Joe ordered. "You're not wearing those clothes. I'm taking this load in."

The Kid stood up. "You can't do it. You're too old—and shaky. Your nerves are shot." But when he stared at Joe's set face he didn't say another word, but began shedding the outfit.

MEN helped Joe put the things on. The baggy pants, the coat and gloves, the overboots, the big hood. Joe took the deadly cylinder in his hands and stepped out from behind the shield; and blinding light smote his eyes.

His old mastery of the job came back. He was like an automaton. Back of him the crowds were yelling, maybe cheering by now. In front of him the well screamed. But you didn't hear any of that. Streams of water hit you in the back and you braced yourself against them. Other streams played on and about you and you walked through a white featherbed of hot steam, clutching tight to that cylinder. Fog formed on your peep-glass, but somehow you managed to see through. There was the smoke and then the fire, boiling out at you, tongues of flame licking up at the cylinder. The sound deafened you, so that you hardly heard anything. You went into the flame, and the suit got blistering hot and steamed, but you didn't think of that. You only watched for the spouting casing head that bred this inferno.

The fire enveloped him, swallowing him up and blinding him, but he kept going. Then at last there was a rift, and he saw the column of gas and oil at the pit's center, and he threw the cylinder.

He turned and ran back, timing himself, taking as much distance as he dared, and then plunged flat on the sloppy ground.

A great gust went over him like the passing of a tornado, and he lay spent a moment. Steam was all around him, but he could see through it, and the night was no longer light as day, but dark. The well was out.

The Kid and others ran out to meet him and hustle him away, and he threw off the hood, and they carried him on beyond the ropes. The Kid didn't try to say anything, for he knew that Joe was still deaf. He shoved men out of the way and helped Joe get out of the rest of the suit, then grinned and offered Joe a cigarette.

Presently Joe's hearing came back. The Kid had his arm about his shoulders, walking him farther from the well. A path cleared through the crowd for them.

"Let's get out of this mob where we can talk," the Kid said. "I'm glad you came to Dunway, Dad. You'll like it here. It's a good field—and I can get you a job on any crew around here."

Joe began to feel things again. And he felt good inside, like a man just getting well after a long sickness. He had come up out of the dark shadow of fear, and he didn't believe he'd ever go back into it. The crowd around him was yelling and cheering. And it seemed to Joe that above them all there rang a chorus of phantom voices, maybe old-timers from Ranger and Desdemona and Hog Creek and other fields of the past.

They seemed to be shouting, "Here comes Joe Ranier!"

✣ ✣ ✣ ✣ ✣

I KEPT MY baby

(*Continued from page 27*)

will receive sex instructions when she is twelve.)

About all I knew of life came from books. Summer afternoons I used to steal away to our brook with a pail of apples. With my feet in the water, I'd munch apples and read and dream all afternoon. I read the *Vicar of Wakefield*, the Bible, Zane Grey, and Frank Merriwell. Out of them I built up a fantastic dream world.

Always, I dreamed, some brave, good man would come for me, as they came for all my heroines. That was why Jack first appealed to me. A tall, broad-shouldered viking, he seemed to me a confident, courageous hero. And he had an arrogant, contagious way of dismissing Father's strict ideas.

We went secretly to roadhouses. In his car, I used paint and powder for the first time. I learned to take an occasional drink of Prohibition corn "likker" without gagging. Step by step, we conspired against Father and the customs he represented, until the last step seemed natural and inevitable.

THEN, one rainy April night, I told Jack that I was going to have a baby. The little scar on his cheek stood out red as he stared at me, all his worldliness gone.

Suddenly I realized my own hero-worship had tricked me. I was dealing with a child. And his panic was catching. I felt the only way to save myself—and him—was to run away with my shame.

I dashed upstairs to my room and started packing, hastily, inventing an excuse to explain the sudden trip to Father. Next morning I left town on the first bus, without even waiting to collect two weeks' pay due me at the school. In Chicago I tried to forget by indulging in a buying spree, spending half my money for a blue linen summer outfit. Then I took the train for New York.

I didn't know at first that there is a charitable conspiracy among churches, social agencies, and doctors to help every one of us. About 40,000 girls "get into trouble" yearly, and they are, increasingly, respectable, middle-class girls, stenographers, bookkeepers, teachers. I guess my own case illustrates that point.

When I entered a doctor's office, I was too proud to tell his red-haired nurse my real trouble. I invented a vague ailment, and told her casually that my husband mustn't be bothered .

She looked at me sharply. "You're in trouble," she said. "Dr. Jones couldn't help you. He handles only compensation cases."

I cried then, but the nurse gently extracted my story, called a girls' aid society, and arranged for my acceptance. As simple as that. One telephone call!

At the shelter I fell into the natural, homey life. Nobody nosed into my past. A dozen frightened girls were trying to shake off the past and make a brand-new beginning. Friendships blossomed among us.

Today I belong to a kind of secret sisterhood. From near the Canadian border, one of the girls I knew at the shelter writes me confidences she wouldn't dare breathe in her little town. Another friend, now happily married, sometimes sends dolls to Ann from her home in Texas. I exchange holiday cards with a third, who has returned to the Midwest.

My six months in the shelter were about the happiest days of the past six years. When I left, early in 1935, I felt I was leaving my second home. For a time I had a $12-a-week factory job, paying $5 of that for Ann's board. Then I lost the job—the depression—and we returned to the home.

In the spring I got my first bit of luck. A wealthy New York family was leaving for Maine, and wanted someone to keep their city home open all summer for Fifi, a Persian cat. For three weeks Ann and I luxuriated with Fifi. But it was too good to last. The mistress returned suddenly.

"I'm afraid you'll have to make other plans, my dear," she said. "We're closing the house and taking Fifi to Maine. I couldn't bear leaving her in this hot city."

Today I feel grateful to that silly, pampered woman. She made me laugh, and laughter was a rare pleasure in those days.

So I struck out on my own again, walking the streets for work until I finally landed my present secretarial job with a huge, impersonal corporation. There no one knows, or cares, about Ann.

I am a bad liar. But I have been able to lie, and lie convincingly, I think, about this one matter of my background. I do it with all the shrewdness of a cornered animal defending itself and its own.

In the hospital when Ann was born, I was registered as the wife of a construction engineer (then in the South on a new job). The deception was a success. But a few weeks later I had an attack of nerves. People seemed to be staring at us as I wheeled Ann down the street. Desperate, I went back to consult the doctor. "How can I keep up this pretense?" I asked him. "My 'husband' can't always be away from home."

He gave me the only advice I suppose he could have given. If you offend society, he said, you must be so superior that you can openly defy convention and get away with it, or else you must conceal your lapse. Being neither brave nor brilliant, I decided that I must lie.

"As for the husband," he laughed, "just divorce him."

With his philosophy, I have comforted my conscience. And the divorced "husband" has been my shield against inquisitiveness.

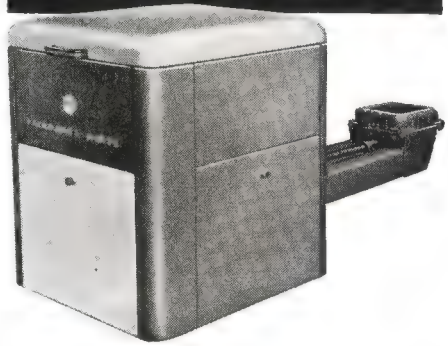
AND now Ann is six. Her reddish-brown hair will never need the help of beauty-parlor curlers. Her eyes are a laughing blue. Her teeth are pearl-white. Her skin is cream. There are pale roses in her cheeks.

She is my satisfaction. I feel that my life has been full because of her, fuller perhaps than the lives of many blameless mothers who merely accept their children. I fought for mine.

It isn't easy. Ann has cost me one third of

See Your FAIRBANKS-MORSE Dealer!

FOR THIS NEW STOKER WITH STOK-O-LITE



● See this stoker and you will know why people are buying it at a rate which is increasing faster than almost all other stokers. The Fairbanks-Morse Automatic Coal Burner gives clean, steady, healthful, and economical heat from ceiling to floor. It gives it to you with such dependability you almost forget there is such a thing as a heating problem.

And now another new, big feature—STOK-O-LITE! Should the electricity go off—if for any reason the stoker is prevented from serving you, the little red glow-lamp on the thermostat warns you instantly—before the house gets cold. STOK-O-LITE is the biggest feature of the year in stokers. Only Fairbanks-Morse has it.

NO DOWN PAYMENT

As long as 36 months to pay

Guardian of Your Purse, Health, and Comfort

Because Fairbanks-Morse makes quality stokers in quantity you can own one for a surprisingly low price. Get the facts! Use coupon for name of nearest dealer and informative booklet "Live in Comfort."

Fairbanks, Morse & Co.
Stoker Division, Dept. 38
600 S. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Please send, without obligation on my part, FREE booklet on automatic coal burner heat for my home.

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... State .....

In Canada, address The Canadian Fairbanks-Morse Company, Ltd., Montreal.

FAIRBANKS MORSE
Automatic Coal Burners

my salary, never more than $30 a week. Until recently, while I worked, I boarded her with a kindly, overworked Irish mother.

I have a special affection for this home. It was there I met Frank. He is three years older than I, a plump, cheerful, reliable sort of man. We got along right from the start.

How could I possibly tell him about Ann?

I tried to argue myself into keeping up the deception. After all, I reasoned, he accepted her as the child of another man. What difference could it make whether that man had really been my husband? But, inwardly, I knew this was one lie I couldn't live.

I had intended to tell Frank coolly, unemotionally, because I know men dread scenes. But, when the time came, I just blurted out the story, and cried like a ninny. He was silent a moment. Then—

"Marvelous!" he roared. "I sensed it somehow all along. You've got guts, haven't you? I love the baby, and I love you twice as much for what you've gone through."

WE WERE married a few weeks later. Now we are trying to start a home. But I am haunted by a piece of paper buried among the millions of records in New York City—Ann's birth certificate. It bears a blank space where her father's name should be. Some day, I'm afraid, it may bob up and shame her.

Even our attempts at legal adoption have failed so far. We've been told that Frank must first prove he has a good home and income. It seems ironic that my husband can't adopt my child without all that red tape!

We are making our home away from both families. To his people, I am a divorcee with a child. To mine, he is a widower.

Deception? Sure—but isn't it justified for Ann's sake?

SOMETHING TO remember

(*Continued from page 17*)

to Seacloud nex' week. We sure got news."

Boy-Mouse didn't seem to hear. He was staring at the white boy, his big eyes solemn in his little wizened face. "Petey," he said, "you know 'bout me, don' you?"

Petesong looked away. He knew at once—there was something in those big eyes that told him—what Boy-Mouse meant. The thing that July Campbell, the marshman, had talked about. Boy-Mouse had never mentioned it before, and Petesong squirmed uneasily. "Shucks, Mouse," he said. "That's foolishness. July tole me 'bout it, an' I tole him it was plain foolishness. Jis' because all o' Plenty's other chillun died when they was thirteen don' mean you got to die, too."

The little Negro shook his head. "Reckon it's boun' to happen, Petey," he answered. "When four done dead, looks like dey's a fate on us. My pa say so, an' all de people believe it. I kin tell by how dey look at me. I'm t'irteen now, an' dey look for me to go befo' my birt'day come nex' month."

PETESONG said nothing. Presently Boy-Mouse went on:

"I ain't seen much. Can't git aroun' much wi' dis here cripple leg. You know how 'tis—I stay home mos' all de time, me an' Buster, my white rooster." He was silent a moment, then added, "Sho glad you brung me to see dis sight befo' my time come, Petey."

Petesong wasn't looking at him. He was sorry for Boy-Mouse. But the young have little patience with death, and around him now blazed the beauty and wonder of Magic City, its vivid, clamorous, exuberant life. And over there, where the ibises were nesting, a rare and beautiful long-white was nesting also—a great, white egret, the first white egret in Powderhorn since the plumers held their carnival of blood. . . .

Twenty miles from Powderhorn Swamp lay the salt marshes of Seacloud; and in an oak grove at the edge of the marshes stood the small cottage or hunting lodge to which Eliot Trevor was bringing his bride. Two years, while he painted the birds of the Low Country marshes and swamps, he had rented the cottage from Major Beaufort Boone, master of Seacloud, who lived with his sister, Miss Serena, in the big plantation house half a mile away; and now he was bringing back with him from the North the girl he had married.

"What shall we see at your cottage?" Jacqueline asked him as they sat in the Pullman speeding southward. "What shall we see there the first morning while we sit on the little piazza, as you call it, eating the breakfast I'll have cooked for you with my own fair hands?"

"I'll see only you," Trevor told her. "But you'll see a lot of things. You'll see a green plain of marsh, and beyond that a golden strip of beach, and beyond that the blue sea. Green, gold, and blue—those are the colors of that world. It will seem empty at first, after New York, but you'll find that it isn't empty. There'll be herons and ibises from the big bird-city in Powderhorn Swamp. There'll be flocks of curlews and willets, and turnstones on the sandy flats, and yellowlegs and big, handsome oyster catchers with scarlet bills and—oh, a hundred kinds of fascinating birds. But it'll take time to make a birdwoman of you. I'll tell you first about the people you'll see."

"Yes," Jacqueline said, "tell me about the people."

"You'll see Petesong Wando, the overseer's son," Trevor went on. "He'll come down to the marsh to catch his tacky, the little native horse that he rides. He'll ride it bareback to our cottage, and you'll see that he's lean and graceful as a wild young Indian, and you'll see his blue eyes take fire as he looks at my sketches, and all his shyness vanish as he tells me about the birds he's seen while I've been gone. A young cracker boy, born and bred in Powderhorn Swamp, with the soul of an artist that came to him from heaven knows where; perhaps a better artist, if he could only have his chance, than I'll ever be."

SHE gave a low murmur of dissent, and Trevor went on:

"And you'll see July Campbell. He'll be out on the marsh with his net. July Campbell, the marshman, the ugliest human being in the world. Short and bent, black as pitch, with arms like an ape and only one eye and three long, yellow teeth. A destroyer of fish and birds and all wild things that can be eaten. A blot on the landscape, a hideous sore on the beautiful face of our marsh—until you see him cast his mullet net. He casts it so beautifully that then he's almost beautiful."

"Petesong and July," she said. "Queer names. Who else will I see?"

"Probably nobody else," Trevor told her. "The marsh is for birds, not men. But sometimes we'll go up to the Big House and visit Major Boone and his sister, Miss Serena; and sometimes we'll stop by at Plenty Simmins's cabin and see Boy-Mouse sitting on the doorstep with Buster, his white gamecock, on his knee."

"Boy-Mouse?" she asked. "Boy-Mouse?"

"A pitiful little darky with a shrunken leg. Plenty's last son. Plenty has had five sons, and four of the five have died, each in his fourteenth year. Boy-Mouse is thirteen now, and every Negro on Seacloud believes he is doomed to die before his next birthday. Boy-Mouse believes it, too. He sits there waiting, with his pet white rooster—alone most of the time because the other Negroes are a little afraid of him, as though he were already a ghost."

TWO mornings later, as they sat at breakfast on the cottage piazza, it began to come true. Far out on the marsh, dotted with feeding herons and curlews, they saw July Campbell trudging along with his net; and a few minutes later they saw Petesong Wando come out of the woods at the marsh edge and move toward a group of slim little horses feeding on the short grass.

There must have been an ear of corn in his hand, for one of the tackies came to him at once. Petesong slipped a bridle over its head, climbed on its back, and came galloping along the strip of sand between the marsh and the woods.

Trevor got up from the table, and Jacqueline rose also and stood beside him at the top of the high steps. Petesong jerked the little horse to a halt, slid from its back, and ran toward them. He didn't seem to see Jacqueline at all. "Mr. Trevor," he cried, "they's a long-white a-nestin' in Magic City. Me an' Boy-Mouse found her there a week ago. She's got four young uns in the nest, an' every mornin' she's been comin' to this marsh to feed. It's about her time now."

He turned and gazed out over the level, green expanse, shading his eyes with his hand. "Yonder she is!" he cried. He dashed up the porch steps and stood beside Trevor, pointing at a big white bird planing down to the marsh two hundred yards away.

Trevor stared at it. Jacqueline saw that Petesong's eyes were fixed upon Trevor's face, exulting in the surprise and delight

written there. The boy worshiped her husband, she realized; in his eagerness to tell Trevor about the long-white and to show him the rare bird, Petesong had forgotten her existence.

Then, all at once, she saw Petesong's face change. Looking past Trevor, the boy's eyes had met hers. He stared at her wildly.

"Oh, 'scuse me, ma'am," he stammered. "I . . . I clean forgot you'd be here. I'd oughter put on my shirt. I'm sorry." He shifted miserably from one foot to the other. Once again his eyes looked into hers. Then he fled down the steps and in another moment he was scrambling up on his pony.

Trevor's face was troubled. He knew that for Petesong a moment long awaited had been spoiled. But it was the boy's own fault. Trevor turned to his wife with a smile. "He'll be back," he said. "He's shy as a swamp deer, and you were too much for him —without his shirt."

But Jacqueline had seen something more than shyness in Petesong's eyes. . . .

DURING the following week they saw the long-white often. Most of the dwellers in Magic City came to the salt flats of the coast to obtain food; and the white egret's favorite fishing ground was the great marsh in front of Trevor's cottage.

Trevor didn't, during that first idyllic week with Jacqueline, go to the swamp to see the nest. What Petesong had said about it was accurate, he knew. As for the egret itself, he could sit with Jacqueline on the cottage piazza and study the rare bird to his heart's content.

They were incredibly happy and the egret was part of their happiness. It seemed to Jacqueline that this new and unbelievable joyousness of life had been brought to her on the long-white's snowy wings. It became for her a kind of symbol.

Sitting with Trevor on the cottage piazza, she watched it as it moved with stately tread here and there about the marsh or stood motionless beside some tidal pool, its swanlike neck gracefully curved, its spotless plumes shining in the sun. It was the most beautiful bird that she had ever seen; it walked like a queen among the smaller herons and the flocks of brown sickle-billed curlews. They made way for it, she noticed, seeming to do homage to its beauty. Only when the squat black figure of July Campbell, the marshman, drew near would it show signs of uneasiness.

These two—the white egret and the black marshman—became for Jacqueline the dominating figures in the panorama of the marsh. Often both were in sight at the same time. The egret sought its food in the small tidal creeks winding here and there through the marsh, and July also followed those creeks, casting his net from the banks over the schools of mullet and other fish. July's skill was uncanny. But if there was beauty in the sure, graceful rise and curve and fall of the marshman's net, the black, bent, apelike marshman was utter ugliness.

More than once, during that dreamlike week, she thought uneasily of Petesong. He hadn't come back. Trevor, visiting the plantation commissary to buy salt, learned that Petesong was spending much of his time with Plenty Simmins's crippled son, Boy-Mouse, who had been ill for several days. The Negroes were sure that this would be the end for Boy-Mouse, that he would die of this fever just as Plenty's other sons had died; and Boy-Mouse's illness seemed to

SHE'S not ashamed of her FALSE TEETH SMILE

THANKS TO

POLIDENT Beauty Bath

Keeps Plates Like New—Without Brushing

Are you letting dingy false teeth destroy your smile . . . perhaps your whole charm? Does the very thought of unattractive plates make you self-conscious when you should be well-poised? The thing to do is—get Polident—a powder that magically dissolves away tarnish, stain, food-deposits from plates, removable bridges—*without brushing*, acid or danger! What a difference in the way your plate looks and feels! Polident purifies your plate — leaves it *clean* — attractive! Gums look more "alive" too! Leading dentists recommend POLIDENT. Only 30c, any drug store; *money back if not delighted.* Hudson Products, Inc., 220 West 19th St., New York, N. Y.

FALSE TEETH WEARERS often worst breath offenders

A dark film collects on plates and bridges, that soaks up odors and impurities! It gets in crevices where brushing can't even reach! Almost always it results in "denture breath"—probably the most offensive breath odor. You won't know if you have it *but others will!* Yet Polident quickly dissolves all film — leaves plates absolutely odor-free and sweet. Millions call Polident a blessing!

POLIDENT

Cleans, Purifies **Without Brushing!**

Do this daily: Add a little Polident powder to ½ glass water. Stir. Then put in plate or bridge for 10 to 15 minutes. Rinse—and it's ready to use.

EARN Extra MONEY

Sell Monogram Playing Cards

Just show samples and take orders for exclusive Monogram Playing Cards. Also new Initial and many other smartly styled decks. *Popular low prices.* Liberal cash profits for you daily, full or spare time. No experience needed. Start earning at once. It's EASY to get orders.

FREE Samples

Find out how you, too, can earn money easily and quickly while playing cards or visiting with friends. Write us today. Outfit of samples in small compact form will be sent you **FREE** at once.

General Card Co., 400 S. Peoria St., Dept. M-401, Chicago, Ill.

KIDNEYS MUST REMOVE EXCESS ACIDS

Help 15 Miles of Kidney Tubes Flush Out Poisonous Waste

If you have an excess of acids in your blood, your 15 miles of kidney tubes may be over-worked. These tiny filters and tubes are working day and night to help Nature rid your system of excess acids and poisonous waste.

When disorder of kidney function permits poisonous matter to remain in your blood, it may cause nagging backache, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness.

Kidneys may need help the same as bowels, so ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from your blood. Get Doan's Pills.

LEARN COMMERCIAL ART

This is age of color and beauty—a golden era for illustrators and designers. Turn your drawing talent into money! Become a Professional Artist! Gain professional skill quickly in spare time at home. Send for free booklet and full details. Amateurs, here's your chance! Write:

SCHOOL OF APPLIED ART
Dept. 500-C, 10 E. Huron St., Chicago, Ill.

CHRISTIAN GREETING CARDS

Our Box of 21 DeLuxe Christmas Folders is the **best value** on the Market. **A Sample will convince.** Either regular sentiments or Scripture Text **sent upon request.** Sell our complete line of 15 Boxes.

SHEPHERD'S TOWN CARD CO., Shepherdstown, Pa. Box 918

New Different KIND OF CHRISTMAS CARDS

Earn Big Money Quick! 21 FOR $1

Season's fastest money-maker! Big selling new box 21 Christmas folders retails $1. You make 50c. Special feature! 24 extra metallic gold seals FREE. Just stick on — can *individually address* cards to Mother, Dad, Relatives, Friends. Also **Name Imprinted** Christmas Cards — 50 for $1. Seven other popular Christmas assortments — religious, deluxe, etc., 50c up. Extra Cash Bonus. No experience needed. Start earning at once. Write today for Samples on approval.

FREE 24 METALLIC GOLD SEALS FOR "PERSONALLY" ADDRESSING CARDS

FRIENDSHIP STUDIOS
815 Adams, Elmira, N.Y.

ALSO PERSONAL XMAS CARDS 50 FOR $1

BE A NURSE

LEARN AT HOME

Many earn $25-$35 a week. Practical nurses are needed in every community . . . doctors rely on them . . . patients appreciate their cheerful, expert care. Learn at home in spare time. Course endorsed by physicians. 41st yr. Earn while learning. High School not required. Men, women, 18 to 60. Write now.

CHICAGO SCHOOL OF NURSING
Dept. 18, 100 East Ohio Street, Chicago, Ill.

Please send free booklet and 16 sample lesson pages.

Name_____

City_____ State_____ Age_____

Trevor a sufficient explanation of Petesong's continued absence, for he knew that Petesong and the black boy were friends.

But Jacqueline knew that neither this nor his shyness was the reason why Petesong hadn't come back. She knew now that she hadn't imagined the bitterness in his eyes. He was jealous of her because she had taken Trevor. . .

PETESONG tiptoed out of the doorway of Plenty Simmins's cabin into the sunshine of the yard. He couldn't stand it in there any longer; Boy-Mouse looked too pitiful. He'd never been much more than skin an' bones, an' now he was jis' a little black mummy, sittin' up in the bed an' beggin' for Buster, his white game rooster.

Old Miss Serena Boone, from the Big House, was sittin' at one side of the bed an' Plenty was at the other. They'd sent for the doctor to come again—Dr. Stevens, who lived in the village ten miles away. It was goin' to happen; Boy-Mouse was goin' to die jis' as Plenty's other children had died in their fourteenth year. They was a fate in it.

Petesong walked up and down before the cabin door. He couldn't keep still. Dang it, he thought, if anybody'd tole him a week ago he'd be so fretted up over Boy-Mouse, he wouldn't ha' believed it. But he'd already lost Trevor—that woman had come an' took Trevor—an' now he was goin' to lose Boy-Mouse.

He stopped beside the open window of the cabin and listened. He could hear Boy-Mouse's thin, shrill voice plainly. The fever sure had him worse'n ever. He was still beggin' somebody to bring Buster to him.

Funny how Boy-Mouse loved that white rooster. Or maybe not so funny when you remembered how lonesome he was mos' o' the time, with Plenty away at work an' nobody to talk to but that rooster. Buster didn't really belong to Boy-Mouse, but to Major Boone. He was a gamecock of the white Mugwump strain, and now Major Boone had lent him to a friend in another part of the county to breed to his hens. That was jis' before Boy-Mouse took sick. It was tough that he couldn't have Buster now when he was a-dyin' an' wanted him so.

Petesong was wishing he could get Buster for Boy-Mouse. But he couldn't get him—in time. Buster was fully forty miles away.

Petesong stopped suddenly as a thought struck him. Maybe any white rooster would do; Boy-Mouse was too sick to know the difference. But, heck, he said to himself, they ain't another white rooster on this plantation. Major Boone, a breeder of red Rhett-Morgan games, farmed out his cocks at all the Negro cabins. Every tenant had one of the Major's red cocks, and Petesong couldn't think of a white rooster within miles.

A shadow slid across the sandy yard, and Petesong instinctively glanced upward, expecting to see a passing crow or buzzard. Instead, he saw that the bird which had made the shadow was the long-white, the egret of Powderhorn Swamp.

Petesong stood staring after it, his face suddenly alive. A plan had burst into his brain, a plan born of that whiteness. A crazy plan, he realized, and yet—

He didn't stop to think about it, to figure how crazy it was. He turned and ran to his tacky tied to the fence. No use to look for July Campbell at his cabin. Tide would be just about right for casting in the marsh creeks.

Petesong raced the tacky across the big south pasture. He rode through the narrow strip of woods beyond and found July at the edge of the marsh. Just before he slid off the tacky's back, his questing eyes spotted the long-white well out on the grassy plain already busy with its fishing.

July waited, hunched like a sick buzzard, his one eye suspicious, distrusting the white boy's haste. Black skin showed through holes in the marshman's scarecrow shirt; at his waist he wore like an apron the burlap sack in which he would carry the fish he caught. He stood, with long arms hanging, his mullet net folded over his shoulder, while the boy talked. He grunted when Petesong had finished. . . .

JACQUELINE saw the thing happen. Trevor was sitting at the small porch table finishing a color sketch of a sanderling. Jacqueline, reading at the other end of the piazza, lifted her eyes again to look at the egret far out on the marsh, not directly in front of the cottage, but well to the right. It walked slowly, with frequent stops, evidently following the bank of some creek hidden from her by the marsh grass. She sat watching it, full of a deep, warm content. She was thinking, *"I'll never forget it; my happiness came with it; whenever I think back to these days I'll see its beauty and grace."*

Then it happened. She saw something that was like a great snake leap upward out of the marsh grass a little behind the egret.

It was like a snake only for an instant. It opened in the air, taking the shape of a wheel or disk, a circular net which at that distance looked delicate as gossamer—like a vast, round spiderweb poised above the egret, decending upon it. It fell upon the long-white, covering it, crushing it down into the mud of the marsh; and in the same instant Jacqueline saw the black, apelike form of the marshman rise from the grass and shamble forward.

She screamed. Trevor jumped to his feet. "Oh, he's caught it!" Jacqueline cried. "That marshman. He flung his net over it. He's caught the white egret."

Trevor's eyes followed her pointing hand. He reached for his binoculars and leveled them. The marshman was stooping over his victim, disentangling the egret from the net. He had loosed the burlap sack at his waist and now he was thrusting the struggling long-white into it.

Trevor swore. "Tide's low," he said, "and that creek-bed's almost dry. He got down into it and crawled, then made a long cast. The infernal scoundrel . . ."

He stopped abruptly. From the invisible creek-bed another figure had appeared and was moving toward the marshman. Trevor shifted his glass, then exclaimed in astonishment. "It's Petesong!" he said incredulously. "Petesong! He's in this, too." He turned, grim-faced, to Jacqueline. "Wait here," he said. "I'm going to run them down."

She didn't wait; she was at his heels as he leaped down the steps. July and Petesong were already moving toward the woods, Petesong carrying over his shoulder the sack containing the long-white. Trevor and the girl, keeping out of sight behind the cassina bushes fringing the marsh, had almost twice as far to go. When they reached the strip of woods between the marsh and the south pasture, neither the marshman nor the boy was visible.

✣ ✣ ✣ ✣ ✣

They ran on amid the trees and scattered thickets to the edge of the pasture. Well out in the open they saw Petesong racing away on his tacky. July was nowhere to be seen. Trevor put his glass on Petesong. "He has the sack in front of him," he said. "Come on. We'll track him down if it takes all day."

They plodded on across the pasture, too much out of breath now to run. Trevor's thoughts seethed in a red fog of rage. If he hadn't seen it, he wouldn't have believed it. A slick article, this Petesong. The love of birds, the perception of beauty which he had seen in the boy had been a crafty pretense, a scheme to rouse his interest. A lying little hypocrite. Evidently he had got July to catch the white egret in order to sell its aigrette plumes.

Topping the rise in the middle of the big pasture, they came in sight of the Seacloud tenant houses strung out in a long row. As they drew near, Trevor saw with surprise that Petesong's tacky was hitched to the fence in front of the last house—Plenty Simmins's. A dust-covered car stood before the small whitewashed gate. Trevor recognized it—Dr. Stevens's coupé from the village—and remembered suddenly that Boy-Mouse had been sick.

No one was visible in the yard or in the cabin doorway. They walked quickly to the open window of the little house and looked in.

Dr. Stevens and Miss Serena Boone were seated beside the bed, and behind them stood Plenty. Boy-Mouse, propped with pillows, was sitting up in the bed. Petesong was leaning over it on the other side and he was holding the long-white in his arms.

He had the egret's neck clamped under his left arm, so that Boy-Mouse couldn't see its head, and around its long legs he had wrapped July's burlap sack, so that they, too, were invisible. But Boy-Mouse could see the bird's white body, and upon this his enormous eyes were fixed with a happiness in them which seemed to fill the room. His black face, so gone away to skin and bone that it was like a shriveled monkey's, was wrinkled in a smile. The two looking in at the window could hear his words plainly.

"You brung him to me, Petey," he said. "You brung Buster to me. Petey, I been dreamin' my white rooster was dead. I been layin' here dreamin' Buster was dead, an' it was awful, Petey. But now I know he's all right, 'cause you brung him here to let me see him."

THE little black face, still smiling, turned sideways against the pillow, the big eyes closed. Dr. Stevens reached out quickly, and his fingers pressed the thin, black wrist. Ten seconds of tight silence; then Dr. Stevens said, "His pulse is better. There's a good chance the crisis is over."

He turned and looked over his spectacles at Petesong. "Boy," he said, "I think you did it—you and your white egret. Well, I've seen some queer things in my time."

Trevor and Jacqueline didn't hear the rest of what the doctor said. The long-white was struggling; it was trying to get its neck out from under Petesong's arm. Petesong turned away and moved with it toward the door.

Outside the cabin, Trevor and Jacqueline left the window and moved toward the door also. They wanted to talk to Petesong. There were things they had to say to him.

ENEMIES WITHIN OUR GATES

(Continued from page 19)

already hearing the rumblings of the storm. There have been many mysterious efforts at incendiarism, injury to working parts of warcraft, and other activities of the "sab cat" to cause destruction. There will be more of this unless thousands of factories in America, upon which so much of our population depends for a living, realize that we are caught in a world torn with strife between violently opposing forces. Certainly, at such a time, every factory in this country however remotely its product may be connected with national defense, should know every possible means of protecting itself. Instead, however, many industries stand wide open to possible injury, without adequate protection.

SPECIAL agents of the Federal Bureau of Investigation recently obtained a confession from a mechanic employed in a United States Government torpedo station, that he had placed emery dust in the mechanism of a precise implement of warfare. On the surface, this man merely sought to make ineffective a piece of mechanism worth $923. But suppose this country were at war? Suppose the lives of those aboard one of our fighting craft depended upon its effectiveness? The FBI is not at liberty to divulge more concerning this case. Certainly there must be a quick end to careless business practices which leave open doors to saboteurs.

During a survey of the protective facilities of a factory engaged in the manufacture of hydraulic hoists and other types of hydraulic power-transmission equipment, where hundreds of thousands of dollars' worth of equipment is being manufactured for the armed services of the United States, a special agent of the FBI recently made some inquiries regarding the safeguard of plans.

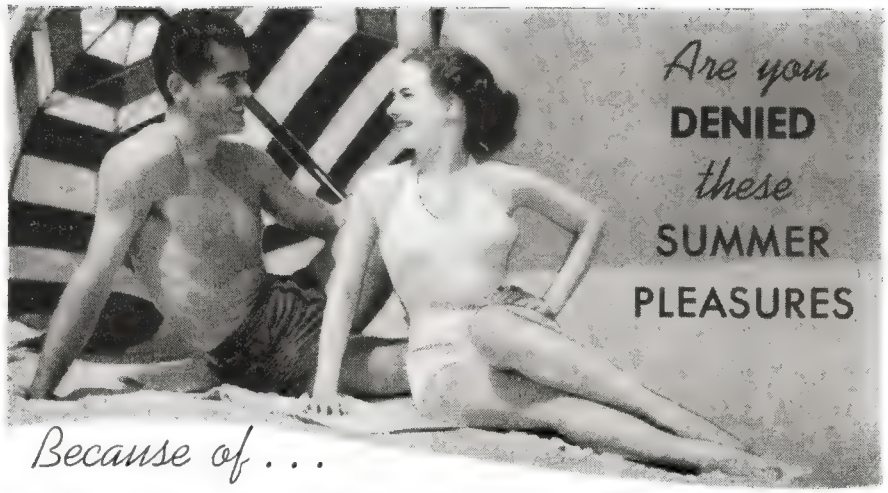
"Oh, we're well fortified there," said a plant official. "All secret plans and formulas are kept in the vault."

"That's fine," said the special agent. "Who has charge of the vault?"

"I'll have to ask," the official confessed. . . . "Oh, Bill, do you happen to know the name of that young fellow?"

Bill didn't. Neither did Jack, nor Tom, nor Harry. It finally was necessary for the plant official to check with the pay-roll department to learn the name of the vault tender. Then it developed that this man had been in the employ of the company only a few days, and that nothing whatever was known about his character, reputation, or background.

The surveys of plants throughout Amer-



Because of . . .

PSORIASIS?

Do you face this problem? See what *SIROIL* can do for your psoriasis blemishes. Try it at once!

Siroil FOR SALE AT ALL DRUG STORES

SIROIL tends to remove the crusts and scales of psoriasis which are external in character and located on outer layer of skin. If or when your psoriasis lesions recur, light applications of *SIROIL* will help keep them under control. Applied externally *SIROIL* does not stain clothing or bed linen, nor does it interfere in any way with your daily routine. Offered to you on a two weeks' satisfaction-or-money-refunded basis.

SIROIL LABORATORIES, INC., DETROIT, MICH.
SIROIL LABORATORIES OF CANADA, LTD., BOX 488, WINDSOR, ONT.

Also...
SIROIL SHAMPOO
For Discriminating Women

SIROIL Liquid Shampoo Soap removes grease film from hair and scalp in an amazing manner, giving a woman's hair a chance to look its loveliest. Made of pure olive and cocoanut oils blended in a neutral, non-caustic base. Cannot injure or irritate most sensitive scalp or hair. No vinegar rinse needed. *SIROIL* Liquid Shampoo Soap bears Good Housekeeping Seal of Approval.

A "LIFT" FOR THE OLDER FOLK!

THE Home LIFT—automatic, electric Home Elevator—is a priceless boon to all who lack strength or health to climb stairs. *Press a button*—you are upstairs or down as easily as wishing you were there. Operates from lighting circuit at less than a cent a day. Simple—Safe—Dependable—Modest price. Easily installed in new or old homes. Hundreds in use—everywhere. Send for illustrated booklet and details.

THE SHEPARD ELEVATOR CO.
Builders of Finest Office and Hotel Elevators
2433 Colerain Ave., Cincinnati, O.
The Original Invalid Elevator. Operating from the Lighting Circuit, and made by Experts.
Representatives in Principal Cities
SHEPARD Home LIFT

GET This Smart Safety Fan!

THIS 8 inch rubber-bladed safety fan gives wonderful air circulation and is good for years of service. Sturdy, quiet, streamlined. Assures cool comfort. Single speed. AC current.

WITHOUT a penny of expense, you can earn this streamlined beauty. It's yours for selling only three 1-year AMERICAN MAGAZINE subscriptions at $2.50 each to persons living outside your home.

These may be either new or renewal subscriptions. Offer good in U.S.A. only. Simply pin subscribers' names and addresses to this ad with check or money order for $7.50, and mail to—

Independent Agency Division, Desk 87-A
The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company
Springfield, Ohio

Easy Way to MAKE MONEY
Take Christmas Card Orders

Earn extra cash daily taking orders from friends, others. Our famous Personal Christmas Cards, 50 for $1, sell fast. Big variety, smart new designs, with customer's name. Also smartest $1 Christmas assortments. All big profit-makers. Samples on approval.
50 FOR $1.00 With Name
PHILLIPS CARD CO., 53 Hunt St., Newton, Mass.

DO YOU WANT a new business profession of your own, with all the trade you can attend to? Then **become a foot correctionist**, and in a few weeks earn big income in service fees—not medical or chiropody—easy terms for home training, no further capital needed, no goods to buy, no agency. *Address*
Stephenson Laboratory, 16 Back Bay, Boston, Mass.

SELL Christmas Cards $1.00 Assortments
Make Easy Extra MONEY
Take orders for attractive big-value Christmas Cards. Call on friends, others. Show "*Dollar King*" box 21 Christmas Folders. You make 50c profit. **Personal Greeting Cards** with sender's name **50 for $1.** Amazing value! Also Religious, Etchings, Gift Wrappings, Everyday Cards. Sample assortment on approval. Write
CHAS. C. SCHWER CO., Dept. T-13, Westfield, Mass.

Earn Extra Money
Sell 50 PERSONAL CHRISTMAS CARDS WITH NAME ON $1
Fast, Easy Seller, Biggest Value. Exclusive designs, fast money maker for you. Also offer "**Beauty Queen**" exquisite 21 Christmas Folder Assortment. Sells for $1. Value 50c. Extra boxes, 11 popular assortments. You can make big cash profits easily. Experience not needed. Write today for Samples on approval.
CHILTON GREETINGS, 147 Essex St., Dept. T-10, Boston, Mass.

SAFE!

It's Always Better To Be Safe Than Sorry!

NEW Discovery for Worming Dogs

No Danger of TOXIC POISONING!

Never Before Possible In A Worm Medicine

Thanks to this discovery, you need have NO worry when you worm your Puppy or Dog with the NEW Glover's Imperial Capsules. The danger of toxic poisoning and violent after-effects is at last removed. They not only expel Round Worms (Ascarids) and Hook Worms, but also Whip Worms — ALL 3! Think of the ECONOMY, only 25¢!

ONLY 25¢

FREE DOG BOOK—In full color. Gives you valuable advice on Care, Training, Feeding, etc. Write to Glover's, Dept. 4, 460 Fourth Avenue, New York City.

GLOVER'S Imperial CAPSULES

14 BOX ASSORTMENTS 30¢ EACH UP · ODD CARDS 2¢ EACH

Sell 50 Assorted Name Imprinted CHRISTMAS CARDS for only $1

Make extra money easily. Send for free samples of our exclusive $1.00 line of Personal Cards and Imprinted Stationery. Request $1.00 box assortment on approval.

FREE SAMPLES

NEW ENGLAND ART PUBLISHERS, Dept 24, North Abington, Mass

MAKE MONEY! SELL PERSONAL CHRISTMAS CARDS

Big Profits for you. Take easy orders for our Personal Name Christmas Cards 50 for $1. Sell at sight! Also Amazing Value Assortment of 21 Christmas Folders. Retails $1. Your profit 100%. Many other popular $1.00 assortments. Season's fastest, easiest selling Christmas line. Get samples on approval.

50 for $1 with name

WALTHAM ART PUBLISHERS
160 N. Washington St., Dept. 313, Boston, Mass.

FILMS DEVELOPED & PRINTED 20¢

Automatic Process Saves You Money! Satisfaction Guaranteed or Money Refunded

WRAP 20c in COIN WITH YOUR FILM And SEND TO

AUTOFOTO - 949 Broadway, New York, N.Y.

WE PAY YOU $5 FOR SELLING TEN $1 BOXES

50 beautiful assorted Christmas cards with or without name imprinted. Sell for $1. Your profit 60c. Write for details.

FREE SAMPLE OFFER

THOMAS DORAN CO., Dept. C-1, White Plains, N. Y.

A Dollar Stretcher

IS THAT what you need? A new way to make your dollars stretch further—to cover your expenses? If you are one of those girls or women who would like to turn your spare time into cash, I've a special message for you. Here in the Pin Money Club—a money-making department—you can earn extra dollars, too. Just write today for our free booklet, ***"An Adventure in Dollars and Cents."***

Margaret Clarke, Secretary
Pin Money Club, Department C
The American Magazine
250 Park Avenue, New York City

ica, which the FBI is now making, pointed toward increased plant protection, are not concerned with any employer-employee relationship. Working conditions, viewpoints concerning unionism or wage or labor negotiations, have no place in this picture. They have not been and are not the concern of the FBI. The present activities came about this way:

Last autumn representatives of the United States Army and Navy Intelligence services brought to the Federal Bureau of Investigation the idea of a program designed to improve the interior defenses of the nation. After consultation with the Technical and War Plans divisions of the Navy and War departments, and the Inter-Departmental Industrial Mobilization Committee, the Intelligence services presented a preferred list of several hundred factories engaged in, or about to engage in, the manufacture of supplies of an urgent nature. The combined Intelligence services wanted the FBI to formulate definite plans for protection of such plants against sabotage, and then check them to see how nearly they approached the level necessary to outwit the foreign spy and "sab cat."

THE results of the subsequent survey were utterly amazing, suggesting, in fact, the necessity for ringing a national alarm clock. Let me draw upon investigative reports for a few startling pictures:

In any airplane factory producing big orders for the government, to be delivered with the greatest of speed and the utmost secrecy, no stranger must be allowed within the gates without good reason. This is obviously Safeguard No. 1.

The special agent assigned to survey a plant noted, first, that there were three entrances to the establishment. After carefully removing an identification badge which the plant had given him, he went outside. Then he headed for one of its entrances, feeling sure that at any moment someone would demand a reason for his presence. No one did; no one even noticed him. He went outside and tried a second entrance. Again no one paid any attention to him. Out he went once more and tried the third entrance, going through this as easily as he had the other two.

He walked behind various machines and looked over workmen's shoulders. He made himself conspicuous to foremen. He wandered into various hangars of the engineering department and experimental test division. In the latter, work of a supposedly confidential nature was being done.

So the wandering special agent, with no credential visible to prove him anything but an inquisitive intruder, moved here and there among the engineers and mechanics, asking questions by the basketful and receiving courteous replies. After that, the agent found the door to the stockroom unlocked, and went in, wandering about at will. In fact, he made a complete survey of the plant without finding a locked door or a challenging guard to stop him.

Unfortunately, this story can be repeated in greater or less detail for many other factories which have been surveyed by the FBI. It is not difficult, therefore, to find the reason why there has been so much destruction which gives evidence of sabotage.

A liquid-cooled aircraft engine was recently developed and constructed for the United States Army. But when the acceptance test came, the engine failed to deliver its promised power. This engine had been manufactured in what was believed to be the utmost secrecy; nevertheless, the investigation following its failure revealed that the lubrication system had been loaded with metal chips. In addition, a large cloth was found lodged in the lubrication system in such a manner as to injure the bearings and other parts dependent upon continuous lubrication. More metal chips and filings were found also in the lubrication system of the dynamometer stand, on which the acceptance test was being conducted.

Army inspectors insist that such instances have occurred too often to come within the range of accident or carelessness. Two years were required to develop this efficient airplane engine. A conspicuous and unexplained failure could have caused delay in acceptance, or even its discard.

Sabotage is one of the most difficult of all crimes to prove. It is not like murder, robbery, assault, or other offenses for which it is not easy to trump up an alibi of accident or carelessness. The "sab cat" constantly hides behind these defenses. He knows that, unless the plant in which he operates is geared to the highest point of protective efficiency, his chances are many for literally getting away with murder, by crying "accident."

It certainly is not always accidental that large cranes have broken with their loads in mid-air or that gear units, used in the operation of ammunition hoists on battleships, have been found to be loaded with heavy metal shavings designed to cause serious damage. Or that, on a number of occasions, foreign materials such as welding wire, screw drivers, files, wrenches, and other short-circuiting material have been discovered among the terminals of the general control systems of some of our naval vessels. Had these materials not been discovered, disastrous damage could have resulted.

A CERTAIN naval vessel suffered some months ago from sabotage. The valves of the reserve oil tanks and of the oil-treating tanks in the port and starboard engine-rooms had been opened, causing the tanks to be completely emptied of oil. In addition, metal nuts, bolts, steel wool, and other destructive materials were found in engines and delicately balanced machinery.

When the FBI was called upon to investigate the case, special agents found that more than 700 men had access to the places where this sabotage had occurred. Moreover, the steel wool, bolts, nuts, and other foreign material all apparently had been obtained from lockers or storerooms aboard the vessel.

Inquiries which have followed such discoveries have been conducted with the greatest discretion, lest some innocent workman be the victim of undue suspicion.

Information has been obtained by the FBI that sabotage agents in America are working in close unison, especially in activities relating to commercial shipping carrying supplies to Europe. Metal time-bombs, both incendiary and explosive, have been found aboard vessels. A ship loaded with sugar, bound for France out of a Cuban port, recently put in at San Juan, Puerto Rico, with fires raging in her hold. The fires had started at three places simultaneously.

Meanwhile, in America, it was suggested at a Communist meeting that particular attention be given to railroad shipments of war materials, one individual suggesting that all trains carrying such shipments be wrecked

regardless of possible loss of railroad employees' lives. One saboteur is known to be engaged in spreading information on the latest methods of railroad wreckage.

Naturally, one asks whether there is any connection between this and the fact that, a few months ago, an Eastern train, carrying seventy-five passengers, was saved from disaster only when the engineman observed a dislocated switch signal barely in time to stop the train. An examination showed that the switch lock had been severed by a hack saw. Also, a number of rails in the vicinity had been loosened by the removal of spikes. All this happened directly above a 60-foot embankment which would have meant a major disaster if the train had been derailed.

SABOTAGE does not always consist of actual physical damage in plants. Sometimes more subtle methods are used. As this is written, a group of Communists are reported to be attempting to force a local labor union to take steps which would result in closing down a large airplane factory in America if the company takes contracts for the construction of planes for the Allies.

Effective measures are necessary to combat the saboteur wherever he seeks to perform his dastardly acts. An excellent beginning would be for every businessman these days to realize the importance of carefully inspecting his property, the safety and welfare of his personnel, the protection of his products. There is no place so perfect that it cannot stand another inspection.

To combat the "sab cats" and at the same time to prevent the possibility of their using the "accident" alibi, special agents have been detailed by the FBI to examine the protective facilities in the factories directly concerned with national defense. It is a long task and an exacting one for the special agents allowed us for the job of espionage, counterespionage, and sabotage investigations. By the time this reaches print, not more than a few hundred such factories will have received complete plans of protection, and hundreds of others will be on the waiting list.

Therefore, it is the duty of every responsible person engaged in the work of a factory, from mechanics to executives, to heed particularly the necessities of self-defense.

A few months ago large quantities of cotton waste, saturated with linseed and other types of oil, both very inflammable and, under some circumstances, spontaneously combustible, were found on the wharves of a Southern city from which much petroleum is shipped. This firebug material had been crammed between the planking and timbers throughout the docks.

Plants have been found where there are practically no "charge-out" provisions for confidential plans or specifications. In others, there are no means of distinguishing between a regular employee and a foreign agent. In some plants, the only requirement for admittance is punching of a time clock. It would be easy for any saboteur to gain entrance by faking the appearance of a regular employee. So lax was one company that a thief entered a plant by pretending to punch a card, and with a passkey ransacked the lockers of workingmen, stealing possessions valued at more than $2,000. All this plant needed to complete its invitation to sabotage was a welcome mat.

Consider also the status of one giant factory which boasted about the strength of the vault where its blueprints were kept. A special agent investigated, and found the depository strong, thickly built, and with a big, heavy lock. But something about the inside of this vault seemed wrong. Then the agent discovered that at the far end of the vault was an ordinary glass window! It led to the outside of the building and within easy reach of an outside porch! This defect has now been corrected.

Such great importance is now placed upon the proper defense of our key factories that a school is maintained in Washington for FBI special agents assigned to this type of work. Here the curriculum includes instruction in chemistry, explosives, document examinations, codes, fire fighting, combustibles, and dozens of other subjects.

Day after day, recommendations are being made by the FBI to big companies for the wider installations of sprinkler systems, for floodlighting of factory grounds at night, for the fencing of sections which should be restricted, for the protection of sources of electricity, water, and gas. More efficient watchmen are being employed. The old type of pensioner is giving way to younger men.

When a special agent goes into a factory engaged in the manufacture of national defense materials, he carries with him nearly 50 single-spaced pages of instructions—encompassing everything that the FBI has learned concerning the activities of "sab cats" from the World War days to the present time.

He must suggest, for instance, that excelsior and such materials be kept in metal bins, that rubbish be not allowed to accumulate, that oily waste be retained only in small quantities in fireproof containers. He must check on steampipes, boilers, flues, or furnaces to see that they are not too near woodwork or other combustible material.

He must suggest that matches and cigarettes be not thrown out windows, since these may set fire to awnings or automobiles. He must recommend that lockers be of noncombustible materials. He must prevent sabotage by suggesting that highly combustible nitrocellulose, film, celluloid, or other pyroxylin products be kept in metal containers or stored in ventilated vaults, always away from heat. He must know, in fact, every rule of a good fire warden.

THE first move has been made to place American industry upon a common-sense basis of protection, so that the job of the saboteur will be made more difficult and the detection of sabotage easier. But government agencies are not miracle workers. Human energy and a very limited personnel can accomplish only so much and no more. Therefore, the more that business in general adopts a system of normal safeguards, the quicker we shall be able to approach a feeling of national security.

This is a job that cannot be put off until tomorrow. The FBI, with its very limited force of special agents, can only point the way with suggestions as to how vulnerable points may be made invulnerable. In the final analysis, the responsibility for maintaining our national defense rests with the American people in every walk of life, from high-ranking plant executives and industrialists to draftsmen, engineers, and mechanics. All, working together for the welfare of the nation, contribute to the perfecting of our national defense. Only in this way can we keep the saboteur out.

✣ ✣ ✣ ✣ ✣

Are You Worried about holding your job?

WHEN one of your fellow-workers is "let out"—does it make you wonder whether *you're* next?

Does the fear of having to go job hunting—perhaps this very next week—sometimes spoil your whole day—now and then keep you tossing restlessly in the night?

It's high time you stopped!

For it's so easy to stop if you'll only give yourself real *cause* to feel secure in your present position.

But be sure that it is real cause. See to it that your value to your firm really does become so great that they'll feel they must keep you.

Seem difficult? Well, it needn't! It's fairly easy! Every year there are thousands like you who accomplish it—thousands to whom LaSalle training gives the value—yes, and self-confidence—that *holds jobs and even in hard times may win promotions!*

"Twice they kept me and let others go," writes M. F., "principally because I was a LaSalle trained man. My salary has more than doubled and I expect to go right on from here."

From the moment you begin LaSalle training, you start to rise above the crowd. You win new interest from your employers. You take on added value. And right through your training—even long *after!*—LaSalle still helps you *keep* forging ahead.

Why not start *today* to count LaSalle training as one of your own assets?

Liberal terms can easily be arranged. And the coupon below will bring you all information—without the slightest obligation.

Avoid risking your future! Risk just a postage stamp instead! Remember, for thirty years LaSalle has built *successful* business men!

FREE!
Any of these booklets — or similar ones on your own field.

LASALLE EXTENSION UNIVERSITY
Dept. 833-R A Correspondence Institution Chicago

Please send me—without cost or obligation—full information about how I can, through your training, equip myself to be surer of holding my job in the business field I have checked:

☐ Higher Accountancy	☐ Business Management
☐ Law: Degree of LL.B.	☐ Traffic Management
☐ Commercial Law	☐ Stenotypy
☐ Industrial Management	☐ Business Correspondence
☐ Business English	☐ Salesmanship

*Name*_____

Position _____ *Age*_____

*Address*_____

It's DIFFERENT!
Mildly medicated super-soft talc with fragrant Oriental bouquet. Buy today—all druggists—only 25¢.
CUTICURA TALCUM POWDER

MAKE MONEY EASILY
Up to 100% profit and bonus selling friends new exclusive copyrighted Christmas cards. Make $8.50 from first order of 15 boxes. 9 other outstanding assortments including Kiddie Humorous Kards, costing 35c up. NO EXPERIENCE NEEDED. Special Money Saving Offers. Write Today for new 21 folder box on approval. Free Portfolios 50 for $1 assorted name imprinted cards and Monogram Stationery with plan for making money.
Sell 50 ASSORTED NAME IMPRINTED CHRISTMAS CARDS for Only $1
THOMAS TERRY STUDIOS, 99 Union Ave., Westfield, Mass.

FOOLS RUSH IN

(*Continued from page 47*)

surgeon looked at him quizzically. "You didn't see me stab him, did you?" he asked.

"Now we're asking, Doctor, *did* you stab him?" Lucky drawled.

The doctor blinked behind his spectacles. "No," he said in a measured voice, "but I estimated that if I had been half a minute sooner I should have seen it done."

"And it happened right outside Sultzer's cabin?" Lucky said.

"A dozen steps, perhaps, forward of Sultzer's door," the doctor said decisively.

"Curious," Lucky breathed.

"Why curious, exactly?" Sultzer asked.

"Just curious," Lucky answered, holding Sultzer's gaze, "that anybody should want to kill a steward."

"It isn't curious that anybody should want to kill *that* steward!" Buck Wilson burst out. "Chavez was the boss's man. He reported everything the guests said or did."

"I see," Lucky said slowly, his voice edged with contempt. "The owner's spy."

Buck Wilson, with an impatient gesture, turned toward the door. "Let's be going, Judy."

JUDY shivered. Lucky, his hands very gentle, pushed her toward the door. And when she followed Buck out into the passageway Lucky was right behind her.

"This," Buck said, "ends the cruise."

"Why does it?" Judy asked sharply.

"The captain will want to put into the nearest port and notify the authorities.'

Lucky looked at Judy. Her cheeks were devoid of color. Even her lips were almost white. He said quietly, "Maybe you'll tell me now where we were to go on this cruise."

"Yes," she said tiredly. "We were just to cruise around, like we have been doing, until Mr. Fess's deal was finished. As soon as it was, we were to put Mr. Halsey and his daughter ashore wherever they wanted to go. We were going to send them back to Miami by plane. After that we were to start on a cruise around South America."

"Around South America?" Buck echoed harshly. "Not me. I'm all through."

"You're letting your $100,000 bonus go by the board?" Lucky asked.

Buck's bitter eyes met his. "Look, son," he said; "there are some things I can't stand, even for one hundred grand."

Judy stopped short. She gave Buck one stricken glance. Then she put her yellow head against the passageway wall and began to cry, her convulsive sobs shaking her slender shoulders.

Lucky stared at her helplessly. Comforting girls who cried like this was wholly beyond him. Buck Wilson, hard-bitten and entirely masculine, was no more at ease than he. But after a moment Buck reached out, put his huge hand around Judy's arm, and hauled her against his chest. She put her forehead against the starched white linen of his dinner jacket and had her cry there, while he smoothed her bright hair.

"There, there," he said in a deeply troubled voice. "You know I'd never run out on you, don't you, honey? Stop crying."

Lucky watched them, his heart getting heavier and heavier.

"Here," Buck said huskily; "take this." He fumbled in his breast pocket, found a folded handkerchief, and awkwardly dabbed at Judy's face. "Look; stop it, will you?"

Lucky watched them for another moment. Then, unconsciously, he hiked his big shoulders up. "I guess," he said, his tone carefully controlled, "that you can handle this better than I can, Buck. I'm going to my cabin."

It was a relief to get back into his own room. He fished a cigarette out of his pocket, lighted it, and stood at the open porthole, smoking. His thoughts drifted darkly, bitterly from disappointment to disappointment. There was just one thing now of which he could be sure: As soon as Mr. Fess could replace him he, Lucky Starr, would again be just another college graduate without special qualifications or training of any commercial value.

Later, thinking back, Lucky could never remember how long he stood there at the porthole, smoking and dismally trying to untangle the knotted threads of his life.

Yet, even in that black depression which had settled upon him, he heard, instantly, a soft knock upon his door, and all his nerves and muscles snapped to attention. He jerked his gun out of its holster, went straight to the door, and aimed the revolver belly-high. Then he swung the door wide.

He blinked unbelievingly and attempted to hide the weapon behind him. Brenda Halsey was standing there, tall and cool and sophisticated. She looked at the gun, brushed past it, and calmly walked into the cabin. Without a word she sat down.

Lucky, aware that his face was as red as his hair, slid the revolver back into its holster and wondered what to do next.

"Well," Brenda said in a low voice, "why don't you close the door?"

As Lucky did so, Brenda met his eyes in a long, steady look that caused his discomfort to increase. But he managed to grin. "Isn't this cozy?" he drawled.

SHE was still gazing speculatively at him, her eyes half closed. But now he had himself set, and on his hard-blocked face was no sign of his inner turmoil. He stood squarely before her, letting the silence build up.

After a very long time she spoke: "Lucky, is the wireless really broken down?"

"So Mr. Fess says," Lucky answered carefully. "And I'm on his pay roll, so if I thought it weren't broken down, or if I knew that, I couldn't say so."

"Why do you have to be on the pay roll of a man like that?" Brenda demanded.

"I don't," Lucky snapped. "I'm quitting just as soon as I can be replaced."

"Why?" she asked.

"I just don't care for the work."

She produced a cigarette and tipped her face up while he lighted it.

"I know why you are quitting this job," she said in a low voice. "You're honest, and you can't stand for the things Mr. Fess is doing. Listen, Lucky; if Dad doesn't get a wireless message through to his bank before nine o'clock tomorrow they'll call his loan. He owes them a lot of money he borrowed to buy stock. Isn't there anything you could say, or do, to help?"

His eyes narrowed. "So you came down here," he said slowly, "to get me to double-cross the man who's paying me a salary."

She flared up at that. "Not at all," she said angrily. "It was only when you said you were quitting that I got the idea you might be more honest than Fess." She caught her breath. "I don't care much myself," she went on, "but Dad is pretty old to start over again."

Lucky winced. "Look," he said to the waiting girl. "You say the dead line is nine tomorrow morning?"

"Yes."

"If the radio is broken down," he said, "they may be able to fix it before that time. If it isn't I'll see Mr. Fess before nine o'clock. Knowing him, I believe I'll be able to persuade him to send any message your father wants to get off."

"How could you persuade him?" the girl asked doubtfully.

Lucky's smile was grim, humorless. "When I put my mind to it," he said bleakly, "I can be a very good persuader."

"I believe," she said, her voice very low, "that you could be. And—well, thanks."

SHE made an impatient gesture with her bare shoulders and came up out of her chair. She went straight to the open port and looked out at the starlit expanse of sky and water. The slim, smoothly curved lines of her body were sharply silhouetted against the wall as she stood there, unmoving and not saying a word. Then she wheeled. Her face was dead-white. "This," she said raggedly, "*would* happen to me!"

He looked at her unsmilingly. "You are the type," he said, very slowly, "that things happen to."

"Another girl, another kiss," she said. "What has happened to the girls who have loved you?"

"She found a man with money," Lucky answered bitterly, "and ran out on me."

"She didn't love you."

"I suppose not. But she said she did, and I was dumb enough to believe her."

Her eyes held his. "If—if I told you I loved you," she said, her voice very low, "would you believe me?"

Lucky's heart was pounding wildly. He moistened his dry lips and said, "I—I'd think it was—because on this cruise you had been bored—"

She cut him off with a wave of her hand. "I don't seem to be getting this over so well, do I?" she said in a voice that was hardly more than a sigh. "What I'm trying to do is to ask you if—well, if you would care anything about marrying me?"

Certainly this was not real. He heard his own voice, thin and strained, saying, "I'm not even a part of your world, Brenda. I don't know the people you know, wouldn't like the things you like. I'd only break your heart."

"You're at least alive," she said with a terrible earnestness. "The men I know are all playboys, glamour boys, of one sort or another. I've had enough of them. Too much. If you—if you could care for me, I

wouldn't wonder if we could be pretty happy." When Lucky's expression did not change, she broke off. Swift impatience narrowed her dark eyes. "Is there anything the matter with me?" she demanded. "Why don't you say something?"

Rashness suddenly ran through him like a high-voltage current. It drove from his mind all the doubts that were nagging at his conscience, bothering his intelligence. He began to walk straight toward her, his red head tipped down, his big hands hanging loose at his sides. Four determined steps he took with increasing swiftness, before an imperious rapping at the door behind him brought him to a halt.

"Wait!" he commanded.

He spun on his heel, marched back to the door.

But Brenda did not wait. She flew across the cabin, got to the door before him. "No!" she whispered wildly. "Never mind who it is!" She slid her hands behind his head and dragged his face down to hers.

The knocking at the door became frantic.

"Lucky!" came Judy's voice. "Oh, Lucky, please!"

Very, very gently, Lucky lifted his hands and took Brenda's arms from around his neck. "I'm sorry, Brenda," he said. He opened the door.

Judy stood there, her small fist lifted to knock again. There was a shine of tears in her eyes. "Lucky!" she said in a rush of words. "Buck is drinking again! He's up there—talking—and I can't stop him."

"Up where?" Lucky demanded.

"In the lounge, with Mr. Halsey, and he's —" Her blue eyes swung as if by instinct and focused full upon Brenda. "Oh," she said in a flat voice. "Well, maybe I can handle it myself."

She turned to go, but Lucky's hand shot out and grabbed her by the arm. "You know better than that, sis," he murmured, and moved swiftly past her.

Now, almost running along the hushed passageway, a lot of things became clear to him. Buck was drinking *again*, Judy had said. Buck had gotten too far out of condition to play professional football another year. He never went ashore. So that was why he had once said to Lucky, "I hope you'll understand," and why, too, Judy had begged him, if Buck went haywire, to be patient with the man whose picture he had tacked on his wall at home. Buck was a periodic drunk.

LUCKY went up the stairway three steps at a time, dimly conscious that Judy was following him. At the top of the stairs he turned aft, caught a long breath, and checked his headlong pace. When he walked into the lounge he was smiling.

Buck and Mr. Halsey were sitting at the far end. Beside the paper magnate was a tall highball, apparently untouched. Mr. Halsey's face was drawn in sober lines. He did not seem to be enjoying himself. Buck did not look drunk. But when he glanced up and saw Lucky, and, behind Lucky, Judy, his mouth went into a slack smile.

"Well, well," he said, "come on in and have a drink. . . . Steward, drinks!"

A steward, his Latin features worried, came in and glanced inquiringly at Lucky. Lucky smiled at him, but an expression in the redhead's eyes sent the steward scurrying back into his corner.

"How about a little touch of bed, oldtimer?" Lucky asked quietly.

"I can go to bed any time," Buck said. "And if I go to bed I'll soon wake up, and when I wake up I won't have any job left, and Judy'll be sore, and I'll feel like hell. But now I'm having a good time."

"I'm not having a good time," Mr. Halsey said grimly, "but it's been instructive."

Buck blinked and looked slightly abashed. "You know, Lucky," he said in a wondering tone, "Mr. Halsey, here, never knew what you could do when things happen to your wireless messages. F'rinstance, he never knew that the owner of a yacht, if he reads somebody else's messages and makes use of the in-information to his own profit, can be put in the jug. Or that—"

"Oh, Buck!" said Judy in a heartbroken voice.

"All right, Buck," Lucky said, "we'll take a little walk around the deck and—"

"Wait a minute," Buck said, lurching to his feet. "I'm going to finish telling this guy—he's had a raw deal, Lucky—about what happens when you interfere with communications— No, go away from me!" His voice turned ugly as Lucky came close to him. "Put a hand on me," he snarled, "and I'll push your front teeth through your back hair. I can stand just so much, and the way the boss has double-crossed—"

"I'm sorry to do this, Buck," said Lucky quietly, "but you're still on the pay roll."

HIS right hand flashed upward. It did not travel far. But when it struck exactly on the point of Buck's chin the big man sagged. And Lucky was right there to catch him. Without perceptible effort he lifted Buck's unconscious figure into his arms.

Turning, he stared icily at Mr. Halsey. "A poor way to get information, Mr. Halsey," he said in a brittle voice.

"Granted," retorted the other man. "But information is information, no matter how you get it. I'd like to have you know I didn't get him drunk."

"If you didn't get him drunk," Lucky snapped, "who did?"

"From what I gather," said Mr. Halsey dryly, "his good friend, Mr. Sultzer, gave him a bottle. That started it."

"Ah!" Lucky breathed, and turned away.

"You—you didn't have to hit him so hard!" Judy burst out.

Lucky just looked at her and marched past, carrying Buck's great figure toward the stairs. Judy ran ahead and opened the door to Buck's cabin. Carefully Lucky placed the unconscious man on the bed. He felt Buck's jaw, nodded, and straightened up.

"How often does he do this?" he asked Judy gravely.

"He—he used to do it pretty often," Judy said in a choked voice. "But not lately. Not since he's been aboard. Just once, ashore at Buenos Aires, a year and a half ago. Mr. Fess said if he did it again he'd be fired. And now he's done it. But I've been seeing it come on for a month."

Lucky turned and glanced around the room. There was an empty whisky bottle on the floor under the porthole.

"He started here," Lucky muttered, "and finished up in the lounge. Did Sultzer know about—about Buck's liking for liquor?"

She nodded wordlessly. Then, in a whisper, "Everybody knew."

"I'm having a little chat with Sultzer," Lucky announced.

She grasped his sleeve. "No!" she cried. "You mustn't! He—he would do anything

Automatic Oil Heat That CIRCULATES! AND RADIATES

Coleman

"Little Giant" OIL HEATER ..America's Largest Seller!

Here's the heater for "hard-to-heat" rooms, kitchens, halls, small homes, waiting rooms, service stations, etc. Radiates and circulates, both! Big heat output—27,500 B. T. U. per hour. Automatic draft control. "No-Stoop" heat control. Automatic temperature control optional. High efficiency Coleman burner saves fuel dollars. No other heater can match it. Get full details! See your Coleman dealer—or mail coupon today!

Mail Coupon Today!

THE COLEMAN LAMP & STOVE CO., Dept. AM90B
Wichita, Kans.; Chicago, Ill.; Philadelphia, Pa.; Los Angeles, Cal.
(ADDRESS NEAREST OFFICE)
Send me new free literature on Coleman Oil Heaters, and name of my nearest dealer.
Name .....
Address .....
City ..... State .....
(Print)

EXTRA MONEY! in Spare Time!
Show largest assortment low priced Personal Christmas Cards on market. 5 series, 52 designs. Also 9 exclusive box assortments including $1 GIFT BOX 21 Artist Award Christmas Folders. Costs you 50c. Season's most sensational seller. Big selection De Luxe Personal Cards. Tell us which lines interest you. Samples on approval. Write today.
JANES ART STUDIOS, Inc.
378 Anson Place Rochester, New York

SELL PERSONAL CHRISTMAS CARDS
LOW AS 50 for $1
100 Designs including De Luxe Line

ITCH STOPPED in a Jiffy -or Money Back
For quick relief from itching of eczema, pimples, athlete's foot, scales, scabies, rashes and other externally caused skin troubles, use world-famous, cooling, antiseptic, liquid D. D. D. Prescription. Greaseless, stainless. Soothes irritation and quickly stops intense itching. 35c trial bottle proves it, or money back. Ask your druggist today for D. D. D. PRESCRIPTION.

EXTRA MONEY EASILY EARNED
Sell CHRISTMAS CARDS Created by DOEHLA
DEAL WITH LEADER IN BOX ASSORTMENTS
Up to 100% profit showing friends 9 new fast-selling boxes. Cost you 50c up. 3 way selling features. 58 name imprinted cards. Extra bonus. Experience unnecessary. Special combination offer. Write today for samples on approval and free money-making details.
HARRY DOEHLA CO., Dept. B-20, FITCHBURG, MASS.

when he gets mad. He would even kill you!"

"When I want to chat," Lucky said, "I want to chat."

He pulled his sleeve out of her clutch and marched to the door. Judy was there almost as soon as he.

"I'm going with you," she said breathlessly.

"You stay with Buck," Lucky commanded.

"Buck will be all right," she said, slipping through the door ahead of him. "He-- he'll sleep till morning."

THERE was a bleak satisfaction in tramping down that quiet passageway to Sultzer's door. Now, and at last, Lucky told himself, things had come to a head.

He did not turn his eyes to glance down at Judy, hurrying along beside him. He did not want to see, again, the dark tragedy on her sweet young face. So she loved a drunk, did she? Well, the joke was not altogether on her. Hadn't Lucky for three boyish years worshiped at the clay feet of the same idol?

He stopped at Sultzer's door and hammered on the panel. There was no answer. He twisted the knob, but the door was locked. A steward poked his face around the corner of the thwartships passageway.

"Is Mr. Sultzer in here?" Lucky growled.

"I do not know, señor."

"Open this door."

The steward unlocked the door. Lucky plunged inside. The cabin, a duplicate of his own, was in wild confusion. Locker doors were open and drawers were pulled out, with shirts, ties, and underwear spilling over the edges. Three or four suits were scattered on the berth. Also on the berth was a pigskin kit-bag.

"Judy!" Lucky said sharply. "When are we going to make port?"

"We won't get into Port-of-Spain until late tomorrow afternoon," she said, looking down into the bag. "So why would he start packing now—and in such a hurry?"

"I'll be asking him that soon," Lucky retorted.

He prodded the handkerchiefs and socks which lay on top of the other things in the bag. His exploring fingers found a hard, familiar bulk. He dug in and dragged out an automatic, fully loaded. He slid out the clip of fat bullets and put it in his pocket. Restoring the gun to its place, he uncovered a tiny scrap of newspaper, not more than an inch long. It had been cut with scissors, a letter or two having been removed.

"Look, Judy!" Lucky said triumphantly. "This pins it on him! Remember the warning notes Buck and I—yes, and Sultzer, too—received at Miami? Letters cut out of papers and pasted to a sheet of stationery? Here's a piece of the newspaper he used! He must have cut the newspaper into scraps, and probably threw the rest out of the porthole to get rid of the evidence, but this little piece got away from him. Got into this kit-bag somehow, maybe in a folded shirt or handkerchief. Well, the best of them slip up somewhere."

"Sultzer did those warning letters himself?" Judy breathed.

"Yes. And was smart enough to send himself one, too. Things are coming to a boil, Judy! Remember what you told Buck that first day I came aboard? That you and he had tried to get Mr. Fess to put all that money in banks ashore?"

Judy lifted her troubled eyes. "Yes, but Sultzer talked him out of it."

"Right. Then Sultzer, with those letters, tried to scare us into jumping ship at Miami. He hoped Mr. Fess wouldn't have time to get a couple of new bodyguards to take our places before sailing. And he'd have been the only one left. We didn't scare, so a few nights later he tried to kill me."

"A silly way of trying," Judy said raggedly. "Pushing you overboard like that."

"A smart way," Lucky insisted. "If he had shot me the captain would have known it was murder, and would have put into some port to turn the matter over to the authorities ashore. But if I had just disappeared in the night he'd probably have marked me down in the log as having fallen overboard, and gone on with the cruise."

"That bump on his face," Judy said. "Buck saw him run into the door."

"I hung that bump on him," Lucky declared with conviction. "He knew he'd have to account for it the next morning. When he heard Buck come out into the passageway behind him, Sultzer bumped into his own door on purpose, hoping that Buck would see him and be his alibi—which he did." His mouth hardened and quick unrest stirred all his big muscles. "And now," he said harshly, "Sultzer has gotten rid of Buck—at least, for the night—by making him drunk." He glanced again at the packed bag. "Why tonight? What's happening tonight, that he wants Buck out of the way?"

He turned swiftly and jabbed the call button. The steward appeared promptly. "Which way was Mr. Sultzer going when you saw him last?" he demanded.

"Toward the infirmary, señor, perhaps an hour ago."

Lucky went out into the corridor, Judy following. At the door to the infirmary he halted, tried the knob, then knocked.

Instantly the door swung open, and Dr. Lorey stood blinking at them. Lucky pushed his way through. The doctor had apparently been working with his microscope, which stood on the desk, flanked by several boxes of glass slides.

"I WAS just going up on deck," Dr. Lorey said. "There's a boat in trouble ahead of us and—"

"Where's Sultzer?" Lucky snapped.

"In Mr. Fess's office. He was down here a while ago but the boss called him up there It seems Mr. Halsey demanded a conference, late as it is."

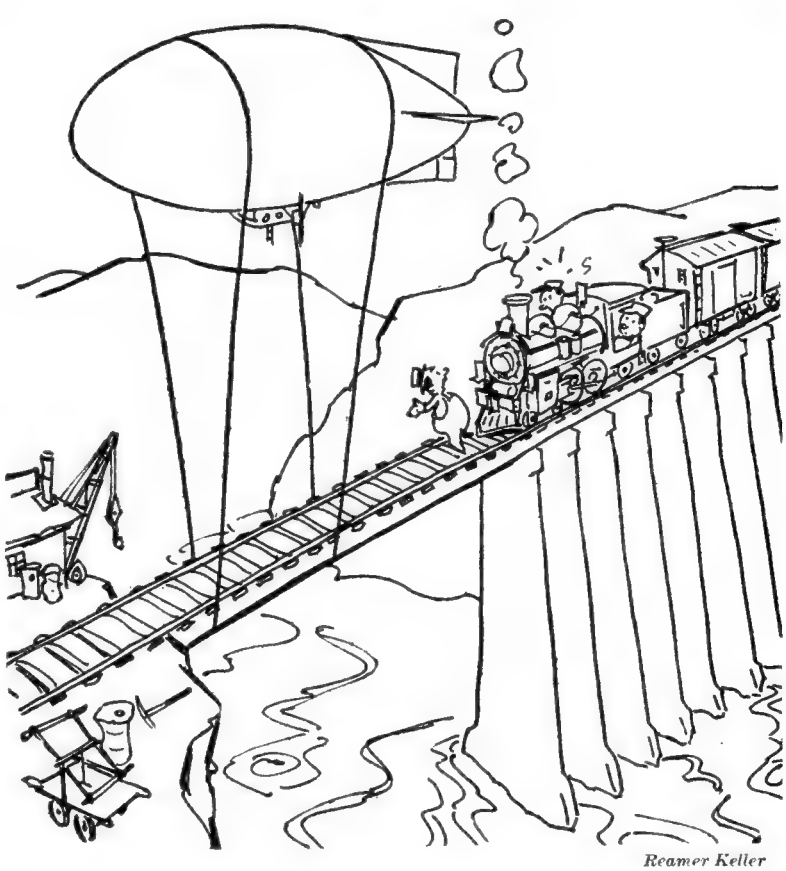
"What's this about a boat in trouble?" Lucky demanded.

"Sending red rockets up. The captain is stopping to see what's the matter. But wait a minute," he said, a deep frown appearing between his eyebrows. He stepped to his desk, opened a drawer, and pulled out several sheets of paper. "These are what Sultzer came down here for. He wanted them. I judged it best not to let him have them. I took them out of Chavez's pocket. Judy, I was going to give them to you in the morning."

Restlessness was nagging at Lucky's nerves and the sense of impending trouble was strong in him. Even as he reached for the doorknob, a silence more absolute than any he remembered flowed over the yacht. It took him three or four full seconds to realize that the engines had been shut down. Hastily he started out of the room.

But Judy's voice called him back. "Look here, first!" she commanded. Her bright head was bent over the sheets of paper the doctor had put into her hand. "Lucky," she went on in an astonished voice, "these are wireless messages. They aren't addressed to anybody, nor signed by anybody."

Impatiently he hurried to her side. But his first glance at the penciled words snapped him to full attention. "Off Grand Cayman Island,"



Reamer Keller

"This is only temporary until we can get some more funds from the government"

he read, "heading southward. Proceed to Ponce, Puerto Rico." And the next: "One hundred twenty miles due north Curacao. Course due east."

He did not bother to read any more.

"Somebody ashore knew where we've been all the time," he declared. "That's why Chavez was murdered. Sultzer knew—or guessed—he had those messages and—"

"Unless Chavez sent them himself," the doctor suggested.

Lucky spun on his heel and headed for the door.

"No," Judy was saying, behind him. "Chavez was as loyal as any—"

But another voice from outside trickled through the open porthole and pulled Lucky up short.

"You, in that cruiser!" came a commanding shout, apparently from the bridge. "Sheer away from the side! We'll pass you a line from the stern! Sheer away!"

And another voice, strange to those who listened so breathlessly, answered, "Hurry up! Drop us a line before your wash pushes us away. Don't you see we're sinking?"

Lucky went out of the door like a stone hurled from a catapult. Starting at a dead run down the long passageway, he cursed himself for not understanding earlier.

Just ahead of him a door opened. Buck Wilson, red-eyed and irritable, popped out of his cabin, glanced down the passageway, and saw Lucky and Judy running. Instantly he came dashing out and began to race aft, a good twenty or thirty strides ahead of Lucky.

And just at that moment Mr. Fess's emergency alarm signal, the banshee shriek of the sirens, ripped the quiet of the entire yacht into a thousand knife-edged shreds.

Buck Wilson was first, by fifty feet, to the door of Judy's office. He dived inside like a rabbit into its hole, and the door swung shut behind him. The screech of the sirens was dying down, but the overtones of that sound were still bouncing from deck to ceiling.

Lucky yanked the door wide. Buck, crouching in the open doorway to Mr. Fess's suite, held a heavy revolver. "Drop that gun, Sultzer!" he was calling.

LUCKY could not see Sultzer, could not see anyone around the corner of the doorway. But there was nothing to prevent him from hearing, through an appalling silence, Sultzer's voice saying, "I thought I had you put away, Buck," nor the explosion that instantly followed. And distinctly he heard the wicked strike of the bullet that straightened Buck up and twisted him halfway around.

"I believe," Buck said slowly, "that did it." He sat down so suddenly that Lucky had no time to cushion his fall.

Lucky's instinct, not his brain, made him duck low as he sidestepped Buck and made for that open door. There was a sharp scream from somewhere behind him.

Bent almost double, digging in after his revolver and getting it snugly fitted into his palm, it seemed to take Lucky hours and hours to cross a dozen feet of silent flooring to that empty doorway. Anger burned in him like a crimson flame. He set his feet and slid to a stop exactly in that doorway. He saw everything there was to see in the cabin of The Most Hated Man in the World.

Brenda Halsey, white-faced and rigid on the big divan, her hands lifting as if to cover her eyes. The door to the strong room, wide open. Brenda's father, his fighting chin protruding, his grim old eyes unafraid, standing against the wall with his hands up high. And Mr. Fess not anywhere. Not anywhere, at least, that Lucky could see.

In that one instantaneous sweep, Lucky's narrowed eyes circled the cabin and came to a full stop on Sultzer, standing flat-footed in the middle of the floor. His face was thinned down with strain, and the expression in his expanded green eyes was a terrible thing to see. His automatic was hanging straight down toward the floor, but Lucky saw his right shoulder begin to lift, a second before Sultzer began to bring his gun up.

Somebody else saw that telltale movement, too. Mr. Halsey brought his arms down in a wide sweep and started toward Sultzer on the dead run. But Sultzer's gun was swinging toward Lucky in a steely arc.

SOME knowledge Lucky did not know he possessed made him swing his supple body sidewise. Sultzer's gun jetted flame and his bullet plucked at Lucky's dinner jacket just above the collarbone. Lucky could feel the faint stirring of wind as it whined past.

Lucky's own gun arm was up now. Somehow he remembered to hold his breath, to squeeze, not pull, the trigger. He saw Sultzer's knuckles whiten as the man began another shot, but Lucky's revolver spoke first. The slug sent Sultzer back on his heels. And a quarter of a second later Sultzer's gun sent a bullet ricocheting wildly off the ceiling.

All this in the space of half a dozen heartbeats.

Mr. Halsey, plummeting across the room, had his outstretched hands almost upon Sultzer. The green-eyed gunman was trying to steady himself for another shot at Lucky, but Mr. Halsey straight-armed him, almost knocking him off his feet. Sultzer staggered wildly, caught himself, and swung his gun toward the gray-haired man. Brenda screamed. Lucky sent another slug across the room. He heard it hit, saw Sultzer's dinner coat twitch violently. Sultzer staggered but did not fall. He turned and began to lope heavily toward the door leading out to the owner's private deck. One of the glass panels at the outer rail was open. Through this Sultzer went in a long, ragged dive and vanished in the darkness below the rail.

Through uneasy layers of rising gun smoke Lucky pounded after him. He ran across the veranda deck, pushing his body against a solid wall of noise rising from below. Powerful motors down there were lifting their full-voiced racket.

Lucky crashed to a stop against the rail. A sleek, dark shape, a speed-cruiser, was almost below him. Already a huge boil of phosphorescence was churning up from her stern. A man in her bow was slashing at a line which slanted upward to the Pilgrim's forecastle. Amidships three men were frantically pulling a ladder away from the side of the yacht. And in the stern, bracing himself against the cabin house with his left hand was Sultzer's dim white figure. His right arm was stretched obliquely upward, pointing directly at Lucky. Without compunction Lucky threw three bullets down there, and saw Sultzer crumple and spread himself on the deck with the peculiar flatness common only to dead men.

The express cruiser roared away from the side of the Pilgrim. A wedge-shaped slice of incandescence lanced downward from the bridge of the yacht, wavered, and focused blindingly upon the boat, charging away in a wide circle. In the blue-white beam of the searchlight Lucky could see a figure still lying

New *under-arm*
Cream Deodorant
safely
Stops Perspiration

1. Does not harm dresses—does not irritate skin.
2. No waiting to dry. Can be used right after shaving.
3. Instantly checks perspiration 1 to 3 days. Removes odor from perspiration.
4. A pure, white, greaseless, stainless vanishing cream.
5. Arrid has been awarded the Approval Seal of the American Institute of Laundering for being harmless to fabric.

More than 25 MILLION jars of Arrid have been sold...Try a jar today.

ARRID

39¢ a jar

AT ALL STORES WHICH SELL TOILET GOODS
(Also in 10 cent and 59 cent jars)

FREE $1 GIFT COUPON with $1 21 CARD ASST.

Lots of **MONEY for a LITTLE TIME**

SHOW NEW CHRISTMAS CARDS

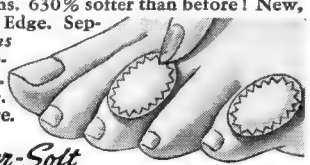
New plan. Take easy orders spare time for "Southern Beauty" Box 21 assorted Christmas Cards. Best $1 seller out. You make 50c. Give $1 Gift Coupon free with every box. Many other boxes, 50 for $1 Personals with sender's name. All money-makers. No experience needed. **Get Free Samples.**

SOUTHERN GREETING CARD CO.
McCall Building. Dept. 503. Memphis, Tenn.

CORNS SORE TOES

Try This NEW Amazingly Quick Relief!

New *SUPER-SOFT* Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads quickly relieve pain; stop shoe friction and pressure; keep you free of corns. 630% softer than before! New, thin Scalloped Edge. Separate *Medications* included for removing corns. Cost but a trifle. Sold everywhere.



NEW *Super-Soft*
Dr Scholl's Zino-pads

on the afterdeck, a figure clad in white dinner jacket, black trousers, and patent leather shoes. Sultzer, who'd made his play and lost.

Lucky straightened his shoulders, took a long breath, and marched back into the great smoky cabin.

The suite was still noisy; it still reeked of gun smoke. Peace seemed to have left it forever. Joseph J. Halsey, cursing in a monotonous monotone, was dragging Mr. Fess out from under his desk and flinging him into his chair. Brenda, pale and grave, was standing in the doorway to Judy's office, which appeared to be overflowing with white-uniformed men. Two sailors brushed past them and carried Buck's limp figure into Mr. Fess's cabin. Judy, walking close behind, watched them stretch Buck gently out on the big divan.

Others surged into Mr. Fess's room. The captain, tall and gray and grim, pushing his way directly to Mr. Fess's desk. Dr. Lorey, scholarly and round-shouldered, bringing his instrument bag with him as he hurried to the divan and bent over Buck's still figure.

MR. FESS sat limply behind his desk, appalled by this invasion. Millions he had spent on this yacht, on these intricate devices for security. He had thought this suite of his so safe from violence, and now he had only to look at Buck, at the open door to the strong room, to realize that there was no safety anywhere for The Most Hated Man in the World.

Brenda watched Judy, who had seated herself beside Buck's head and was running her fingers through his crisp and unruly hair. Quietly Brenda moved up and touched Judy's shoulder with an understanding hand. Lucky, standing unobtrusively by, had wanted to do that, to touch Judy's shoulder, but he felt big and awkward and very unsure of himself. So he just waited, his throat so tight it almost choked him. Talk flowed meaninglessly around him.

Suddenly one distinct voice dominated the conversation. Lucky could hear Mr. Halsey telling the captain what had happened.

"—and we were in the midst of this conference," Mr. Halsey was saying, "when we heard those men talking from the motorboat right underneath the deck here. Then Sultzer turned loose. He pulled out his gun and covered all of us, and there we were. Oh, he had his nerve, all right. He took his time. He told Fess, who was turning into jelly in his chair, that this was all Fess's fault. He said that seeing Fess's millions around all the time, and seeing Fess's lack of real personal honesty, had warped his life. He said the difference between Fess's gypping people—me, for example—out of a million dollars and taking a million dollars at the point of a gun was one of ethics only. He said he had been planning this for a year and apologized for the fact that the motorboat was nearly twenty minutes late. He told Fess that unless he gave him the combination to the inner safe he would shoot him up, a little at a time. First one hand, then the other, and things like that."

He laughed contemptuously and jerked his chin at The Most Hated Man in the World, who seemed to be shrinking slowly in his clothes as he sat silently behind his desk.

"Oh, Fess gave him the combination, all right," Halsey went on. "You wouldn't have believed, Captain, how chatty Sultzer was while he was waiting, apparently, for men to come aboard from the cruiser to carry off the money. He said this boat of his had Diesel power and a cruising radius of more than 2,000 miles. It seems he bribed that pimply young radio operator to send messages every day telling where this yacht was and which way it was heading. The operator would go up to the chartroom to deliver weather bulletins and would take the yacht's position from the penciled line on the chart—"

"Mister," said the captain to another officer who stood quietly in the doorway, "get the assistant operator and lock him up in the paint-room for the shore authorities."

"Handle him gently," Mr. Halsey said grimly. "There'll be another charge against him, I think—that of interfering with private communications."

"So this express cruiser knew just where to meet us," the captain murmured.

"Sultzer said it picked us up this morning and has been running just below the horizon all day, where she could see us on account of our size, but we couldn't see her. And he said that when he had put the million dollars aboard, he would head for a place more than a thousand miles away, where he had a hideout already prepared. I guess that was what tore it, because Fess doesn't care any more for a million dollars than he does for his right eye. Right away he ducked down behind his desk and began running his hand all over the floor where his feet should have been."

MR. FESS spoke for the first time. "The emergency alarm is there," he said in a squeaky voice which instantly attracted Dr. Lorey's interest. "I couldn't find it with my foot."

"You mean," said Mr. Halsey, with downbearing contempt, "that you wanted that desk between you and Sultzer when the alarm went off. Well, anyway, all of a sudden the sirens began to scream, and after a while Mr. Wilson opened the door, and from then on it was just plain hell."

Lucky was scarcely listening. He was standing as close as he could to Judy without actually touching her. He wanted so much to say something, to do something, that might ease the hurt in her.

Mr. Fess rose to his feet. His black eyes were beseeching as they turned to the doctor. "I—I must go to bed, Lorey," he said in a quivering voice. "I—I feel terrible."

"Just a minute, Mr. Fess," said the captain. Reluctantly the owner waited. "The nearest port is a British possession, Port-of-Spain, Trinidad. I shall notify them by wireless, immediately, of the attempted piracy. But there is also the murder of the steward, which must be investigated by the authorities at the first port we touch. If you have no objections, I should prefer this to be done by Americans, so I shall put about for an American port—St. Thomas, in the Virgin Islands."

"Anything, anything!" the owner said.

"So the wireless isn't broken down, Captain?" asked Mr. Halsey clearly.

"Of course not," the captain snapped. "Why?"

"Wait, Fess!" snapped Mr. Halsey, his voice stopping the owner and swinging him around. "Captain, is it true that it is against the law for a wireless operator to give a private message to any person other than the one to whom it is directed, and that it's also against the law for that person reading the message to use information contained in it for his personal profit?"

"It is, sir," said the captain succinctly.

"Is it also against the law for a licensed operator to withhold, secretly, the transmission or delivery of messages?"

"It is."

"Fess," said Mr. Halsey, grimly, "I suggest you send a wireless right now—so it will be in New York before bank

"I'm worried about Junior—his horse came back without him!"

opening—addressed to my bank, the Mercantile National, telling them that you guarantee my loan there. Another message to your brokers, telling them to begin covering your short sales in Union Paper. Those are emergency messages. We'll go into other things tomorrow."

Mr. Fess looked into the bleak face of the captain and at the uncompromising expression on Mr. Halsey's features. Then, a little wildly, he cried, "Yes, yes! Write them yourself. Send them to me and I'll sign them and see they get off. Just let me go into my room now!"

Distinctly Judy's voice cut through the tension in the room: "Can't somebody do something about Buck? Does he have to lie here like this while you just talk?"

The doctor nodded to two sailors who were standing in the doorway. They came in, put gentle hands on Buck, and began to carry him out of the room.

Mr. Fess, standing on the threshold of his own room, looked back. Lucky had edged past Brenda and now had Judy by the arm, leading her toward the door.

"Judy!" Mr. Fess called.

Listlessly Judy turned.

"I—I'm sorry about Buck," Mr. Fess said

For a moment Judy did not answer. Then, "So you knew?" she said in an uncaring voice.

"Of course," Mr. Fess said from his doorway. "I wonder that you didn't tell me. Before I hired him I knew he was your stepbrother." He ducked into his room and closed the door.

Dizzily Lucky led Judy out of that room. Impressions were crowding his brain so he could not separate them, one from the other.

Buck—Judy's stepbrother!

"Judy," Lucky said, as they walked through the door of the glass barrier, "couldn't you have told me?"

"I couldn't be sure it was important," she said raggedly. "Important to you, I mean. There was that Halsey girl, you know."

There was a small passageway leading out on deck, and Judy made no protest as Lucky's arm guided her into the outer darkness. At the rail, with the friendly stars looking down upon them, Lucky said, very softly, "Go ahead and cry, if you want to," and pulled her toward him so she could cry on his chest as she had cried on Buck's an hour or two ago

"I don't want to cry yet," she said in a stifled voice. "But I'll probably want to later."

"I'll be right with you when you do," he promised. "Right with you all the time."

IT WAS nice, having her there with her bright head on his shoulder. Peaceful, after the turmoil and tragedy of the night. They did not speak for some time, content to let the silence drift on.

"I don't think Buck minded dying," Judy said in a faraway tone. "Life wasn't much use to him. I—I thought by getting him here, aboard the Pilgrim, he'd be away from temptation, and any steward who served him a drink knew he would be fired. But it was no good. Dr. Lorey said he'd never be any better."

Lucky said nothing, just stood watching the slow rise and fall of the stars, and letting Judy talk away the first sharpness of her grief. Beneath their feet came a soft, almost indistinguishable vibration as the engines of the Pilgrim began to turn over and the bow began to swing to the northward

After quite a long time he said in a voice that seemed to stick in his throat, "My dear, I know I ought not to bother you with this now, but I just have to tell you. Could you—after a while, I mean—love me just a little? I love you so very much, you know."

She lifted her face, small and snub-nosed and incredibly young-looking, and her blue eyes were shining through unshed tears. "Bother me?" she whispered. "Oh, Lucky, I've wanted so long to tell you about Buck, and I couldn't have waited much longer!"

His lips came down to hers and for a long, long moment the world seemed to stand still. Later, with the fragrance of her lips still fresh on his, he said quietly, "I think you'd like Clearwater. It's a lovely town, not too spoiled by the winter folk. And there's a beautiful church. Peace Memorial Church, it's called, and it seems to me Buck would like that name, Peace. And I'll show you my room where, for years, I had Buck's picture on the wall. It might still be there."

"I think," Judy said softly, "Buck would like that." Once again she lifted her sweet face to his. "And I'll like it, too. It will be nice to have him where—where we both are going to be."

THE boarding party had gone ashore, bearing with it two sheeted figures on stretchers. Quiet again flowed along the decks and through the passageways of the Pilgrim, swinging slowly at anchor off the West India Company docks in St. Thomas Harbor. The accommodation ladder was down, but no immaculately groomed young men challenged the bumboats and supply launches which clustered about. Grim-faced sailors stood guard on the platform and curtly, impartially, ordered all away who would come aboard. Only one of the three young bodyguards was alive, and he was on duty in the owner's suite.

From his post close by Mr. Fess's desk Lucky Starr could look out of the big windows and see Gallows Hill, with its conspicuous white church. Now and then, as the Pilgrim swung at her anchor, he could see a trim gray destroyer lying off Careening Cove, on the eastern shore of the harbor, where the Navy Dock is. The town of St. Thomas, nestling whitely between the sea and the mountains, slid slowly past the window, and Lucky watched it with a growing anticipation, because in a few minutes he and Judy were going ashore, leaving behind them forever the hushed and sinister quiet of the great black yacht.

Inattentively, as he stood there, he listened to the final conversation between Mr. Halsey and the owner.

Mr. Fess looked like a man on the ragged edge of a nervous breakdown.

"Look, Joe," he was saying to the other man, "I want to tell you this before you leave. God knows I don't mind people hating me. I'm used to it. But now that I've covered my short sales of Union, and the price is back around 75, and I've agreed to enough of your proposals so your directors will be satisfied, I want you to know something. Listen: I have more money than I can ever spend. The only interest I've had is business. It's been a game with me. Dollars? They are just chips, counters, to be won or lost at the game. You licked me years ago, Joe, and it was a point of pride with me to get back the chips I'd lost to you—and a few more as a bonus. I'd have broken you if I could have done it, Joe; but

TO HEAR AGAIN IS TO LIVE AGAIN!

Hear at greater distances, carry on group conversation. Hear clearly with this Audiphone based on advanced design technique and on 58 years of experience in making Bell telephones. Consult an authorized dealer. After an audiometric test, he'll show you the Audiphone that will best meet your needs.

Accepted by American Medical Association

Western Electric AUDIPHONE
Ortho-technic Model

GRAYBAR ELECTRIC CO., A-56
Graybar Building, New York

Please send details on Western Electric Audiphone (Ortho-technic Model) and name of nearest dealer.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....*State*.....

MONEY With Amazing New CHRISTMAS CARDS

NAME IMPRINTED LOW PRICES

Earn extra money easily. Take orders for finest quality, DeLuxe Personal Christmas Cards and Personal Stationery. Plus new 21-Card $1 Assortment; your profit, 50c. Seven other ass'ts—Gift-Wrapping Cabinet Wood-Ettes, etc. Also big variety lowest priced Personal Christmas Cards. All-in-all most complete line in field. Experience unnecessary. SAMPLES FREE. Write today. WALLACE BROWN, Inc., 225 Fifth Ave., Dept. P-11, New York, N. Y.

FREE SAMPLES

For a Lady in Distress

SHE'LL find a way to make money in spare moments here in the Pin Money Club This is a friendly money-making Club for girls and women. Send for our free booklet.

Margaret Clarke, Secretary, Pin Money Club
Department D, The American Magazine
250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

for QUICK EXTRA CASH SELL Christmas Cards

$0 Cards with Name only $1

Make money in your spare time. 7 fast selling Christmas Card Assortments. Many new ideas. Also large selection of 50 for $1.00 Personal Christmas Cards with newest colored raised printing. Write today for samples on approval.

21 FOR $1 ASSORTMENT

Colonial Studios, Inc., 395 Dwight, Dept. B13, Springfield, Mass.

FEET HURT, BURN?

NEW VANISHING

For tired, tender, sensitive feet, muscular soreness or burning sensations caused by exertion or fatigue, use this quick relief (vanishing liquid or ointment). Cost but a trifle. For Dr. Scholl's FREE FOOT BOOK, write Dr. Scholl's, Inc., Chicago, Ill.

Dr Scholl's FOOT BALM

then, if you had come to me, I'd have staked you for a new start."

Brenda, who had been sitting very still in the corner, snubbed out a half-consumed cigarette. Her dark eyes, somber now, lifted and met Lucky's gaze in a sustained scrutiny which appeared to leave her restless and dissatisfied. "Let's go, Dad," she said. "The clipper ought to be in at any minute."

JOSEPH J. HALSEY put his big hand across the desk. Mr. Fess took it with a curious eagerness.

"No hard feelings, Thornton," said Halsey quietly. "I don't hate you. I—I think I'm sorrier for you than for any man I've ever known."

He turned on his heel, marched over to Lucky and extended his hand. "Son," he said gravely, "I've watched you ever since I came aboard. I think you're honest and loyal. If you ever need a job come and see me. 'By."

Brenda stood up. She looked at Lucky just once more, caught her breath sharply, and, with her dark head high, preceded her father out of the room.

Mr. Fess scrubbed his eyes with the back of his hand, as if to clear his head of some unpleasant thought. He jabbed hard at one of the buttons on his desk.

"Judy!" he said sharply. "Are you out there?"

"Yes, Mr. Fess," came her clear young voice. "I'm waiting to see you, you know."

"Well, come in."

He stared up at Lucky, who was not wearing his yachting jacket, but the neat suit of white linen in which he had first come aboard.

"You're still being a damned fool?" he demanded petulantly.

"Yes, sir," Lucky said. "I sent you word. I'm quitting right here."

The door opened and Judy came in. She was clad in a lightweight sweater suit, and her bright hair was tucked under a small straw hat.

"You, too?" Mr. Fess muttered.

"I sent you word, too, Mr. Fess," she said, coming over and standing very close to Lucky.

"Why?" snapped The Most Hated Man in the World.

"Two reasons," Lucky put in. "But I'll tell you only one. We're going to be married."

A look almost of desperation came into the eyes of the older man. "Get married aboard," he said. "You can still work for me, even if you are married."

"Sorry," Lucky said.

"What's the other reason?" Mr. Fess insisted.

"If you insist," Lucky said slowly, "we don't like the work. We don't like your way of doing business. Maybe a lot of other businessmen work the same way, but we don't like it, all the same."

"You'd each throw away your bonuses of $100,000," Mr. Fess demanded, "on account of your theories on ethics?"

"Yes, sir," Lucky said, and Judy nodded.

Mr. Fess looked down for a moment at his never-still hands. Then his eyes came up. "I owe you both salary," he said. "I'll pay you in cash. You, Lucky, saved my life. Of course, it was in the line of your duty—it was what I was paying you for—but, just the same, I'm going to be generous. I'm going to give you a bonus of $10,000 in cash."

Lucky was silent for a moment. Then he said quietly, "Thank you, Mr. Fess. With that, I can start in business for myself in Clearwater."

Judy reached into Lucky's inside pocket and withdrew a blue-edged document. It was an insurance policy. She tapped it with her slim finger. "And did you forget, Mr. Fess," she asked, quietly, "that Buck was my stepbrother, and that I'm his beneficiary? That means $100,000."

"You can spend that on doodads for yourself," Lucky grinned.

Mr. Fess pushed himself out of his chair, walked into the strong room, and a few minutes later returned with a thin sheaf of Treasury notes. "Your combined salaries," he said, and handed the money to Judy.

The voice of the loud-speaker came into the room: "Gangway, Mr. Fess. The tender is waiting to take Mr. Starr and Miss Lathrop ashore."

MR. FESS closed his eyes. "What are you going to do now?" he asked wearily.

Lucky said, "There's a freighter leaving here this afternoon. We're taking it—with Buck—and we're going back to Florida."

Without another word Mr. Fess shook hands with him, then with Judy. He turned back to his desk. Judy and Lucky walked toward the door, and toward the long, straight road which led into the future. They closed the door to Mr. Fess's office and heard it lock behind them. Lucky took Judy by the shoulders, swung her around, and put his lips to hers.

Just then there was a roar from Judy's loud-speaker. "Wireless-room!" cried Mr. Fess's voice. "Send a message to Mr. Bailey, in Miami. Have him send a secretary and three bodyguards on the very next plane!"

(*The End*)

HOMES for a song

(*Continued from page 39*)

brand-new, good-looking house priced at $10,000. He paid $2,000 down, and the kindly salesman fixed him up with a first, a second, and a third mortgage, totaling $8,000. Bill's remaining $500 savings went for various fees, surveys, commissions, and discounts which seemed all right at the time.

Bill thought he was paying 6 per cent on that $8,000 he borrowed. But the mortgages were short-term, and when he renewed them there were additional fees and charges to be paid. Later he and I figured that (adding in the various charges) he was really paying over 10 per cent for his money.

The payments weighed heavily on Bill. Also, the house seemed to need a lot of repairs. In 1929 there was sickness in Bill's family, and a salary cut. He fell behind in his payments. He tried to catch up, but could not quite make it. Hanging on to the "dream home" became a nightmare.

MULTIPLY Bill by a couple of million, and you begin to grasp what happened to homeowners in the early 1930's. It was a kind of mass mental torture of mortgagors and mortgagees alike. In 1932 President Hoover, realizing how much the vicious home-financing system was contributing to the depression, put through Congress the Federal Home Loan Bank Act, to provide a reservoir of credit on which loan agencies serving homeowners could draw.

By 1933 people were losing their homes at the rate of a thousand a day. Roosevelt added to Hoover's measure an emergency-salvage agency, the Home Owners' Loan Corporation (HOLC). In three years the HOLC advanced $3,000,000,000 to refinance more than a million distressed homeowners.

My friend Bill was on the financial rocks by 1933. The HOLC bought off his three mortgages for $6,500. They then placed a single mortgage for this amount on his house, at 5 per cent, with fifteen years to pay it off. This made the monthly payments low enough for Bill to take them in his stride. Today he still has eight more years of payments to make, but at least he feels secure in his home.

Hundreds of thousands like Bill have been helped by the HOLC. But other tens of thousands have not been able to keep up even the reduced payments, and on these the HOLC has lost millions of dollars. Whether its profits from other sources will make this up remains to be seen. Of the 1,017,827 homes refinanced by the HOLC from 1933 to 1936, at least 160,000, or nearly 16 per cent, have had to be foreclosed. Of these the HOLC has sold 86,000 and still holds 74,000.

A million of these HOLC transactions, scattered all over the country, began accustoming people to the low-term, low-interest-rate mortgage which was reduced with each monthly payment.

The HOLC was to bail out people in trouble. On the other hand, the Federal Housing Administration (FHA), created by the National Housing Act, passed in 1934, was designed to keep new purchasers from getting into similar trouble. The FHA does not lend money. It now says to the bank or loan agency: "If you will lend this home buyer money, up to 80 or 90 per cent of the value we put on his house, we will insure the loan and limit your loss. But the interest rate must not exceed 4½ per cent, (plus ½ per cent for the insurance); the term must run for 20 or 25 years, and the house must meet our standards." (Earlier, the FHA rate was 5 per cent, plus premium.)

In new houses, built under FHA-insured

mortgages, the FHA insisted on simplicity and convenience of design, sturdy construction, quality materials, economic upkeep, and ample protection of neighborhood standards by zoning laws, neighbor associations, and the like. It has laid down general rules also that a man should not ordinarily buy a house valued at more than twice or two and a half times his annual income; and that his monthly payments of interest, principal, hazard insurance, and taxes should not total more than 25 per cent of his monthly salary or regular wages.

When the law was amended in 1938, to allow loans up to 90 per cent on small homes, many feared that a foreclosure wave would result. But, because of the high FHA building standards, people hang on to these houses. Out of 150,000 financed in this way, very few have been turned back to the lending institutions.

Thus government, through agencies which Republicans as well as Democrats generally approve, contributed to lowering financing costs and raising standards of homes.

BUT that was not enough. Private enterprise also had a job to do. Even with the favorable new purchase plans, the public was not buying. Once burnt, twice shy. And why buy a new house when foreclosed old houses were selling so cheap?

The smarter real-estate and building men realized the follies of the past. They recognized that the new financing methods would tap a huge, new moderate-price market, *if* they could get building costs down and true values up; not only meet the new government standards, but surpass them.

Month after month the lights burned late in the designing-rooms; questionnaires searched the pet peeves and hearts' desires of prospective householders; new synthetic and composition materials were examined and tested; mass production was studied for ways of smoothing the flow and movement of materials; and the idea was accepted that neighborhoods must be planned just as carefully as houses.

Enormous improvements have been made in insulation, radiation, and heating. It was realized that a $45 annual saving on fuel, capitalized at the new 4½ per cent interest rate, represented an additional $1,000 value in the house.

Mechanical heating has become general. This means less work, more room, and a clean cellar. Hot-air units which circulate and humidify the air give a modified air conditioning in even the lowest-priced houses. In summer this helps by circulating the cool air from the basement, an effect further aided by insulation of roofs and walls.

Ingenuity has replaced indifference and mediocrity. For example, a southerly roof projecting just enough so that the windows get the warmth of the low winter sun, but are shaded from the heat of the high summer sun. Or the bath, partitioned between two lavatories, which gives most of the advantages of two bathrooms in the space of one. Or the modest house specifically designed so that another room can be built on at small expense when the family grows. And you ought to see some of the new kitchens—marvels of smooth function.

In the old days, when a suburban subdivision was started, the first step was usually to cut down the trees, lay out a gridiron of straight streets, and then see how close you could crowd the houses together.

You don't do that now—not if you expect to get FHA-insured financing. Not only FHA, but all the wiser banks, insurance companies, and building-loan agencies must now ask themselves: "What will these houses be worth thirty years from now?"

Consequently they insist that the development be laid out according to the best modern design. Handsome trees and natural beauty of the land must be preserved. Streets curve and wind to fit the roll and contour of their setting. Lots of less than 50 by 100 feet are frowned upon. Stores are centered; convenience of schools and transportation is required.

Take the case of Bill Harris, Jr., son of my friend Harris. Bill Junior is now making about $3,000 a year, and has $1,500 in the bank.

For $6,000 (if the new homes I have examined are fair samples) he can buy a better house than the $10,000 one his pappy wrestled with so painfully back in 1925.

For this he has to make a down payment of only $600, leaving him with a tidy reserve in the bank. The balance of $5,400 is payable over 25 years, in payments of only $32 a month. With hazard insurance and taxes added, the total payments will still be well under 20 per cent of Bill Junior's income.

Furthermore, if your credit is particularly good, and you are in a position to make a larger down payment, the insurance companies, banks, or loan associations will usually accommodate you on terms just as favorable as those of the FHA, and sometimes at even lower interest rates than those required for the FHA-insured loans.

IF YOU buy a house in a modern development which has been carefully supervised by FHA or a first-class lending agency, you are pretty sure of getting full value, provided you exercise your own judgment in addition to expert advice. But how about the fellow who wants to go out and build a home of his own? How does he know where to turn?

Here, too, private and government agencies are lending a hand. The Federal Home Loan Bank Board, joined by the American Institute of Architects and the Producers' Council (material maunfacturers), have devised a Building Plan for houses priced up to $5,000.

This plan gives the small home builder the sort of advice which only the wealthy formerly could command. It offers him architectural service (including 500 small home designs by the best architects); sound financial counsel; technical guidance in planning for family requirements and choice of materials; supervision of construction; and, finally, a "Certificate of Registration" which is supposed to guarantee the sound value of the house if he ever wants to sell it.

So far, this plan is operating in only twelve key cities while being tested out. If you are interested, write for information to the Federal Home Loan Bank Board in Washington, or to any bank or lending institution affiliated with the Board.

And so, with the help of many hands, housing moves forward again.

It may not bring swift prosperity—we've been fooled on that too often. But it is building up solid employment in many fields. It is raising our general living standards. It shows that Americans have not lost their ingenuity or courage; that they can pull out of a desperate bog and solve an old problem with new techniques.

✣ ✣ ✣ ✣ ✣

Become an Expert Accountant

The Profession that Pays

The demand for skilled accountants — *men who really know their business* — is unceasing. Big corporations are in constant need of expert counsel in Auditing, Cost Accounting, Business Law, Organization, Management, Finance. Men who prove their qualifications in this important branch of business are often promoted to responsible executive positions—given an opportunity to earn real salaries.

Send for This Book—It's Free

Are you ambitious to make a real success in business—to fit yourself for positions paying $3,000, $5,000, $10,000 a year and even better? Then you will find LaSalle's 48-page book, "Accountancy, the Profession that Pays," of the greatest help and inspiration—and—LaSalle will send it to you FREE. For the sake of a brighter future, clip and mail the coupon NOW.

Find Yourself Through LaSalle!

LASALLE EXTENSION UNIVERSITY
A CORRESPONDENCE INSTITUTION
Dept. 833-HR Chicago

I should be glad to have details of your *salary-increasing plan* and a copy of "Ten Years Promotion in One," all without obligation.

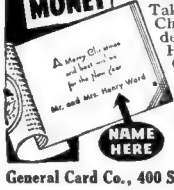
☐ Higher Accountancy
☐ Business Management
☐ Modern Salesmanship
☐ Traffic Management
☐ Law—Degree of LL.B.
☐ Commercial Law
☐ Industrial Management
☐ Expert Bookkeeping
☐ Modern Business Correspondence
☐ Credit and Collection Correspondence
☐ Modern Foremanship
☐ C. P. A. Coaching
☐ Effective Speaking
☐ Stenotypy-Stenography

Name ..... Age .....
Present Position .....
Address .....

EARN EXTRA MONEY — **Sell 50 Personal CHRISTMAS CARDS $1**

Easy Spare Time Cash

Take orders for new name-imprinted Christmas Cards, 50 for $1. All one design or **assorted.** Also Religious, Humorous, Business Christmas Cards, *with sender's name,* same low price. Liberal profit for you.



FREE Samples

Show to friends and others. Earn money easily. Also Christmas Card Assortments to sell at 50c and $1. Send for big FREE Outfit today.

General Card Co., 400 S. Peoria St., Dept. A-201, Chicago, Ill.

NEURITIS **Relieve Pain In Few Minutes**

To relieve the torturing pain of Neuritis, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, or Lumbago in few minutes, get NURITO, the fine formula, used by thousands. No opiates. Does the work quickly — must relieve cruel pain to your satisfaction in a few minutes or your money back. Don't suffer. Ask your druggist today for trustworthy NURITO on this guarantee.

Earn More Money **CHRISTMAS CARD SALES PEOPLE**

You can now offer your customers really High Quality Personal Christmas Cards *With Customer's Name Imprinted,* moderately Priced. **Send for this De Luxe Line Sample Book.** 50 Absolutely New Exclusive designs priced to suit any pocketbook—also some designs for those desiring unusual creations at higher prices. **Sample Book Loaned Free.** Large Profit and Extra Bonus for Producers Experience not necessary but please mention if you have sold Personal Christmas Cards before. Full or spare time. Write.

WETMORE & SUGDEN, De Luxe Dept. A-6
749 Monroe Avenue, Rochester, N. Y.

The American Magazines' Directory of Schools and Camps

SOUTHERN STATES—GIRLS

BRENAU
COLLEGE FOR WOMEN

Standard Degrees of A. B., B. M. and B. S., and Junior College diploma. Endowed. Music, Art, Speech, Dramatics, Physical Ed., Home Economics, Secretarial. Foothills Blue Ridge Mts. Altitude 1250 Ft. 350-acre campus, private lake. Riding, canoeing, all sports. Attendance 35 states. National Sororities. Social life. Trips to Great Smoky Mts. National Park, etc. **Catalog on request:—**
BRENAU, BOX R-8, GAINESVILLE, GA.

Averett College
Fully accredited 2-year Junior College, emphasizing liberal arts. Terminal, normal and transfer courses. Music, art, speech and dramatics, secretarial, library science, physical ed., home ec. Golf, riding. 81st yr. Endowed rate. Catalog.
Curtis Bishop, A.B., A.M., Pres., Box A, Danville, Va.

Blackstone College
Two years College, 4 years High School. Diplomas in Liberal Arts, Music, Art, Dramatics, Secretarial, Merchandising, Home Economics, and Physical Education. Near Richmond. Modern fireproof buildings. Swimming pool, golf, other sports. Total cost $515. For catalogue address
J. Paul Glick, Pres., Box A-8, Blackstone, Va.

Southern Seminary and JUNIOR COLLEGE
Accredited Junior College and High School
A School of Character for girls and young women in the Blue Ridge Mts. of Va. Music, Art, Dramatics, Home Econs., Merchandising, Physical Ed., Secretarial, Library Science, Kind. Tr., Social Training. Sports. 73rd year. Every room filled each year. **Catalog.**
Robert Lee Durham, Pres., Box 932
Buena Vista, Virginia

MID-ATLANTIC STATES—GIRLS

Edgewood Park
Recognized by leading colleges and universities. College preparatory, advanced courses in Liberal and Fine Arts, Secretarial Science, Real Estate, Medical Assistant, Home Economics, Social Service, Dramatics, Journalism, Costume Design, Interior Decoration, Merchandising, Kindergarten. Unusually comprehensive sports program. Golf course, 12 tennis courts, lake, swimming pools.
Box A **Briarcliff Manor, N. Y.**

PENN HALL
Junior College. Credits transferable. Also accredited High School. Music, Dramatics, Int. Decor., Costume Design, Secretarial, Home Ec., El. Journalism. Connecting baths. Swim. Riding. Social life. Part of May at Ocean City. **Catalog:**
F. S. Magill, LL.D., Box B, Chambersburg, Pa.

Beaver College
Standard 4-year College. Liberal arts, science, music, art, commerce, home economics, health education, preparation for teachers. Near Philadelphia. Gymnasiums, pool. 86th year. Moderate rates. Ask for catalog.
Raymon M. Kistler, D.D., Pres., Box A, Jenkintown, Pa.

NEW ENGLAND STATES—GIRLS

Lasell Junior College
Ten miles from Boston's cultural advantages. Two-year courses for high school graduates. Academic, Home Ec., Secretarial, Merchandising, Pre-nursing, Art, Music, Expression. College Preparatory. All sports. 30-acre campus. Delightful home life. Catalog. **Guy M. Winslow, Ph.D., President, 141 Woodland Rd., Auburndale, Mass.**

CO-EDUCATIONAL

Junior College of Connecticut
Liberal Arts, Sciences, 2-year pre-professional courses. Full transfer privileges. Terminal courses: Secretaries; Medical, Dental Secretaries; Accountants; Merchandising; Mechanics. Associate Degrees in Arts, Science, Commerce, Engineering.
Ernest Cortright, Pres., Bridgeport, Conn.

CO-EDUCATIONAL
SAN MARCOS ACADEMY

First Grade thru High School (accredited) . Boys and Girls (separate dormitories) . . progressive development program . . friendly supervision . . 57 acres . . spacious buildings . . ideal climate . $550 tuition . . catalog
R. M. CAVNESS, PRES., BOX A, SAN MARCOS, TEXAS

Gulf Park College
By-the-Sea. Fully accredited Junior College. Also 3-year college preparatory. Music, Art, Speech Arts, Home Economics, Secretaryship. Outdoor sports all year. Riding, golf, flying, dancing, salt water sports; also fresh water pool.
Richard G. Cox, Pres., Box A, Gulfport, Miss.

Saint Mary's School and Junior College
Episcopal. In Pine Belt. Healthful climate. Three years high school, two years standard college. Accredited by Southern Association. Special courses. All sports. Mrs. Ernest Cruikshank, Principal. Catalogue:
A. W. Tucker, Bus. Mgr., Dept. A., Raleigh, N. C.

Ward-Belmont
Accredited Junior College and Preparatory School. Conservatory of Music, Art, Creative Writing, Home Economics, Speech, Secretarial, Dancing, Gymnasium, pool, all sports including riding. For Catalog, View Book, and "Club Village" folder, address:
Alma Paine, Registrar, Box 804, Nashville, Tenn.

Limestone College
In the Blue Ridge Mts. Accredited: B.A., B.S. Music, art, speech, commercial, teacher training, physical education, home economics, social science. Distinguished faculty. Mild climate permits year-round outdoor recreation. 10 hrs. from Washington. Endowed: $458. Catalog.
Robert C. Granberry, D.D., Pres., Box A, Gaffney, S.C.

TEACHER TRAINING

National College of Education
Complete education for teaching in elementary grades, kindergarten and nursery school. Special summer classes. Beautiful resident hall on Chicago's lovely North Shore. Cultural and vocational education. Write for list of successful alumnae.
Edna Dean Baker, Pres., Box 07-K, Evanston, Ill.

Pestalozzi Froebel Teachers College
Located in Central Chicago on the Lake Front. Kindergarten, Primary, Nursery School Training. Accredited. Degree. 45th year starts September 16. Free Catalog. Write **Registrar, Box 28, 410 S. Michigan Boulevard, Chicago, Illinois.**

CENTRAL STATES—BOYS

Culver Military Academy
On Lake Maxinkuckee. Educates the Whole Boy. Discovers interests, aptitudes. Develops initiative, character. College preparatory, Post-Graduate work, 8th grade. 450 graduates in 113 colleges. All sports—polo, boxing, swimming, golf, rowing. Moderate cost. Catalog. **82 Pershing Terrace, Culver, Ind.**

Wentworth Military Academy
and Junior College. 61st year. 41 miles from Kansas City. High school and 2 years' college. High Scholastic standards. Accredited. 50 acre campus. All sports. Gym, stadium, riding, swimming. Music, debating. Country Club. Summer School. Catalog.
Col. S. Sellers, 784 Washington Place, Lexington, Mo.

Missouri Military Academy
52nd year. Fully accredited. R.O.T.C. Individualized instruction in small classes inspires boy to best efforts by teaching How to Study. Balanced Scholastic, Athletic, Military Program. Excellent faculty and equipment. Aviation. Catalog.
Col. C. R. Stribling, 180 Main St., Mexico, Missouri.

Ohio Military Institute
108th year. Certificates admit to College. Small classes. Lower School for younger boys. High, beautiful location. Large athletic field in natural amphitheatre. Gymnasium, swimming pool. Band, orchestra, rifle clubs, literary society. For catalog, address: **Col. A. M. Henshaw, Box A, College Hill, Cincinnati, Ohio.**

ST. JOHN'S MILITARY ACADEMY
A STURDY BODY, an alert mind, and a dependable character reward the boy who puts himself in harmony with St. John's training. He will be under supervision of men who are devoting their lives to the work. They are familiar with all the problems that face the thoughtful parent. *Catalog.* **680 DeKoven Hall, Delafield, Wis.**

CENTRAL STATES—BOYS

BROAD, well-rounded training prepares cadets for any college or university. Ages 11-19. Fully accredited instruction centers around personal needs of each cadet. Environment of friendly cooperation. Progressive attitude. Large playing fields on 50 wooded acres. Athletics for all. Horsemanship (horse show), tennis. Gym, tile-lined pool. Unique Cadet Club. Lower School. 62nd year. Tuition $900. Catalog. Col. R. L. Jackson, Box M-8, Alton, Illinois.

WESTERN MILITARY ACADEMY

KEMPER
MILITARY SCHOOL
Junior College and High School
Oldest boys' school in the West (97th year). Fully accredited. Superior scholastic, military, athletic instruction. Progressive Courses. Modern buildings. $200,000 gym. Indoor swimming pool, rifle range. Golf course. Five athletic fields. 96 acres. Reasonable rate. Catalog and view book.
Col. A. M. HITCH, Superintendent
580 THIRD ST. BOONVILLE, MISSOURI

NARGA MILITARY SCHOOL
Real INDIVIDUAL successful college preparation. How-to-study taught. Accredited without examinations. Also Business Course. Ages 10 to 20. Modified military training for CHARACTER and Physique. New Gymnasium and Swimming Pool. 85 miles south of Chicago. Route 45. Visit or write: *Box A,*
Col. J. A. Bittinger, Supt., Onarga, Ill.

Howe School
Episcopal, 56th year. Character building emphasized. Graduates enrolled in the best colleges, individual guidance, military training (R.O.T.C.), sports for all. Prepares for college or business. Junior school with separate faculty. Summer Camp. Moderate cost. Catalog. **Burrett B. Bouton, 680 Academy Place, Howe, Indiana.**

Roosevelt Military Academy
"Builders of Men." Emphasis on leadership development. High scholastic standards. Accredited. Small classes; personalized instruction. All sports. Riding at no extra cost. Rifle range. Moderate rate. Junior school. Write for catalog.
Col. Karl J. Stouffer, Supt., Box A, Aledo, Ill.

Morgan Park Military Academy
Program for personal development of every boy. Prepares for better colleges. Teaches boys how to study, develops leadership. Near Chicago's cultural advantages. All sports, including riding. 67th year. Lower and junior schools. Catalog.
Col. H. D. Abells, Box 480, Morgan Park, Ill.

Northwestern Military and Naval Academy
A school whose distinctive methods of life and study have proved outstandingly successful. References required as to character and ability.
Col. R. P. Davidson, Superintendent, Lake Geneva, Wisconsin.

Pillsbury Academy
Fully accredited college preparatory school for boys. Enviable record of 64 years in the training of youth. Scientifically supervised study by highly trained, sympathetic instructors. Splendid buildings and campus. Military drill. All sports. Catalog.
G. R. Strayer, Box 480, Owatonna, Minnesota.

SOUTHERN STATES—BOYS

Castle Heights Military Academy
R.O.T.C. Preparatory. Post Graduate. Separate Jr. School—spacious mansion on adjacent campus, special instructors, house mothers. 16 modern buildings. Endowed. Rates $590 and $690. Capacity enrollment last year. Apply early for fall term. **Col. H. A. Armstrong, Pres., Lebanon (near Nashville), Tenn.**

Columbia Military Academy
11 buildings, 9 built by U. S. Government. Fully accredited. Special Department preparing for Gov't Academies. R. O. T. C. Post-Graduate and Junior Schools. Athletics, including gym, swimming, golf, horsemanship. 50 piece band. For beautifully illustrated catalog, address: **Dept. A, Columbia, Tenn.**

The Bolles School
On St. Johns River. Accredited—prepares for college or Government Academies. 5th to 12th grades. Splendidly equipped fireproof dormitory. New gymnasium. Military and Naval training. For catalog, address:
Col. Roger A. Painter, Pres., Jacksonville, Fla.

SOUTHERN STATES—BOYS

TENNESSEE MILITARY INSTITUTE

Thorough preparation for better colleges. Develops sound study habits, good character. Mature faculty. Personal attention. All sports. Healthful location in highlands. 67th year. Limited enrolment. Moderate rate. *Catalog.*
Col. C. R. Endsley, Supt.
Box 113, Sweetwater, Tenn.

FORK UNION MILITARY ACADEMY

Fully accredited. Prepares for college or business. **Able faculty. Small** classes. **Supervised** study. Lower School for **small boys** in new separate building. **Housemother. R. O. T. C. Fireproof** buildings. **Inside swimming pool. All athletics. Best health record.** Students from 27 states and other countries. Catalog 43rd year. **Dr. J. J. Wicker, Pres., Box A, Fork Union, Virginia.**

GREENBRIER MILITARY SCHOOL *also* SUMMER CAMP

129th year. Fully accredited Lower School, High School, 1st year College. Trains for leadership. Prize winning band, publications, rifle and debating teams. Complete athletic program for every cadet. Elevation 2300 ft. Near White Sulphur Springs. Modern fireproof connected buildings. Privately owned riding stables, dairy and farms.
For "Evidence" (Success record) and catalog, address:
Major D. T. Moore, Registrar, Box A, Lewisburg, W. Va.

FLORIDA NAVAL ★ ACADEMY

On Halifax River
"The Only Naval School in the South"

New buildings on 50 acre campus for 125 boys. Prepares boys for all universities and engineering schools. Small classes. Naval and aviation training. Retired Admiral, Superintendent. All sports, boats, sailing, ocean bathing. For Catalog, address: **Paul A. Brubeck, Daytona Beach, Fla., or Suite 531 Graybar Bldg., New York.**

AUGUSTA MILITARY ACADEMY
Fort Defiance, Virginia

Military life develops strong moral character. Prepares for the best colleges. Excellent personal supervision. Good health record. All sports; swimming pool; magnificent gymnasium. Stable of 36 horses. Country location in Shenandoah Valley. 700 acres. 75th year. Reasonable rate. Write for catalog.
COL. T. J. ROLLER *or* MAJ. C. S. ROLLER, JR.

« G. M. C. »

ACCREDITED military school in Georgia's most historic location. Best advantages at $195. Distinguished alumni. Junior college, high school, and junior school. Aeronautics. Sports. 62nd yr. Opens Sept. 4. *Catalog.* **Commandant, Box G, Milledgeville, Ga.**

Fishburne Military School

Sound accredited college preparation with development of the whole boy. Classes average 10-12. Supervised study. Military training (R.O.T.C.) builds confidence. Athletics for all. New gym, pool. Cadet band. 61st year. Catalogue.
Col. M. H. Hudgins, Box A-4, Waynesboro, Virginia.

Kentucky Military Institute

A school with a winter home in Florida. Preparation for college under ideal climatic conditions all year. Oldest private military school in America. For fully illustrated catalog, address:
Col. Chas. B. Richmond, Pres., Box M, Lyndon, Ky.

Millersburg Military Institute

In the Heart of the Blue Grass. Fully Accredited. 48th Yr. College Preparatory and Separate Junior School. Small classes. All athletics. Rates very moderate. For catalog address **Col. W. R. Nelson, Supt., Box 1140, Millersburg, Ky.**

Randolph-Macon Academy

Military. Accredited. 49th Year. At northern entrance to Skyline Drive. Prepares for college through intensive study methods. Fireproof buildings. Supervised athletics. Visitors welcome. Write for catalog and "Visit" folder. **Col. John C. Boggs, Principal, Box A, Front Royal, Va.**

Georgia Military Academy

Splendidly equipped college prep school. Highest military and academic ratings. Individual house plan whereby boys live with teachers under tutorial system. Separate Junior School, boys 8 to 13. For catalog, address: **Major W. M. Brewster, Pres., G.M.A., College Park, Georgia.**

SOUTHERN STATES—BOYS

RIVERSIDE

One of the nation's most distinguished schools, featuring two complete school plants for the purpose of securing greater interest and improved health. Fall and Spring in the invigorating Blue Ridge Mountains of North Georgia, Winter in South Florida's famed resort area at Hollywood-by-the-Sea. Every necessary expense of school year—board, tuition, uniforms, laundry, books, and weekly spending money—covered by flat fee of $1044.00.

Riverside combines the superior facilities and activities of the large school with the individual attention of Small Unit Divisions directed by an outstanding faculty who live in same buildings and eat at same tables with cadets—thus assuring personal interest at all times.

Boys and parents like Riverside for its system of rewards, large campuses, gymnasiums, heated tiled swimming pool, mid-winter sun-and surf-bathing, recreation rooms, weekly reports, economy, and splendid equipment. Classes are small with progress guaranteed.

Choice of newly organized Naval Training Unit with boats furnished by U. S. Navy Department or Army R.O.T.C. training supervised by U.S. War Department. Aviation. Thorough preparation for any college, university, or Government Academy; also Post Graduate Courses.

Separate home-like Junior School for younger boys. House mother. For full information, address

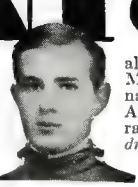
GENERAL SANDY BEAVER, *President*, Box A-8, Gainesville, Georgia

6 MONTHS IN THE BLUE RIDGE MTS.

OUTSTANDING MILITARY AND NAVAL TRAINING

3 WINTER MONTHS IN FLORIDA

STAUNTON MILITARY ACADEMY



One of America's most distinguished military schools, located in historic Shenandoah Valley of Virginia. High elevation, excellent health record. For 80 years graduates have made excellent records at best colleges, universities, Annapolis and West Point. R.O.T.C. unit. 40-piece band. Liberal course for cadets not entering college. Modern, fire-proof buildings, two gymnasiums, and modern swimming pool. Athletic program for all boys. Separate Junior School. *For catalogue, address* **Col. Emory J. Middour, Supt., Box A-8, Staunton, Virginia.**

MID-ATLANTIC STATES—BOYS

You Are Cordially Invited To Visit the

NEW YORK MILITARY ACADEMY

The School of Distinction

to see 360 young gentlemen being educated and trained to become the future leaders of America.

For Catalog, address the Headmaster

Cornwall-on-Hudson • New York

Peekskill Military Academy

Peekskill methods, companionships and an inspirational Faculty assure the highest achievements for your Boy. 108th yr. Modern Buildings. Separate Jr. Sch. All sports. Ages 7-18. 1 hr. from N. Y. Catalog.
Principals, Box A-8, Peekskill-on-Hudson, N. Y.

Peddie

Specializes in preparing boys for college. 354 graduates in last five years have entered such colleges as Yale, Princeton, Dartmouth, Harvard. 150 acres. 16 modern buildings, Junior school. All sports for all. School golf course. Summer session. 76th year. Write for catalog. **Wilbour E. Saunders, Headmaster, Box 8-Y, Hightstown, N. J.**

Harrisburg Academy

and Junior College. Ideal campus bordering Susquehanna near Blue Ridge Mts. Pupils all ages. Graduates in sixty colleges. Provides two year Junior College in Business. Modern plant. Playing fields. New gym and pool. Write for Catalogues.
Frank C. Baldwin, Box 112, Harrisburg, Pa.

VALLEY FORGE MILITARY ACADEMY
AT THE NATION'S SHRINE

COLLEGE preparatory for young gentlemen 12 to 20. Also fully accredited Junior College. Enrollment limited to 400. Highest scholastic standards, special supervision for individual student. Recitation classes limited to 12. 384 graduates now enrolled in college, West Point, Annapolis. New fireproof dormitories, academic buildings, library, large recreation building and gym. Modern swimming pool, stables with 60 horses. Motorized Field Artillery Battery. All sports, golf, polo. Cavalry, Infantry, Senior R.O.T.C. Band. Highest Government rating. For catalogue address Box C, WAYNE, PA.

MID-ATLANTIC STATES—BOYS

IRVING

Exceptionally high type faculty prepares boys for all colleges. Regents accredited. Certificate privileges. Essentially a home school—classes small enough to meet individual needs. Lower school. All sports. Gym, golf. Suburban to New York. Limited enrolment. *Catalog.* **C. Walter Olson, Box 950, Tarrytown-on-Hudson, N. Y.**

Carson Long Institute

Boys' Military School. Educates the whole boy—physically, mentally, morally. How to learn, how to labor, how to live. Prepares for college or business. Character building supreme. Rates $550.00. Catalog. **Box 10, New Bloomfield, Pa.**

Bordentown Military Institute

College Preparatory. Accredited. Business and General courses. Experienced teachers. Homelike atmosphere. *Boys taught how to study.* Healthful location. Near Trenton. All sports, gymnasium. Junior school. Founded 1885. Summer sessions. Catalog. **Registrar, Box 18, Bordentown, N. J.**

SPEECH AND DRAMATIC ARTS

AMERICAN ACADEMY OF DRAMATIC ARTS

FOUNDED IN 1884 BY FRANKLIN H. SARGENT

THE foremost institution for Dramatic and Expressional Training in America. The courses of the Academy furnish the essential preparation for Teaching and Directing as well as for Acting.

FALL TERM BEGINS OCTOBER 26th

FOR CATALOG ADDRESS SECRETARY, ROOM 266, CARNEGIE HALL, NEW YORK

Alviene School & Stock Theatre 46th Year.

3 Schools—Drama-Speech, Dance, Vocal for Acting, Teaching, Directing. Faculty 36. Stage, Screen and Radio appearances while learning. Graduates: Una Merkel, Fred Astaire, Lee Tracy, Laurette Taylor, Peggy Shannon. Catalog, apply **Sec'y Ely, 66 W. 85 St., N. Y.**

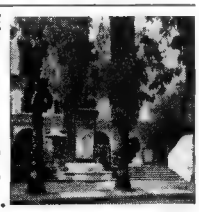
Columbia College of Drama, Radio

Professional and academic training in all phases of broadcasting, theatre, and motion pictures. 50 years national recognition. Diplomas and degrees. Public stage performances. Write for catalog. **Dept. 13, Fine Arts Bldg., Michigan near Congress, Chicago, Illinois.**

TWENTY-TWO YEARS PRODUCING EXPERIENCE

YOUR CAREER STAGE SCREEN RADIO

Prepare for drama career with practical training of organization that produces 60 plays a year in $650,000 theatrical plant. Professional instruction in Acting, Directing, Teaching and Technical Subjects. Experience before paying audiences. Playhouse has developed more talent for screen than any other source. *Write General Manager for illustrated catalog.*



PASADENA PLAYHOUSE

42 S. EL MOLINO AVE. • PASADENA, CALIF.

BUSINESS AND SECRETARIAL

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN UNIVERSITY

Accountancy School
Pace Curriculum

Washington has more accountancy students for its population than any other large American city; like these students you may enjoy Washington's unique advantages while taking 2-year Day or 3-year Evening Business Courses leading to approved degrees. Employment opportunities in all branches of accountancy are so exceptional that 92% of our graduates are employed. Co-ed. Hours permit part or full time employment. 1857 students from 47 states. For 34th Year Book, apply 16th and L. Streets, N. W., Washington, D. C.

LEARN Accounting, Banking, Stenography, Telegraphy, Civil Service, all branches of modern commerce. **3,000 students,** beautiful campus, **8 buildings,** $60,000 gym, $40,000 stadium, municipal swimming pool, band, glee club, regular University life.

WRITE FOR FREE CATALOG

Attend on Credit, Pay When Employed

free

CHILLICOTHE BUSINESS COLLEGE

1200 Monroe St. Chillicothe, Mo.

TRI-STATE COLLEGE

Degree in 2 Years

B. S. Degree in Business Administration and Accounting in 2 years. For those who aspire to executive positions. Men and women. Low tuition, low living costs. Also 2 year Engineering courses. **57th year.** Students from all over the world. Enter Sept., Jan., March, June. *Write for catalog.* **180 Park Ave., Angola, Ind.**

Rider College

Practical, college degree (B.S.) training for young men and women. Prepares for responsible positions as business executives, accountants, secretaries, commercial teachers, Journalism. College life—sports, dorms, fraternities, sororities. Placement. 76th year. Catalog. **Secretary, Trenton, N. J.**

PHYSICAL EDUCATION

American College of Physical Education Accredited. Coeducational. 32nd yr. 1 yr. Recreation Course, 2 yr. Diploma and 3 yr. B.P.E. Degree. 1 yr. Physiotherapy. Dept. of Athletic Coaching. Placement Bureau. New term Sept. 23. Free Catalog. Views. **Dept. A. M., 1019 Diversey Parkway, Chicago, Ill.**

SPECIAL SCHOOLS

Regain Perfect Speech if you

STAMMER

Every stammerer should have the new 287 page book "Stammering, Its Cause and Correction." Sent free to stammerers. It describes the Bogue Unit Method for the scientific correction of stammering and stuttering. Method successfully used at Bogue Institute for 39 years—since 1901. Endorsed by physicians. Write for full information. No obligation. **Benjamin N. Bogue, Dept. 1705, Circle Tower, Indianapolis, Ind.**

ART

Chicago Academy of Fine Arts

Start your career in this famous school. Faculty of 33 professionals. Direct-Project Teaching. Commercial Art. Dress Design. Fashions. Cartooning. Interior Decorating. Industrial Design. Drawing. Painting. Fall term Sept. 3. **18 S. Michigan Ave., Suite F-8, Chicago**

American Academy of Art

Practical courses in Commercial and Fine Art, Dress Design, Fashion Illustration. Faculty of international reputation. Individual instruction. Fall term begins September 3rd. Write for catalog. **Frank H. Young, Dept. 380, 25 E. Jackson Blvd., Chicago, Ill.**

Art Institute of Pittsburgh

18-month courses in Commercial Art and Illustration, Fashion Drawing, Dress Design and Millinery, Interior Decoration, Industrial Design. Students from 23 states. Low-Payment-Plan. Free Placement Service. 20th year starts Sept. 9. Catalog. **Willis Shook, Dir., 128 Stanwix St., Pittsburgh, Pa.**

Layton School of Art

Painting, Illustration, Sculpture; Advertising, Industrial, Interior and Costume Design; Teacher Training. Frequent exhibitions. 21st year. Non-profit. Moderate tuition. Fall Term Begins September 16th. Catalog. **Charlotte R. Partridge, Director, 340 Layton Art Gallery, Milwaukee, Wis.**

National Art School

Study in the Nation's Capital. Famous art galleries, libraries. All branches of commercial and fine art, including Costume Design, Fashion Ill., Advertising, Int. Decoration. Life Class. Details in catalog. 25th yr. Occupying entire new building. **Studio 608, 1503 21st St., N. W., Washington, D. C.**

VOCATIONAL AND PROFESSIONAL

Aeronautical University

Aeronautical Engineering (Founded by Curtiss-Wright). 2 year B. S. Degree. Certified Mechanics. Administrative Courses, Radio, etc. Accredited. Write for Free Illustrated Catalog. **Aeronautical University, Curtiss-Wright Bldg., Dept. H, 1342 S. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Illinois.**

Allied Screw Machine Co. Inc.

Learn Machinist, Tool & Die Making. Learn these trades on actual work at Allied Shops. Fully equipped. State approved. Low fee. Day or Evening Training. Free Employment Service. Write Today for Free 36-Page Illustrated Book. **(School Div.) Dept. AM-8, 609-13 W. Lake Street, Chicago, Ill.**

THE SIREN SMILED

(Continued from page 33)

I was laughing, and that reassured him and he started to smile.

Pat wanted to know where we were going and offered us a lift. I could see no reason why we couldn't accept it, so tipped the cab driver when he arrived and got in the sedan with Pat. He swung around and down the Embarcadero and we drove the entire distance to the apartment with hardly a dozen words between us. Pat had something on his mind.

The three of us got out, and he looked us over and said, "Say, Hobe, business is business and I'm going to cut your throat every chance I get, just like you would mine, but there's no reason we should walk around with a chip on our shoulders after hours."

His apparently sincere attitude made me immediately suspicious of him and I wondered what was in the wind. There was one way to find out, and that was to accept his offer and keep my eyes open from that moment on.

HE LOCKED the car and we went up the stairs to the apartment, and I heard the radio going and the sound of people talking and laughing, and knew where Michael and Jo and the Chases had gone. We stopped at the door, and Pat looked at me oddly and then slowly started to smile.

The captain said, "Well, what're we waitin' for, Hobe?"

"Nothing."

I unlocked the door, and we went into the reception hall and on into the living-room. Everything except the radio came to a complete halt when we entered. The four of them were still in the same clothes they had had on that afternoon and there were trays of food about the room and half-filled glasses on the tables.

Jo's face froze when she saw Pat, and Michael quizzically looked at me and half cocked an inquiring eyebrow.

"Sorry to interrupt you," I said. "If I had known—"

Michael said, "It's all right. We looked all over for you when we got back from the barge." He crossed the room and said to Pat, "This is naturally a surprise to me. I had thought, from our last conversation—"

Pat interrupted him with, "Hell, Mr. Ryan! There's no sense in us acting like a bunch of kids. I was just telling Hobe we might as well bury the hatchet and grow up.

Of course," he laughed, "that little bet of ours still goes."

Michael's suspicions, I felt, were immediately aroused, as mine had been, and he must have come to the same conclusion, as he shook hands and said, "Very good. No use being childish, is there?"

"None at all."

Their hands dropped to their sides, and I introduced the captain and first mate of the trawler. Porter simply grunted, but Chalmers had to slap Michael on the shoulder and tell him all about remembering him as a young shaver. I led the way across the room and introduced the three to Myra and Mrs. Chase, who had eyes only for Les Porter.

Niki poured drinks for us all, and that helped break the constrained silence which had fallen over the group. All of us, except Jo, started talking at once. She leaned back on her elbow, stared into the fire, and was seemingly in another world, a bitter one, from the deep frown about her eyes. Pat Carmichael's presence annoyed her.

HE NOTICED it, but paid no attention to her, and held a rapid-fire conversation with Michael and Myra. She was still enthused over their trip to the barge and particularly with the diving they had witnessed. I told her that Pat was one of the greatest divers in the business, and her interest focused on him very sharply.

"Seeing that Michael is in this business," she said, "I'd like to know all about it. Tell me, what are the 'bends' I hear so much about?"

"Well," Pat said, "a diver usually works on the bottom under pretty high pressure, a pressure much greater than the human body is supposed to stand. A skin diver would be crushed to jelly very far down. So these canvas diving suits you saw are made a bit larger than necessary, and air, forced in under pressure, fills them out and forms a protective padding around the diver. But the diver is also breathing that same air, and naturally it is shot into his lungs under a greater pressure than normal. The oxygen in that air his lungs can take care of okay, but the nitrogen is another matter. It goes into his tissues and stays there. Ordinarily the tissues would get rid of it, but when it comes in under a pressure of, say, sixty pounds to the square inch, they take in nitrogen much faster than they can dispose of it."

"I see. And then what happens?"

"Well, then, when the diver is brought to the surface, he must be brought up very slowly to decompress that nitrogen, to allow his body to throw it off. As he comes up, the pressure decreases, the tissues of his body function more normally, and the nitrogen is gradually discharged. But if that pressure is taken off too fast, such as bringing him up too quickly, the overload of nitrogen begins to expand and it bubbles in his blood like an uncorked bottle of champagne. The diver gets cramps in his joints and muscles, blood clots form and sometimes block the brain passages—which is immediate death—and sometimes paralysis is induced."

Myra shuddered and distastefully grimaced. "That's horrible. Isn't there any way to prevent it?"

"Sure," Pat laughed. "Do it right in the first place; bring the diver up slowly. However, an emergency sometimes arises when the diver has to be brought to the surface at once. In that case we always have a re-

VOCATIONAL AND PROFESSIONAL

BROOKLYN Y. M. C. A. TECHNICAL INSTITUTE

YMCA

1123 BEDFORD AVE., DEPT. F-8, BROOKLYN, NEW YORK CITY, N. Y.

☐ Mechanical Pre-Engineering
☐ Aeronautical Pre-Engineering
☐ Diesel Pre-Engineering
☐ I am interested in learning a trade.

MAIL COUPON

COMPLETE IN 2 YEARS INSTEAD OF 4
Would you like to get a technical training but do not wish to spend four years in a technical university? We offer two years technical courses with plenty of shopwork. This gives our graduates the theoretical and practical knowledge employers desire. Thousands of graduates successfully employed. Fire-proof dormitory, Gym & Pool.
Check your interests on coupon to receive free catalog.
Name.....
Address.....

AERONAUTICAL ENGINEERING
...for High School or College Graduates

Your Aeronautical Engineering course at Aero Industries Technical Institute is arranged to meet your INDIVIDUAL needs, whether you have a college degree, some college work, or only a high school education. Minimum training period is 12 months, with advanced, post-graduate, and research work available to qualified students. Aero ITI emphasizes student practice in actual aircraft design and production projects. This practical experience is called "the most important phase" of aeronautical engineering training by John K. Northrop, prominent aircraft designer and builder and member of this school's Executive Board. Your Aero ITI course is true professional training for an Aeronautical Engineering career – proven by an outstanding record of graduate placement. U.S.C.A.A. approved 12 month Master Aircraft Mechanics course offered, also other Aviation vocation courses. Send for course descriptions, stating age, education

AERO INDUSTRIES TECHNICAL INSTITUTE
5269 WEST SAN FERNANDO ROAD, LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA

HOTEL TRAINING

—For Better Positions . . . Substantial Salaries—Classes Now Forming

Increasing opportunities for trained men and women in fascinating, nationwide hotel field. Qualify thru short, specialized, intensive courses in America's only exclusive hotel training institute. Come to Washington. Learn in four months on real hotel equipment. Study under expert instructors in $200,000 specially designed institute. Enjoy the attractions of Washington while training. New day classes start Sept., Oct. National Placement Service FREE of extra charge. Hundreds of graduates "making good" in Hotels, Resorts, Clubs, Apartment Hotels, Schools, Restaurants, Hospitals everywhere. Free Catalog gives full details—write for it *now*.

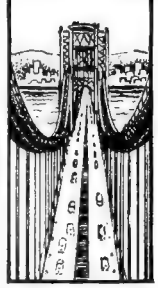
LEWIS HOTEL TRAINING SCHOOL
Division RWM-1440 Washington, D. C.
(Now In Its 24th Year)

ELECTRICAL ENGINEERING IN ONE YEAR

Prepare for increasing opportunities in the electrical field. Learn fundamentals of theory and practice. Modern shops and laboratories. Competent faculty gives personal supervision. Highly successful placement; graduates in demand. Comfortable living quarters; spacious campus. 48th year. Reasonable rate. **Catalog. 228 Takoma Ave., Washington, D. C.**

BLISS ELECTRICAL SCHOOL

TRI-STATE COLLEGE



Degree in 2 Years

B. S. Degree in Civil, Electrical, Mechanical, Chemical, Radio, Aeronautical Engineering; Business Administration and Accounting. World-famous for technical two-year courses. Also short diploma courses (36 weeks) in Surveying, Drafting. Non-essentials eliminated. Tuition, living costs low. For ambitious, earnest students. Special Preparatory Department for those who lack required high school work. Students from all parts of the world. **57th year.** Graduates successful. Enter June, September, January, March. Write for catalog.

SCHOOL OF ENGINEERING
Burton Handy, Pres.
180 College Ave., Angola, Ind.

LEARN AVIATION
IN LOS ANGELES · Nation's Aviation Capital

Huge increase in Los Angeles aviation activity has assured splendid positions for graduates. Career training offered for airline piloting, engineering, mechanics, drafting, production mechanics and instruments. Train at one of America's most modernly equipped and strategically located schools. Approved by the U. S. Government as an advanced flying school and as a mechanics school. Write for free 64 page catalog. State age.

CALIFORNIA FLYERS
SCHOOL OF AERONAUTICS – Dept. AM-8
LOS ANGELES MUNICIPAL AIRPORT, INGLEWOOD, CALIF.

Northwest Institute of Medical Technology Clinical Laboratory and X-Ray Technic. Thorough Clinical Laboratory course 9 months. X-Ray 3 months. Electro cardiography additional. Graduates in demand. Men, women. Established 22 years. Catalog sent postpaid on request. **3425 E. Lake St., Minneapolis, Minn.**

ENGINEERING
DEGREE IN TWO YEARS

B.S. Degree courses in Engineering: Electrical, Civil, Chemical, Mechanical, Radio and Television, or Aeronautical. Also 1 yr. Mech. Drafting—Special Radio. Approved by Civil Aeronautics Authority for participation in Civilian Pilot Training Program. Intense, practical, thorough program. Preparatory courses without extra charge. Earn board. Low tuition. Enter September 3, Dec., March, June. Catalog. 280 E. Washington Blvd., Fort Wayne, Ind.

INDIANA TECHNICAL COLLEGE

Learn AVIATION at LINCOLN

Prepare here for fascinating career as Aeronautical Engineer. Learn Airplane Design and Construction. Two year course prepares you for Engineering position. Lincoln's Flying and Mechanics Training, **APPROVED by U. S. Civil Aeronautics Authority,** prepares you for Gov't Ratings and position as Pilot or Mechanic. Exceptional opportunities. Our Placement Service assisting Graduates into fine positions. **WRITE TODAY for information.**

LINCOLN AERONAUTICAL INSTITUTE (INC.)
6020 Aircraft Building, Lincoln, Nebraska

TRAIN FOR Electricity
I'll Finance Your Tuition

Learn by Doing, in 12 weeks, in big shops of Coyne—**Not** home study or correspondence. Earn while learning. Free employment service after graduation. Write for details of my Pay after Graduation Plan and Free book.

COYNE ELECTRICAL SCHOOL, Dept. CO-12,
500 South Paulina Street - - Chicago, Illinois

NEW MEXICO SCHOOL of MINES

ONE of the Nation's outstanding mining schools . . . Practical 4-year courses in Mining, Metallurgical and Petroleum Engineering, and Geological Engineering (Mining and Petroleum options) . . . Small classes, fine equipment, strong faculty . . . Healthful climate . . . All expenses low . . . Ask for Catalog 12.

C. M. NEEDHAM, Pres., SOCORRO, N. M.

National Schools
Diesel Training. Learn fast-growing Trade, including Auto Mechanics & Machine Shop Practice. Unnecessary to give up present job. Flexible plan to meet your needs. Send for free literature. Est. 1905.
Dept. AMA-8, 4000 S. Figueroa, Los Angeles, California

Spartan School of Aeronautics
Flying, Engineering, Mechanics, Radio. Approved by U.S. Gov't. 17 modern buildings; finest equipment; private fields; club-like dormitories. $100,000 expansion program. University curriculum. New semester starts Sept. 30th. Write for free catalog. **Capt. Maxwell W. Balfour, Director, Dept. AM80, Tulsa, Okla.**

ILLINOIS COLLEGE
OF CHIROPODY AND FOOT SURGERY

Now in its twenty-sixth year, offers thorough professional course leading to degree of Doctor of Surgical Chiropody. High School Education required for entrance. National recognition, eminent faculty of chiropodists, physicians, surgeons and orthopedists. Excellent clinical facilities. For bulletin write the Registrar, Dept. 2339.

1327 N. Clark Street Chicago, Illinois

AVIATION CAREER

OFFERS YOU A GREAT FUTURE!
Demand for trained aircraftsmen is increasing and already exceeds supply. Curtiss-Wright Tech, Aviation's foremost school, is located on Grand Central Air Terminal in heart of the aircraft industry and specializes in training *MASTER MECHANICS* and *AERONAUTICAL ENGINEERS.* No flying involved. Write for details *NOW.* Department AM-8.

CURTISS-WRIGHT TECHNICAL INSTITUTE
Glendale (Los Angeles) California

compression tank on board our work boats, where pressure of any depth can be easily simulated with air. The diver is locked in this tank, pressure is run up to the depth he has been working in, and the nitrogen goes back into solution. Then the tank is slowly blown, and he is decompressed as he would ordinarily be coming up in the water. We don't take foolish chances if we can help it."

"I'm glad you have some safety measures." She turned to Michael and purred, "Don't you ever dare go down."

Michael said, "But I fully intend to."

"No!"

"Certainly. Do you think I would be any good to a salvage firm without knowing what the divers have to put up with? Anyway, I'd like to know what it's like down there. I'm curious."

Pat said, "I wouldn't advise you to fool around with it. Diving is not your line."

"I intend to make it so."

HE HELD Pat's eyes, and Jo looked up at the two of them and there was that same look of admiration again, turned on Michael. It had me puzzled. Then she looked at Pat, and twin lights of intense hatred burned in the depths of her eyes.

Pat was thoroughly enjoying himself, but he kept glancing at the clock and finally got to his feet. Captain Chalmers and Les Porter were dreamily thinking of the nearest bar and announced their intention of going along with him.

Mrs. Chase smiled at Porter and said, "We'll be glad to drop you off, wherever you're going."

"Well, thank you, ma'am, but Mr. Carmichael—"

"I'm sure Mr. Carmichael is in a hurry," she said, "but it will be no trouble for us. . . . Niki, will you call a taxi?" . . .

I heard Michael come in just before dawn and was satisfied that in his shoes I would not have been one minute earlier. So I let him sleep in the morning and was half through the day's work at the office when he came down.

He shook his head at me and said, "You should have dragged me out of bed. I haven't kept regular hours of any kind in years, so you'll have to help me get started."

He went into his office.

Jo had come down with him, but stopped in my office, staring out the window and smoking one cigarette after the other. She was wearing tennis shoes, wamsutta slacks, and a hooded parka and looked all set for a day on the water.

"Going sailing?" I asked her.

"Not exactly," she replied, without turning to face me. "Pat called Michael this morning. Pat's going to take him out in one of his launches and let him make a dive."

"Pat!"

"That's right. He should be by any minute. And I'm going along." She turned her head and looked me in the eyes and asked, "Can't you do something about it, Hobe? He shouldn't be allowed anywhere near Pat. He'll get hurt. I know he will."

"Oh, Pat wouldn't pull anything."

"You don't know Pat," she cried. "That man is capable of pulling the dirtiest deals in the deck. I know him. God, how I know him! Hobe, you have to do something."

Michael came out of his office just as the siren of Pat's boat screamed out in the basin, and we went outside. The helmsman jockeyed the launch past the Antares and to the side of the wharf, and we jumped aboard "All of you going?" Pat asked. We nodded, and he shouted to the helmsman, "Take 'er south toward the old oyster beds."

He ducked into the cabin, and we followed him in and stepped over the diving gear and sat on the side divans. He started explaining to Michael exactly how to use the diving dress, what to do, and what not to do.

The boat finally slowed to a stop, and we went above and took soundings over a mile in area. The bottom was fairly even, not more than forty feet in depth, and with decent visibility in the water.

Pat threw out the bow and stern anchors and said to me, "This is funny, me taking my competitor down for his first time."

"Tickled your sense of humor, I suppose."

"Yeah. I got thinking about it last night and had a hell of a laugh."

"Be sure it ends that way, with all of us in on it."

He shot me a hard glance, and walked back to the stern and tested the air hose and the telephone in the helmet.

Michael left the deck, and Jo sat on the railing with the helmsman and watched Pat at work. He was quietly smiling to himself, and I had an uneasy feeling in the pit of my stomach and tried to find the reason for that smile, or even the reason for anything that was happening. Pat surely was not going to endanger Michael in any way, with Jo and me on board, and he certainly was not doing it for any love of his rival.

Then I thought of diving itself, and partially had the reason. There is something about going under water in a helmet and canvas suit, placing your life in the hands of the men above you, that calls for an extreme stupidity or some degree of courage. Michael was far from being stupid, but whether or not he had the necessary courage remained to be seen.

MICHAEL came out of the cabin in Pat's diving clothes, and Pat and I helped him into the diving suit. It was not a bad fit, and Michael said something about being quite dapper. Pat was in a hurry to get it over with, and clamped on the helmet and screwed it down to the breastplate. He left the front port open, so Michael could talk.

We moved him to the open section in the rail, and Pat said, "You'll find a rope hanging down from the boarding ladder. Slide down that to the bottom, and don't go too fast. Take it easy. You'll have to regulate your air pressure as you go. Too much air in that suit, and you'll float—too little, and the water pressure will knock you out, possibly crush you. Understand?" Michael nodded his head inside the helmet. Pat continued, "Don't walk around very much down there. You're not used to it and it's easy to get lost. We can pull you up, but not if you should foul your lines on something. Be sure you know where your lines are at all times. Now, when you want to come up, go back to the rope and come up that. Don't pull yourself up. Just valve a little extra air and you will gradually ascend. Not too fast, though. Got it?"

"I think so. How fast should I come up?"

I said, "It all depends on how long you're on the bottom. You have to properly decompress yourself. Tell you what, Michael; I'll handle this end of the telephone and tell you exactly what to do. Forty feet down doesn't sound like much, but it's no child's play."

Pat started the air pump and I slammed the front port and bolted it tight, and Michael stepped over the side and to the first rung of the ladder. He lowered himself until only his shoulders and helmet were above water, then paused and looked at me. In his expression was the full realization of every thought that had been going through my own mind. He knew exactly what he was up against, what Pat expected of him, and some idea of what might happen if he did become panic-stricken. And still he went down. He found the rope, let go of the ladder, and slid down out of sight. The water closed over him and a mass of bubbles broke the surface.

Jo was standing at my side, peering down into the water, and breathed

"Gosh! You always want to waltz and make a spectacle of yourself!"

into my ear, "If anything should happen to him—"

I nervously turned away and picked up the telephone and glanced at Pat. He was watching the gauges on the air pump, but in his eyes was a speculative light that had me guessing. He looked over at me and moved to my side so he could hear me talk.

I glanced at the line and hose being paid out by the helmsman, and spoke into the mouthpiece: "You're down fifteen feet. Take it slower."

His voice almost inaudibly came back to me: "Can't . . . so well. What . . . say?"

"You can't hear," I shouted, "because of the air hissing in your helmet. Shut it off for a second whenever you talk. Hear me?"

"Okay. How far am I down?"

"Twenty feet. Go a little easier. There's no rush."

He went down more slowly after that, and in four or five minutes announced, "I'm on the bottom."

"Good. Stand there until you get accustomed to the light. Let me know when you can make out objects around you."

I slid the earphones back and rubbed my ears and subconsciously began to look the launch over, and for some reason thought of Pat's conversation with Myra the night before. It suddenly dawned on me, for the first time, that there was no recompression tank on board and no spare diving suit.

My breath caught in my throat and perspiration broke out on my forehead as the complete picture of Pat's motives for this dive took form. If Michael's lines should get fouled on the bottom there was no way to go down after him, and he was too much of a novice to be expected to free himself without some luck. But, as far as I knew, the bottom was clear of obstructions. The great danger was in the absence of the recompression tank. If Michael should become panicky now he could close the exhaust valve, let the air build up in his suit, and shoot to the top. In which case he would be an immediate victim of the bends. The safe time for ascent from forty feet, even with no time on the bottom, was a minimum of seventeen minutes. Longer time on the bottom meant more time in coming up.

Michael was in a position that even I, an experienced diver, would not care to be in.

I SLID the phones back onto my ears, and he said, "I can see a bit now and make out some objects."

"Do you feel all right?"

"A little queer, but otherwise okay. It's odd down here."

"Sure. Now you'd better come up."

"Nothing doing. I'm beginning to like it. I'm going to walk around a little. Give me some more line."

I wiped my forehead with a handkerchief and said, "Listen, Ryan; you'd better come up. No use overdoing it."

There was no answer from him. He had the air on and had not heard me.

Pat asked, "How's he doing?"

"He likes it." I caught his eyes and said, "Pat, if anything happens to him I'll put a bullet in your brain, so help me!"

"Well, what the hell! What's eating you?"

Jo quickly stepped to my side and her eyes were wide with fright. "What is it, Hobe?"

"I just noticed there was no emergency suit on board and no recompression tank. If he should come up too fast—"

"Oh, God!"

She weakly sat down and fixed her eyes on Pat, and I said, "It's partially my fault. I should have had sense enough to check this boat over. I'm telling you, Pat—"

"Aw, nuts!" He walked away from me, saying, "I do the guy a favor and you think I have some sinister motive. He's plenty safe. What kind of a person do you think I am?"

Jo said quietly, "I know the kind of person you are."

After twenty minutes or so Michael shut his air off and called, "Coming up now. Beginning to get chilly. How long shall I take?"

"You haven't been down quite thirty minutes," I said, "so take thirty-three in coming up. Stop at the thirty-foot level for five minutes, at the twenty for ten or so, and at the ten-foot level for fifteen minutes. We'll handle it from this end."

FORTUNATELY, nothing untoward happened, the helmet broke the surface at the end of thirty-three minutes, and in a moment longer we had Michael on deck and out of the helmet and suit. He stretched himself and was widely smiling and seemed to have enjoyed every minute of it.

He said to Pat, "Altogether different than I had expected. It's a peculiar world down there. For a while I couldn't recognize a thing, then I began to make out little objects like clam and oyster shells and some waterlogged pieces of wood."

"You liked it, huh?"

"Very much. I would have stayed down longer if there had been a recompression tank on board."

The heavy silence which fell over that boat could almost be felt. Michael stared straight into Pat's eyes, and there was no smile on his face and his lips were set in a grim line. Pat's eyes wavered, and he frowned and looked away.

"You'd better come below," he said, "and have a shot of whisky. You're going to have a whale of a headache in a few minutes."

He and Michael went down into the cabin, and I said to Jo, "Imagine a man like that. He knew everything he was up against and he still went below. I don't know what that takes, but whatever it is he sure has it."

There was no answer from Jo. She was still standing in the same position she had been in when Michael had come on deck. In her eyes was a look that startled me.

"What's wrong, Jo?"

"Wrong?" she echoed, staring out over the water and not seeing it. "Wrong? Everything, I guess. I've fallen in love with him." . . .

Pat dropped us at the company wharf and was gone with a casual wave of his hand. We went into my office, and Jo and I sat down and Michael paced the floor.

"The thing to do," he said, "is to tie up all of the firms with whom we do business, so that we will be given first consideration in everything. I've just come to the conclusion that this is big business."

Jo said, "You're damned right it is. There is nothing small about salvage. It's about time you reached that conclusion."

Michael grinned at her. "Well, you can't expect a poor writer to see what's directly under his nose. However, I believe I have awakened now. . . . Hobe, what are the firms from whom we are most likely to get contracts?"

"Well, in salvage it's mainly the underwriters. When a ship goes down at sea, or is imperiled, the marine underwriters are stuck

THE same powdered chemical compound that kept toilets glistening and sanitary 28 years ago is used by countless women today. Sani-Flush is still the easiest and best known way to keep toilet bowls spotless. You don't have to scrub and scour. You don't even touch it with your hands.

Just sprinkle a little Sani-Flush in the bowl twice a week. It even cleans the hidden trap. Cannot injure plumbing connections. (Also effective for cleaning out automobile radiators.) *See directions on can.* Sold by grocery, drug, hardware and 5-and-10c stores. 10c and 25c sizes. The Hygienic Products Company, Canton, Ohio.

Sani-Flush

CLEANS TOILET BOWLS WITHOUT SCOURING

EARN EXTRA MONEY

SELLING BLUEBIRD CHRISTMAS ASSORTMENTS

Show friends 9 new cash-getting boxes—cost you 50c up. 3 way selling features. 58 name imprinted cards. Up to 100% profit. Extra bonus Special combination offer. Experience unnecessary. Write for samples on approval and free money-making plan.

BLUEBIRD STUDIOS, Dept. D-23, Fitchburg, Mass.

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE— WITHOUT CALOMEL

—And You'll Jump Out of Bed in the Morning Rarin' to Go

The liver should pour out two pints of liquid bile onto the food you swallow every day. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food may not digest. You get constipated. You feel sour, sunk and the world looks punk.

It takes those good, old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get these two pints of bile flowing freely to make you feel "up and up." Amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills by name. 10¢ and 25¢. Stubbornly refuse anything else.

with it and try to have it salvaged, if possible. Then, of course, there are lines that carry their own insurance. Red Funnel is one of them. Myra's father, Frank Chase, although he has no executive interest in the firm, is the majority stockholder of that line. There are others, too, and most of them have offices or some kind of representation here in San Francisco. But salvaging a ship is an accident that happens only occasionally, although it's a juicy one for us when it does happen. Our everyday business is mostly concerned with our tugs, of which we have a fleet of eighteen. With these we do business with shipping concerns, quarries, produce companies, the railroads, and so on. Barge-hauling. Then, too, we have a great deal of business from construction projects in which underwater work has to be done, such as that pipe line we're laying at Rio Vista. That is a one-hundred-and-thirty-thousand-dollar job."

"That much?"

"Sure. Big business, like you just discovered."

"DON'T rub it in."

"Well, all right. So we deal with bridge engineers and local and state officials and departments and have some hand in politics. It's spread out."

"I should say it is." He seated himself at my desk and said, "I think it would be good policy for Jo and me to begin a bit of large-scale entertainment. I'll get a place here in the city, something spacious, possibly a cruiser of some kind, and a country estate down the Peninsula."

"Perhaps you're right," Jo said. "You can count me in."

"Good. I knew I could depend on you. But it is going to be expensive."

"I can stand a little expense."

He touched her hand with a friendly gesture, then picked up the telephone and called Myra. He made an appointment with her for the evening, and said to Jo, when he had hung up, "She can help me out. Lovely-looking person, knows a lot of people, and has some value in an entertainment enterprise of this sort, if only as a window dressing."

"Yes," Jo breathed, looking away from him, "and I imagine she will just love to help."

Jo was right. Myra became highly enthused over the plan, helped Michael purchase a coupé and town car and hire a chauffeur, and then drove with him every day about the city looking over homes and apartments. They finally settled on an estate in Hillsborough, complete with swimming pool, tennis courts, stables, and gardens that seemed to cry for lawn parties.

Michael rented the place on an option to purchase, instead of buying it outright, and I went down with him one afternoon to look it over. It was ideal for entertainment purposes and must have been built with that object in mind.

We walked through the oak groves on the grounds and down the lanes overhung with acacia trees, and Michael chuckled and said, "A few months ago I wouldn't have had an state like this as a gift. Pretentious thing."

We watched the gardeners at work on the grounds and then went back to the house. Jo had driven Myra down, and the two of them were inside, making a great splash of color near the windows. They were holding a newspaper and talking excitedly.

Jo handed me the paper when we came in and said, "Take a look at this, Hobe. The Rosslyn has gone down."

"The Rosslyn? God, no!"

"Well, read it."

The Rosslyn was the flagship of the Red Funnel fleet, the greatest combination passenger carrier and freighter on the Pacific Coast. She had been in the Panama-South American fruit trade for some years, but had recently been transferred to a coast run between Seattle, San Francisco, Los Angeles, and San Diego. She had proved herself a good money-earner on that route. Captain Stewart, master of the vessel, was an old acquaintance of mine.

On the first page of the newspaper, screaming in large-type words, was the startling information that the Rosslyn had left her course in a storm the night before and had disappeared without a trace. The only thing known was that an explosion of some sort had occurred. A garbled radio message had been picked up in which only the words "explosion" and "sinking" could be deciphered. She had evidently gone down so fast that the radio operator had not had a chance to send a message properly.

Officials of the Red Funnel Company stated that she had been carrying a small quantity of explosives in the bow which had been destined for another ship. Marine experts claimed, therefore, that if an explosion had occurred it had undoubtedly taken place in that part of the ship, that the bow must have been blown open, and that the speed of the vessel had then burst in the bulkheads.

Coast Guard vessels and airplanes were engaged in a search for some wreckage or an oil slick to determine her position. The news ended with the information that the Rosslyn had had a crew of twenty-eight and that there had been a small list of nineteen passengers on board. It was hinted that in her cargo holds had been some merchandise, or minerals, of a rather valuable nature.

Michael had been reading the news with me, and when we were finished I said, "That's the company Mr. Chase has a large investment in."

Michael asked Myra, "How is your father taking it?"

She shrugged and said, "I don't know. I haven't seen him since he got the news. But I imagine he was hit hard."

Jo said, "We had to hurry down here and tell you about it. Hobe, isn't there a possibility for some salvage work there?"

"Not unless they find the wreck."

"Suppose they do, though?"

"Well, if it can be found and it is not down too deep— Say, I'd better get back to town and find out what's up."

Michael said, "I'll go with you."

WHEN we were just coming into Colma, Michael said, "Have you noticed some sort of change in Jo the past week or so?"

"Change?"

"Yes. I should say since the day we were out with Pat. I can't quite place my finger on it, but she seems different, somehow. She acts the same and talks the same—I don't know what the deuce it is, but I can feel some difference."

For a moment I wondered if I should tell

ANSWERS TO "WHAT DO YOU KNOW?"

1. Elevators. Recent tabulations show the elevators as carrying far more passengers per day than either the railroads or private motorcars.
2. Washington Irving.
3. Christian X of Denmark and Haakon VII of Norway are 1st and 2d sons of the late Frederick VIII of Denmark. Haakon was *elected* king in 1905.
4. A bronze statue of Freedom.
5. Isaiah, 37th chapter; 2 Kings, 19th chapter.
6. The aardvark.
7. David R. Atchison, in 1849, because President-elect Taylor refused to be inaugurated on the Sabbath, and March 4th fell on a Sunday in that year.
8. Battleships, states; cruisers, cities; destroyers, naval officers (dead); submarines, fish.
9. Manhattan Island.
10. (a) Red Grange, (b) Bill Tilden, (c) Man o' War, (d) Babe Ruth, (e) Lou Gehrig, (f) Helen Wills.
11. The $10,000 bill.
12. (c) General Secretary of the Communist party.
13. (d) Secretary of the Treasury.
14. (d) Denmark, established in 1219 A. D. The only country in the world whose flag has remained unaltered.
15. (b) Venus, being a planet and not a star, shines only by the reflected light of the sun.
16. (c) The pigeon drinks by suction, other birds by filling their beaks and swallowing.
17. (d) $22,000,000,000.
18. A pound of feathers is 4 ounces heavier than a pound of gold. Feathers are weighed by avoirdupois weight, with 16 ounces to the pound, while gold is weighed by troy weight, with 12 ounces to the pound.
19. (b) An old English drinking song.
20. (b) A buck.
21. (b) Carbon dioxide.
22. (c) Kangaroo, the young of which is about one inch long at birth.
23. (d) Arizona. February 14, 1912.
24. True.
25. False. The deepest point in the Pacific Ocean, off Mindanao Island, is 34,218 feet below sea level, while the height of Mt. Everest is 29,141 feet.
26. False. The Union of South Africa has the same initials.
27. False. Maine is the only one.
28. False. Basketball has the largest attendance.

him that Jo had fallen in love with him, but only for a moment. It would have been an awful blunder. "No," I lied, "I haven't noticed anything. Seems the same to me."

We went directly to the office and I called the Coast Guard and asked for any news of the Rosslyn. There was none. Then I called the offices of the Red Funnel Line, and they had no additional news. But the president of the company, Mort Everet, wanted to see me at once.

Michael and I drove down Market Street and then up Sutter to the offices at 450, and went up to the eighteenth floor.

We were ushered directly into Everet's office. Mort was at a great desk near the windows; Frank Chase was pacing up and down in front of him; Bob Scott was standing at the windows with his hands behind his back; two stenographers were busily at work answering telephone calls and saying, "No, nothing yet"; and Pat Carmichael was seated in a far corner of the room smoking a cigar. His uncle Dave, a beer-blown individual, left as soon as we entered. He was part of the company in name only. Pat nodded to us when we came in, but made no other move.

EVERET was looking down at his desk, his face sober, and there were sagging lines about his eyes and mouth. Mort was easily in his sixties, had worked his way up from cabin boy on a China run in the old windjammers, and had been driving himself his entire life. He turned and looked at us for some time, a glazed film in his eyes, then spread his hands and said, "Well, you know the whole story, about as much of it as I do. The Rosslyn has gone down and we don't know where. Of course, we have a pretty good idea, but there's been no trace of her yet. And no survivors, so far."

Frank Chase stopped his pacing and barked at Everet, "Of all the damned-fool stunts, taking explosives on that trip! I thought you knew your business, or I would never have voted you into office."

Mort said, very patiently, "I've told you a hundred times, Frank, that it was a mistake made in the Seattle freight department. That load of explosives was supposed to come down on one of the freighters. But it was delivered to the shed four days ahead of time and someone up there—I don't know who it is yet—read the bill of lading wrong and slated it for the Rosslyn. Hell's bells, man! Do you think I'd have it put on that ship when it's against the law for the Rosslyn to carry explosives?"

Chase was faced down, and mumbled under his breath and resumed his pacing. Mort turned his attention back to us, and I softly whistled to myself. It looked like the Red Funnel Line was due for a terrific lawsuit.

Mort scratched his ear and said to us, "Now, we'll undoubtedly locate the boat, and when we do there's going to be a good salvage job for one of you. She had plenty of case oil on board, high-grade stuff, ten automobiles, some furniture, a little produce and burlap, and almost a quarter of a million dollars of liquor, bonded stuff. The liquor and the case oil should amount to better than three hundred thousand. Then, of course, there's the Rosslyn herself. You might be able to bring her up. If not, you should take forty or fifty thousand in metal, engines, and fixtures from her."

Pat said, "Sounds good if she can be found."

"Naturally. But I don't think we'll have trouble there."

Bob Scott suddenly turned about and cried, "Why the hell don't you get to the point? What are you stalling for?" He looked at us and said, "He's skipping the main thing. Smack under the bridge of that boat is four and a half million in gold bullion. I had it insured."

Pat sat erect with a jerk, and I involuntarily gasped, "Gold bullion!"

Bob ran his thin fingers through his hair and said, "Yes, and the Red Funnel is going to get sued for it. I'm not taking a loss like that on a boat that was carrying explosives against the law."

Frank Chase barked at Everet, "You see? Damn-it-to-hell, why did I ever vote you in? Not only do we lose in the Rosslyn but we get sued for an additional four and a half million. That'll ruin me, you know that?" A crafty light came into his eyes, and he forced a smile and said to Bob, "Not that you can collect, understand. You haven't a leg to stand on."

"Oh, yeah? We'll let the courts decide that."

Chase said to Mort, "Suppose they can't prove she went down because of an explosion. What then?"

"Then we're not liable. Only the loss of that bullion directly caused by the carriage of explosives can make us liable."

Mort fastened his tired eyes on Pat and me and said, "You two have the only equipment on the coast capable of handling a salvage job like this. Now, you can put in your bids on the percentage you want and cut each other's throats, or you can throw in with each other and handle the job together. There will be no other firms bidding."

Pat said, "No split for me. I'll bid."

"Same here," I said.

"Okay. Whatever you wish. The main thing, as far as we're concerned, is getting as much out of it as possible."

Michael quietly observed, "The main thing is to find the boat." He got to his feet and said, "Sorry, Mr. Everet, but you can expect no bid from us."

Everyone in the room stared at Michael, and Mort thundered, "You crazy?"

"Not at all. We're simply not interested. The field is clear for you, Pat." He said to me, "We'd better go."

OUTSIDE, Michael said, "You're wondering what it's all about, aren't you?"

"Certainly. If you're going to interfere in this way I'll drop the whole thing and resign. Of all the crazy stunts—!"

"Not so crazy, Hobe. That boat hasn't been found, and they don't want it to be found."

"Don't want it—!"

"No. Just do a little mathematics for a minute. How far out do you think the Rosslyn was when she went down?"

"About where they had it in the papers. A hundred and forty or fifty miles."

"And what is the depth that far out at sea?"

"It varies. At a hundred and forty miles out it may be anywhere from eighty to a hundred fathoms deep."

"Now, didn't you once tell me that the greatest depth at which salvage operations have been successfully carried on was seventy fathoms?"

"Yes. Some Italian company, and no one has ever been able to duplicate that stunt since." A light began to dawn on me, and I

Give fleas an inch and they'll take a mile. I had 'em too long, but the Mistress wouldn't listen. Then they got 'round to her — and did I get action! Out went my pillow and into the tub went yours truly — with Sergeant's SKIP-FLEA Soap. The slaughter was terrific — how it kills fleas!

Now the Mistress and I talk the same language — and there's a can of SKIP-FLEA Powder in her desk drawer. If you want to kill fleas (and who doesn't?), ask for both SKIP-FLEA Soap and Powder at a drug or pet store . . . and a free Sergeant's DOG BOOK too. (Or mail this coupon.)

Sergeant's
DOG MEDICINES
FREE
Polk Miller Products Corp.
Dept. 7-H, Richmond, Va.
Please send a free Sergeant's DOG BOOK to:
Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____

MONEY Easily Made SPARE TIME
Sell Christmas Cards
50 FOR $1 with Sender's Name
Make extra cash daily. Show beautiful Christmas Cards with sender's name, 50 for $1. Choice of 16 designs. Also 21-card Christmas Assortment retails $1. You make 50c. Eight other Assortments — All Parchment, Gift Wrappings, Everyday Cards, etc. Fast sellers. Outstanding line De Luxe Personal Christmas Cards. No experience needed. Start earning at once. Write now for FREE SAMPLES.
WETMORE & SUGDEN, INC., Dept. 194
749 Monroe Avenue :: Rochester, New York

Men and Women

BE A SUCCESSFUL
SHORT STORY WRITER
Earn Money in Spare Time
Successful short story writers are always in demand. Thousands of men and women from 18 to 80 years of age have studied the art of short story writing through Hoosier Institute, *est. in 1917*. Easy step-by-step method endorsed by writers and editors. One graduate has earned $5,000.00 with her pen, another won $250.00 prize in national contest. Many earn while learning. High prices paid by leading magazines.

HOOSIER TEACHES YOU HOW TO WRITE TELLS YOU WHERE TO SELL
Personal Criticism helps you solve your individual problems,—aids you to quickly reach your goal. **Manuscript Sales Service** helps you sell your stories. F. Wolfe of San Francisco has written "I sold the first story I wrote to the first magazine to which I sent it." Others experienced similar thrill.
Free Book "The Art of Story Writing" will be sent without cost or obligation to people interested in writing short stories for profit. Tells how others succeeded and what opportunities await you. Money-back agreement. Easy payments. Because you are interested send coupon today. Do it now.
HOOSIER INSTITUTE Room 149, Hoosier Bldg. Chicago, Illinois
Please send free book and complete information on writing short stories for profit, without obligation.
Name ..... Age .....
City ..... State .....

paused and looked at Ryan and said, "Say, I'm beginning to understand. Why, it won't be possible to salvage anything. That whole talk of Mort's was sheer bluff for Bob's benefit and possibly for the reporters outside."

"Of course it was. Finding the boat will be like looking for a needle in a haystack. And even if it is found they won't want a diver to go down and look around. Could a diver reach it at that depth?"

"It could be done in a Neufeldt and Kuhnke. But it would be an awful risk and no work would be possible."

"So it boils down to this: If the wreck is found, Frank Chase and Mort Everet will endeavor to make a deal with the salvage company not to send a man down. There is no definite proof what sort of explosion had occurred on the boat, but a diver might accidentally find out. As there is no possibility of salvage anyway, they would rather let the whole thing go."

We started down the street toward the automobile, and I said, "Then it's your intention to let the Carmichaels waste time and money and get nothing out of it."

"Exactly."

The chauffeur dropped us at the wharf, and a taxi pulled away from the curb as we got out of the car. Michael stared after it and said, "Wasn't that Mrs. Chase and Les Porter in that cab?"

"I didn't notice."

Michael said, "Come with me," and went down the wharf and out a side loading door and up the gangplank to the Antares. Captain Chalmers was smoking a pipe on the bridge, the only man on the boat.

RYAN asked him if Mrs. Chase had been there, and the captain replied, "Yeah, she's been here." He turned his head to frown at us, and said, "Chasin' after my first mate. Ain't she got a husband, that dame?"

"But . . . but she's Myra's stepmother."

"Don't make no diff'rence to that 'un. I'll tell you somethin'. Porter's a screwy cuss. Understand? He's big as a tugboat, he can kill with just his fists, and he don't think like other men. I ain't never seen him dippy 'bout a woman before, and I don't think he is 'bout this one—yet. But if he should fall for her—I'm just sayin' in case he should—watch out."

The discussion was over, as far as he was concerned, and Ryan and I went back down to the wharf. He said, "Don't say anything about this, Hobe. I'll see what I can do."

He went into his own office to see how Gerald Lawrence, the interior decorator, was making out with the new furnishings, and I sat down at my desk to think about the Rosslyn.

Quincy Harper came in and placed a sheaf of papers before me. "Contracts," he said. "Didn't you take them pretty low?"

There were seven of them altogether, and six were for small jobs we otherwise would not have handled. The seventh was for a cable crossing at Richardson Bay and was a good-sized job.

There was not a dollar of profit in any one of them.

"They're low," I said. "We're out to stop Pat and his uncle."

Harper pessimistically shook his gray head and said, "I hope you don't lose on them. I've known Pat since he was a little squirt in knee breeches, and he's shrewd and unscrupulous."

"We're watching him. Don't worry."

He nodded his head, and then said, "By the way, that cable job has a ten-day time limit."

"That's right. I'd better get things under way."

I went back on board the Antares and told Chalmers to have the crew at the wharf at six the next morning. They would have to begin the job at once. I would order the cable and have it ready for them.

When I was about to leave, the captain said, "How about us staying up there in the bay? No use of bringin' the Antares back here every night."

He was thinking of Porter, and I said "Good idea. It will take about eight days to complete the job. Make your crew stay on board, including Porter."

He winked, and said, "Maybe eight days'll get some sense in his head."

When I got back to the office there was a telephone message to call Pat. I got him on the wire and he practically exploded. "Since when have you started bidding in small jobs?"

"Since Michael Ryan took over. Why?"

"Well, I don't like it. What are you trying to do, cut into our field?"

"Don't be cute, Pat."

"Listen; we bid on seven jobs and I just found out you got all of them. You must have taken them low as hell."

"You figure it out."

"Yeah?" There was a long pause and then he said, "Okay, Hobe. I'll stick you for those jobs, plenty. You're forcing my hand."

"Good Lord, injured innocence! But, while we're on the subject of contracts, did you get the Rosslyn?"

"Well, yes and no."

I telephoned an order for some cable to be delivered at the wharf that night, out of hours, then closed my desk.

Michael stopped me as I was going out the door and said, "Oh, no, you don't. You're going with me."

"Where to?"

He said, "Follow me," and we went down Powell Street to a bar and had some highballs. Michael telephoned the Chase residence to see if Myra was home. She was, and wanted the two of us to come out. Jo was there already.

There were not more than twenty people present, which was almost the family circle to Myra, and I had the distinct impression that this was her Number One set, her closest friends. Most of them were about her age, and the chatter that went on was free and easy and had the familiarity of long acquaintance.

JO AND I went out to one of the verandas and sat on the stone railing and watched the lights on the bay, and I said, "That day on the boat I was the most surprised person in the world. Did you mean what you said about being in love with Michael?"

Her face was in shadow and I could not see her eyes, but had a feeling that it was just as well. "It was no surprise to me," she said. "I had felt it growing in me ever since that first night here at Myra's, when he told Pat off. I tried to stop it, telling myself I was ridiculous, but it couldn't be stopped. Funny thing about falling in love; you have so little control over it."

"That point I would argue. But I had never thought of you—"

"In that way?" she asked. "As any other woman? I don't blame you, Hobe. I have been a perfect mess, for years. There was one little tragedy in my life and I have permitted it to completely affect me. I allowed it to color my thoughts, my actions, my life—everything. Men and women fell into two groups. Women were silly and vain and shallow. Men were conceited and stupid and just as shallow, but underneath was an animal, something that should always remain in dark places. But I've found that you can't classify people so easily. They are decidedly more complex than that."

"Since—"

"Since I've fallen in love. I never thought it would ever be possible, that I should succumb to such a vapid foolishness as even the most stupid of them. But it's true enough. And isn't it the funniest, the most ridiculous thing you ever heard?"

"Not so funny."

She suddenly buried her face in her hands and sobs shook her whole body, and I was so surprised I just stared at her like an oaf. This surely could not be Jo. I finally found my tongue and said, "Now, look here Jo—"

She straightened and took my handkerchief and wiped her eyes and sniffled, "That's how funny it is. Sorry, Hobe. I won't do it again."

"Which one of you mugs yelled 'Whoa'?"

We joined the others, and Myra, who had not missed us, pushed us into a bingo game that was in progress. Michael, however, cocked an eyebrow in our direction, shrewdly watched Jo, and then turned away, a perplexed twist to his lips and eyes.

When we were driving to the office the next morning he asked me, "What was Jo crying about last night?"

I innocently repeated, "Crying?"

"Her eyes were red. Oh, well, never mind. It's none of my business. It was just that Jo, of all people, to break down in tears, got me curious."

THE Antares had pulled out for the cable job early that morning and I called Chalmers on the radio, gave him some instructions, and made sure Porter was on board. Then I checked again with the Coast Guard. Nothing had yet been found of the Rosslyn. A heavy fog over the ocean was holding up the search. I was told that it would probably lift in the afternoon and the search would continue.

Jo and Michael were in my office when the receptionist called to say that a sheriff's deputy and an attorney were in the outer office, and I told her to send them in. The three of us questioningly looked up at them when they entered, and the attorney handed Jo two folded papers and a subpoena. He said, "To appear in court on the eighteenth."

Jo was as bewildered as I and just sat there staring at the papers. Then the attorney produced more and gave them to Michael and me.

The deputy, when these rites were over with, cleared his throat and announced, "Injunction on your business. I'm afraid you're going to have my company from now on. And, by the way, where is your trawler, the Antares?"

I got to my feet and said, "What the hell! The Antares is in Richardson Bay, laying cable."

"Sorry, but you'll have to call her back. I have here a restraining order that ties up your whole business."

"Well— Are you crazy? You can't tie up the Antares. There's a time limit on that job. We'll lose plenty of money. What the devil is this all about, anyway? Who secured these injunctions?"

"Mr. Patrick Carmichael."

"Pat! Well, I'll be— Now, look; just tell me slowly and plainly what it is all about."

Michael said, "I think I know, Hobe." He nodded toward Jo.

She had been reading the subpoena while we were talking and was now as tense as marble, and her face was like a death mask.

Michael asked her, "An accounting for property division?"

She looked at him with unseeing eyes, and nodded and said, "But he can't do it. He can't get anything."

"I know. It is only done to inconvenience us, to cause us to lose money on the time limits of our contracts and possibly tie us up until Pat can recoup. Naturally, when it comes to court it will be thrown out."

"When you two get through using the ancient Arabic," I said, "let me in on it."

Michael drummed on the desk with his fingers and said, "I have been half expecting this for some time."

"What?"

"Jo is Mrs. Patrick Carmichael, and has been for the past six years. Pat is now forcing a property settlement."

(To be Continued)

THE POSTAGE STAMP THAT WON SUE!

1. I'll never forget Sue's expression. "I love you, Andy," she said, "but I *can't* marry you until you prove you can amount to something. You've got to earn my *respect* too!"

2. That hurt! But I knew Sue was right. I wasn't *trained* to do any job well. Couple days later I saw an I. C. S. ad. I'd seen them before—but I *read* this one!

3. It sounded good—*too* good, almost. But it made sense. So I cut out the coupon, marked the course that seemed closest to my needs and mailed it to Scranton.

4. To make a long story short, I signed up for that I. C. S. course. At first, studying was hard—but before long it was *fun!* And my work at the shop improved with every lesson.

5. One day the boss called me in. "Andy, I'm surprised at your work!" he said. "In fact, I'm so surprised I'm making you foreman! Keep up the good work!" Brother, I was walking on air!

6. Sue and I celebrated our first anniversary last month. I guess that proves the best investment I ever made was a three-cent postage stamp! It might be the same swell investment for you!

INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS

BOX 7481-J, SCRANTON, PENNA.

★ Without cost or obligation, please send me a copy of your booklet, "Who Wins and Why," and full particulars about the course *before* which I have marked X: ★

BUSINESS COURSES

☐ Accounting ☐ Advertising ☐ College Preparatory ☐ Foremanship ☐ French ☐ Railway Postal Clerk
☐ Bookkeeping ☐ Commercial ☐ Grade School ☐ Salesmanship ☐ Secretarial
☐ Business Correspondence ☐ Cost Accounting ☐ High School ☐ Illustrating ☐ Service Station Salesm'p
☐ Business Management ☐ C. P. Accounting ☐ Lettering Show Cards ☐ Sign Lettering ☐ Spanish
☐ Cartooning ☐ Civil Service ☐ First Year College ☐ Managing Men at Work ☐ Traffic Management

TECHNICAL AND INDUSTRIAL COURSES

☐ Agriculture ☐ Air Brake ☐ Cotton Manufacturing ☐ Marine Engines ☐ Refrigeration
☐ Air Conditioning ☐ Diesel Engines ☐ Mechanical Drafting ☐ Sanitary Engineering
☐ Architectural Drafting ☐ Electrical Engineering ☐ Mechanical Engineering ☐ Sheet Metal Work
☐ Architecture ☐ Electric Lighting ☐ Mine Foreman ☐ Steam Electric
☐ Auto Engine Tune-up ☐ Fire Bosses ☐ Navigation ☐ Steam Engines
☐ Auto Technician ☐ Fruit Growing ☐ Heating ☐ Patternmaking ☐ Steam Fitting
☐ Aviation ☐ Boilermaking ☐ Heat Treatment of Metals ☐ Pharmacy ☐ Plumbing ☐ Structural Drafting
☐ Bridge Engineering ☐ Highway Engineering ☐ Poultry Farming ☐ Structural Engineering
☐ Building Estimating ☐ House Planning ☐ Practical Telephony ☐ Surveying and Mapping
☐ Chemistry ☐ Locomotive Engineer ☐ Public Works Engineering ☐ Telegraph Engineering
☐ Civil Engineering ☐ Machinist ☐ Radio Operating ☐ Textile Designing
☐ Coal Mining ☐ Management of Inventions ☐ Radio Servicing ☐ Toolmaking
☐ Concrete Engineering ☐ Manufacture of Pulp and Paper ☐ R. R. Section Foreman ☐ Welding, Electric and Gas
☐ Contracting and Building ☐ R. R. Signalmen's ☐ Woolen Manufacturing

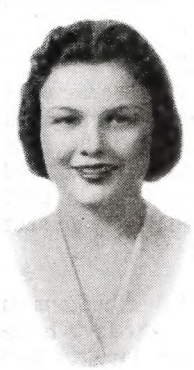
DOMESTIC SCIENCE COURSES

☐ Advanced Dressmaking ☐ Home Dressmaking ☐ Tea Room and Cafeteria Management, Catering
☐ Foods and Cookery ☐ Professional Dressmaking and Designing

Name..... *Age*..... *Address*.....

City..... *State*..... *Present Position*.....

Canadian residents send coupon to International Correspondence Schools Canadian, Limited, Montreal, Canada
British residents send coupon to I. C. S., 71 Kingsway, London, W. C. 2, England



Want Extra Income?

MEET Miss "Jimmy" Brown of Montana who has built up a profitable business as our Community Representative. Just as she is doing, you may increase your income by looking after new and renewal subscriptions for THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE and the other popular Crowell-Collier Publications. For free supplies, *address a penny postal to—*

Independent Agency Division, Desk 88-A
The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company
250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y

MYSTERY

by Rex Stout

PHOTOGRAPH BY RUDOLF H. HOFFMANN

The creator of Nero Wolfe, who makes a business of cooking up mysteries, gives a clue to happiness

I USED to wonder why my wife put her slippers on the dressing-table bench, ten feet from the bed, instead of conveniently on the rug at the side where she gets in and out. It was a mystery to me. Eventually it got to the point where I asked her, "Why?" She asked me, "Why not?" and from her tone I thought it best to drop it.

But it kept on pestering me, night after night, so I screwed up my courage and asked her if she didn't consider a happy married life of more importance than the preservation of a silly secret between her and her slippers.

She said, "If I put them on the floor mice might get in them."

"Mice," I said in a tone of gentle scorn, "do not sit around in slippers. They scamper and scurry—"

"A mouse did," she said, in a tone that every husband knows. "When I was sixteen years old. I put my foot in, and it was there under my toes."

So that one was solved.

And last summer I found a dollar bill in the hip pocket of a pair of trousers I hadn't worn for a month. I never put money in a hip pocket, absolutely never. Then where did that dollar come from? I stood frowning at it, trying to think, without result.

Later, at leisure, I attacked the mystery in earnest. I recalled the day I had worn the trousers, what I had done, whom I had seen—but it had been a Sunday I had been at home, there had been no financial transactions, no question of money . . .

Question of money? Ah! Something about money with Bill Davis, a weekending friend. A loan? No. A bet? No. A telephone call—that was it! But there had been no exchange of money. He had made a long-distance call, had tried to insist on paying for it, and I had refused to let him.

But Bill was stubborn and liked to have his own way. . . . I went to the phone and called him (toll, 40 cents). Certainly, he said, he had slipped a dollar in my pocket. Did I think he was going to let me pay?— And so forth. I hung up and went about my business, contented and beaming. Got it!

Without its million little daytime mysteries—and some not so little—life would be pretty dull. What lies over the next hill? What will the weather be tomorrow? Who sent me that valentine? Is he going to phone this evening? Is she standing me up, or is she merely late, as usual? What is that crowd across the street looking at? Who holds the queen of spades? Why did the Smiths have the Browns to dinner twice in one week? Where did I leave my fountain pen? Why did he kiss me on Tuesday and not kiss me on Thursday?

Oh, mystery!

Mystery is the hand that beckons us up out of the clay, turns today's humdrum into an adventure, lures us into tomorrow, and transforms commonplace mortals (if we have the smallest bump of curiosity) into amateur detectives.

I once knew a businessman for whom his daily mail was as exciting as reading a mystery thriller. The fun for him was not in opening the letters and reading them. It was in the moments of self-imposed suspense before he slit open the envelopes. He would select each letter in turn, examine it front and back, hold it up to the light, study the postmark and the handwriting, speculate on whom it was from and what it was about. After he had lined up his clues and made his deductions, then—and not till then—he would rip open the envelope. If the contents proved him right, what a kick he got out of it! As much as if he had found the murderer!

But if you'd like a little mystery, you don't have to look farther than the next room to find one. Today we all face, every second of our lives, some of the most challenging mysteries in human history. Why do normal, everyday people like you and me set about killing one another in the mass murder called war? How can we organize our economic machine to distribute our plenty? What makes grass green? How can we liberate the incalculable energy from a penny's worth of iron?

Those are mysteries to make your heart beat faster—and, take my word, some day they will all be solved as neatly as the detectives of fiction solve their mysteries in the final chapters.

"IS IT FOR ME?"

You kind of hope it is — for a lot of good news and good times come your way by telephone.

Maybe it's a date for Sister Sue. Or a golf call for Dad. Or Bill asking if Jimmie can go to the movies. Or Grandma calling Mother to find out if things are all right.

And everything is more likely to be all right when there's a telephone in the home. In many, many ways, it is a real friend of the family.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

The Bell System cordially invites you to visit its exhibits at the New York World's Fair and the Golden Gate International Exposition, San Francisco.

At home, at work or vacationing, be sure to enjoy the distinctive, fresh flavors and fine quality of Beech-Nut Gum. It is always refreshing and restful. Your choice of 7 delicious varieties, including the *new* Cinnamon Beechies. Try all 7 and see which you like best!

Beech-Nut Gum

made with care, in country air, at Flavor-Town (*Canajoharie*), N.Y.

America's Favorite. Popular Beech-Nut Peppermint Gum.

New! Spicy cinnamon flavored Beechies.

Delicious candy-coated individual pieces in 4 flavors. Handy for pocket or purse.

Oralgum—made firmer in texture for mouth health. Chew with a purpose.

An extra-tempting flavor you'll enjoy!

GOING TO THE NEW YORK WORLD'S FAIR?
Visit the Beech-Nut building. If you drive, stop at Canajoharie, in the Mohawk Valley of New York, and see how Beech-Nut products are made.

One of America's GOOD habits